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AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

VOL. II.—FROM CHARLES II. TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

PART I. 1660-1792

21209

BY C. R. L. FLETCHER

SOMETIME FELLOW OF ALL SOULS' AND MAGDALEN COLLEGES, OXFORD

WITH MAPS

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PREFACE

THE two Volumes now published bring to an end my 'Introductory History of England.' I ask pardon of my readers for having outrun the limits within which I at first hoped to compress the work. I also ask pardon for another change, not so much of plan as of execution; the book has somewhat unconsciously 'grown up.' It began as a book for boys, and has ended as one for young men. The fact is that certain persons, for whom it was commenced eleven years ago, have set it a bad example by growing up themselves.

I have, as before, to thank numerous friends for assistance, and especially for careful reading of the proofs. Whatever merit may be found in the chapter on India is wholly due to the brilliant suggestions of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The Rev. W. H. Hutton, Fellow of St. John's College, and Mr. Wakeling, Fellow of Brasenose, have also enlightened and guided me on Indian affairs. Mr. Pollard, Fellow of All Souls College, who was the inspirer of my last volume, after declaring that he 'knew nothing about this period,' contributed some excellent criticisms on the first four chapters. Professor Lodge of Edinburgh took hold of my original Charles II. and, like the gentleman in the old Scottish ballad,

> hacked him into pieces sma',

until, when he came South again, I hardly knew him

for the same King. The Professor also carefully revised the whole book.

The Rev. A. H. Johnson, Fellow of All Souls College, went through the chapter on 'Men and Machines.' Mr. Temperley of Peterhouse, Cambridge—although inclined, on account of my preference for Lord Castlereagh as against his hero, Canning, to offer me my choice of weapons on Putney Heath—gave me some valuable notes on various points of Eighteenth Century History. And Mr. Moreton-Macdonald of Largie has exercised, with his accustomed kindness, his own special function as corrector of my style.

But my deepest obligation is to my old pupil Mr. Christopher Atkinson, Fellow of Exeter College. His colossal stores of learning on the History of the British Army and the British Navy have been put wholly at my disposal, and, if these volumes are not a complete failure in their treatment of these matters, it is entirely due to him. May I be allowed to remind him that many people as well as myself regard the excessive modesty, which prevents him from giving to the World the fruits of his researches, as a positive crime?

OXFORD, *Easter*, 1909.

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AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

1660—1792

CHAPTER I

THE RESTORATION

Mr. Green has well said that the entry of Charles II. into London marks the commencement of the life of Modern England, the life which we live and know. The Age of Heroics is over, and the Age of Common Sense begins. Our habits of thought and speech become attuned to this; we become apt to speak slightingly of great things, though we may not always feel indifferent to them. The ways of society become modern; the aristocracy is less strenuous, the middle classes less educated, the lower classes more unrestful, the boundaries between classes more sharply defined. Internally there are fewer great quarrels, many more little squabbles. There are no more great Kings; the nearest approach to a great King is a foreigner. In Parliament Party is in a fair way to become faction, and, before the Age of Common Sense gives way to the (present) Age of Hysterics, it has become faction. Kings early become the play-

things of this spirit of faction; soon all other interests of the State, great and small, will also become its playthings. The result will be that national unity will be split and squandered, and national efficiency arrested.

As the centuries pass it becomes increasingly difficult for a historian to arrive at a critical judgment on events. Little as we know of the facts of the Middle Ages, the few facts that we know are fairly plain and we all draw pretty much the same inferences from them. About the Heroic Age, *i.e.* the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, we know a good deal, and on the whole the judgments of reasonable men about them do not differ very much. But as for the period before us, which I have called the Age of Common Sense, though we know or can ascertain all the main facts clearly, our judgments are likely to differ very much more; there are some people who would not even admit it to have been an Age of Common Sense. The biographer of the late Lord Granville says, "The final judgment on the affairs of a bygone period has to be founded on something besides the critical study of State papers and the accurate comparison of the dates of the despatches of ministers, which frequently afford but an imperfect and soulless record, and are not the true key to the ideas and passions from which spring the great events of history." And this is admirably true. The true key, however, can only be employed by those very few persons who possess the faculty of acquiring all the knowledge possible on a period, and then bringing everything within it to the test of reason and expediency. Now, if I may be allowed an Irish bull, it 's impossible for any one man to acquire all the knowledge possible on the Eighteenth Century, and of course infinitely more impossible in the case of the

Nineteenth. Moreover, the nearer we get to our own time the more we shall inevitably, though unconsciously, be under the influence of 'legends'; some wonderful man, some Clarendon or Macaulay, endowed with unrivalled gifts of style, has some political cause to serve, and he sets to work to write a history of his own time, or of a time near to his own, in order to inflame the passions of his readers in favour of his own cause. And, as Lord Granville's biographer would probably acknowledge, these will be the histories men will read; the legends indeed are apt to crumble when the scientific historian comes along and 'compares the dates of despatches,' etc; but I am inclined to think that the life of a really great historical legend may easily run into a couple of centuries. Alas! I am no scientific historian; but I am also no creator of legends: my only legend is that of *Diva Britannia*; the other legends which would have tempted me are dead beyond recall. Therefore, though I think clearly and feel strongly on many questions of Eighteenth Century politics, I shall try to limit myself to presenting the facts as simply as possible, and telling my readers to stand by and to suspend their judgment on the legends.

It seems to me that four things were 'restored' in 1660: and of these the first was Parliamentary Government, the expression of the will of the old Constituencies. No solution of the 'Problem of Sovereignty,' so often tossed up during the recent strife, was devised; but it was tolerably certain that the Houses would be stronger and the Crown weaker than before the strife. Next was restored Property and the Rule of the Common Law. This had not been very seriously upset, but it had been at least endangered, and some wild talk had been flying

about. Thirdly the Church was restored, and restored in a form differing little in externals from Laud's church, but entirely without the aggressive sacerdotal spirit of that church; it was to be the church of sober common sense in religious matters. Lastly, as the best guarantee for all these things, was restored, with all its old external splendour, with all the vague and historic magic of its name, the Crown.

Cynical, kindly, immoral, keen-witted and a thorough modern 'man of the world,' Charles II. had the slackest notions of religion, indeed the slackest notions of everything. His political creed was almost that of a later statesman, 'that there was nothing new, nothing true and that nothing very much mattered,' except indeed that he did not intend to go on his travels again. An ill-educated man who seldom opened a book, he was yet, in the best and worst senses of the word, clever; he delighted to pick the brains of others in conversation, and often picked them to much purpose. He was far too clever to refuse the opportunities which his factious Parliaments often gave him of thwarting them; occasionally they beat him badly, as in 1673, but, if he knew when he must give way, he also knew when the game was in his hands; he then played it with some gusto, and, in the great crisis of 1678–81, with consummate skill and coolness, which proves him to have possessed statecraft, if not statesmanship, of a very high order. But always he played it as a game; he had no sort of belief in his own divine right, though it was preached at him with great vigour by most of his clergy—who can hardly have believed it themselves; it was to them an excellent political 'cry,' and that was all. Yet it would, I think, be a mistake to imagine Charles merely as an idle, dissolute fellow, who

sauntered through life with an epigram on his lips and took no interest in the business of governing.[1] He was neither a drinker nor a gambler, though he spent much of his time at Newmarket watching horse-races and foot-races, or hawking and hunting; he was fond of walking from Whitehall to Hampton Court, and he took very scrupulous care of his own health. His immorality has, I suspect, been very much exaggerated, perhaps because it was so openly displayed and set such a bad example to his courtiers; and his activity has been accordingly underrated. He took the keenest interest in physical science and all experimental philosophy, in all matters concerning trade, the Navy and the Colonies, and above all in foreign politics. In this last branch of his duties he fought his Parliaments, when they disagreed with him, more tenaciously and more successfully than he fought them on matters of religious toleration. The House of Lords, in which he was frequently to be seen warming his long legs at the fire, with a knot of Peers listening to his stories, was, he declared, 'as diverting as a play.' He was an excellent chairman of his Privy Council. But he was a lax administrator, and had none of the Tudor gift of looking into detail himself; and, as none of those who worked under him were in the least afraid of him, he was often badly served. No really great names come to the front in politics during the reign; that of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, is probably the greatest, and he is so far typical of the age that he works ostensibly for no great cause, and is mainly occupied in trimming be-

[1] "Charles II.," says Defoe, "was perhaps, of all kings that ever reigned, the Prince that best understood the country and the people that he governed . . . the best acquainted with the World of all the Princes of his age."

tween the extremes of either party: he will serve England whether it be under King Charles, King James or King William. This is in truth a great Cause, and in 1689 ultimately triumphs: but to its contemporaries it appeared an obscure one; men require a name to conjure with, a fetish to worship, somewhat more visible; and, in the absence of a great cause, men's moral levels sink.

The Parliaments of Charles II. are mainly excited on questions of religion and foreign politics, and in these they are a faithful reflection of the intelligence of the country. The Great Strife has left behind it as its main legacy an entire detestation of Popery; and a King who has spent much of his eleven years of exile in Popish countries will soon become to Parliaments an object of suspicion. But the Parliaments and the country are torn in half by two contrary desires; that of resisting the spread of Popery as represented by Louis XIV. of France, and that of crippling our commercial rivals the Dutch. Charles was entirely with his people in the latter of these objects; and he also saw, as they did not, that it could not be pursued simultaneously with the former, on which he was anything but keen. If any religion attracted him it was Catholicism, and he probably died a Roman Catholic. But he was not likely to run risks for that or any other form of faith: his grandfather (Henri IV. of France) said,[1] 'Paris is worth a mass'; Charles thought that the Crown of England was worth abstention from the mass. If any country attracted him both on the intellectual, and also on the administrative side, it was France. For that self-worshipping prig and bore Louis XIV. he is

[1] Or is reputed to have said; there is as little authority for this as for many other famous French *bons mots*.

not likely to have felt any personal regard; but the bore's Court was the centre of European civilization and urbanity; and Charles was cynically ready to take large bribes from the bore, and then to evade fulfilling the considerations for which they had been given. He was 'paid, not sold'; some statesmen have been sold without being paid. On the whole Charles did not play the hand badly for England. Holland, though not actually beaten in the two great wars of the reign, gradually ceased after them to be a first-class Power, which comes to much the same thing; soon afterwards she became the little boat towed in the wake of the big English ship.

To suppose that the country at large was much affected by the immorality of the Court or by the cynical game of party politics would be a very great mistake. Loyalty to the Crown was the most conspicuous feeling, and 'Church and King' the most cherished toast of the sons and grandsons of the very men who had fought against Charles I. and Laud. Dread of Popery made it, of course, increasingly difficult to drink the toast in the days of James II., but loyalty would probably have triumphed even then if James had not added to his Popery the misfortune of being an immeasurable ass. Commercial and agricultural prosperity were no longer accompanied, as in the days before the war, by 'over-government'; subject to certain protective Acts of Parliament, you were allowed to grow rich in your own way, and to employ your capital where you pleased. Indeed the decay of the Privy Council is one of the most interesting results of the Great Rebellion; all its judicial powers were gone, and all its supervision, so admirably exercised in Tudor times over corporations and trading companies, over Justices of the Peace and local authorities generally.

The result was that local authorities did much as they pleased until the creation of 'Boards' and 'Departments of Government' in the Nineteenth Century. The Privy Council had, it is true, a Committee for 'trade and plantations' (*i.e.* Colonies), and valuable expert advice was often given to it by colonists, merchants and bankers; but Parliament usurped the supremacy over this body, as indeed it was usurping control of all the executive government. Whether Parliament was a fit assembly to discuss questions of the development of material progress is open to doubt; but unquestionably it reflected the ideas of the intelligent classes of the day on this subject. And unquestionably the reign of Charles II. saw a great increase of English commerce and prosperity.

Statistics are both tiresome and fallacious, but it is worth remembering that our exports doubled during this reign from two to four million pounds' worth; they did not double again till 1740. And, with a population of barely five millions, of which three-fourths were still 'agricultural persons' of some sort or other, this figure was not bad. At the end of the reign we had actually became a corn-exporting country, and a law was passed in 1689 giving a 'bounty' on export (*i.e.* a lump sum of money paid down to the exporter) when the price was less than forty-eight shillings per quarter. And this was before the introduction of scientific farming on any serious scale. High roads were, it is true, beginning to be largely improved; the first Turnpike Act dates from 1663. Rents don't seem to have increased much, but they were always going up a little; arable might average 5*s.* 6*d.* per acre, good meadow land 8*s.* 6*d.* Wages, too, were going up steadily, and the Justices no longer bothered themselves to regulate them; agricultural

wages were, in the best counties, nearly tenpence a day before Charles died. Pauperism, on the other hand, was increasing very much, and, as each parish had to provide for 'its own' poor, it became the first object of the overseer to shift on to another parish any man who was likely to become chargeable to the rates. Hence came endless quarrels about 'settlement,' and Laws of Settlement were passed defining how a man could become entitled to relief in a particular parish. This curious phenomenon of the increase of prosperity side by side with the increase of pauperism is one of the most disappointing in English history.

It is to foreign commerce that the riches of the period were mainly due. The marriage of King Charles with Katharine of Portugal not only introduced us to coffee and to tea—a drink 'good for colds and defluxions' as Mrs. Pepys' 'potticary' told her—and to the strong red poison called Oporto wine, but also brought us Bombay and Tangier, and, indirectly, a share in the gold and silver dug from the mines of Brazil. It was the golden age of the East India Company, of the Hudson Bay and the Levant Companies. These were the only three 'monopolistic' companies left, and no new ones were created,[1] Parliament preferring to foster existing trade by an elaborate system of protective duties rather than to push it by attempts to create new branches. And so 'joint stock' companies sprang up in London

[1] The African Company, reconstructed in 1672, is more apparently than really an exception to this rule; from the first the 'Interlopers,' *i.e.* traders who did not hold shares in it, undersold its members on the Guinea coast, and the monopoly which it claimed had no parliamentary sanction; in 1698 Parliament definitely declared the trade to be free.

for the monopoly of all sorts of trades; but these possessed no monopoly of the trade they exercised, and were governed by no rules except those of their own making. The Dutch and French were our two great rivals, and, if we gradually began to push them both out, it was mainly because of the freedom from government regulations which British subjects enjoyed. On the whole the principle laid down, to which all laws until the close of the Eighteenth Century were intended to conform, was that known as the 'Balance of Trade'; let this country export more goods than it imports, and it will get the balance paid to it in gold and silver, which it still foolishly thought to be the only real wealth. One or two people saw further; Sir William Petty ('Treatise of Taxes,' 1662) said that 'labour is the father and land the mother of all wealth.' Nicholas Barbon or Barebones, son of our old friend Praise-God, was a true free trader; 'there can be no import without an export to pay for it,' said he. Sir Dudley North was another forerunner of free trade. But the ruling spirits were men like Thomas Mun[1] and Sir Josiah Child, greatest of East India merchants, and to them a Balance, owed and paid to this country in gold and silver, was the law and the prophets.

The only really new industry planted in England was that of silk weaving, largely recruited from French Protestants whom the stupid bigotry of Louis XIV. was driving out: these settled principally in the East End of London; they taught us also, to the disgust of English weavers who rioted and broke their looms, many new tricks in linen weaving, and they introduced ox-tail

[1] Mun died in 1641, but his great work, 'Englands Treasure in Foreign Trade,' was only published by his son in 1664, and was more read than that of any contemporary economist.

soup. The only seriously new branch of foreign trade was the Slave Trade, which developed, from the ports of Bristol, Liverpool and London, to an enormous extent. The growth of London at the expense of all the smaller ports of the East and South coast is one of the most curious features of modern English history; for, if you look at it reflectively, you will see that London faces the narrow seas and not the high seas; its early greatness dates from the days when our main trade was with Bruges, Antwerp and North Germany, and you would have expected that, when commerce became oceanic, some Western port would have taken its place. But the exact reverse came about, and London now began to replace Amsterdam as 'the Exchange of the World,' whatever that high-sounding phrase (repeated in all good books) may mean.

All this extension of commerce was, however, not without its drawbacks. The old Privy Council had tried to ensure that manufacturers should produce good articles, whereas, now that there was no supervision, the 'age of shoddy' had begun: France, our special rival in the Levant, perhaps taught us this game; she was already stamping her cloth 'Drap de Londres,' in order to deceive the confiding Turk at Aleppo. And if the regulations of the old Privy Council had tended to cramp trade, they had at least tended to force it into channels conducive to national power rather than to mere wealth; but from this time onwards there was a dangerous temptation to assume that wealth and power are synonymous, which they are not. Woe to the Nation that prefers dividends to power! and treble woe to the Nation that believes dividends and power to be the same thing! Still, as long as the Navigation Acts, carefully re-enacted

by Charles II., were maintained in full force, the supply of sailors and ships for the Navy would never fail; and as long as England fed herself from her own soil, the supply of ploughboys to fight in her Armies would not wholly fail.

To a certain extent the period saw the beginning of the supremacy of town over country; it soon became the fashion for the upper classes, even when unconnected with the Court, to spend a portion of the year in London, usually in a hired house or lodgings: 'flying coaches,' performing journeys of fifty miles a day for ten shillings per passenger, made travelling a comparatively easy matter. But as late as 1715 it was still a twelve days' journey from London to Bodmin; Lady Essex Robartes undertakes it 'with great fear.' Even London streets were not over safe; they were still very ill paved and lighted, and 'gentlemen of the road' did a roaring trade in the suburbs, for police simply did not exist, and the watchmen were useless. The Duke of Ormond was assaulted in St. James' Street and carried almost to Tyburn by a notorious ruffian called Blood, who seems to have intended to hang him. The Thames, however, was still the great highway of London, whether for business or pleasure, and was still silver, though the use of coal in place of wood was soon to make the capital smoky; people seldom crossed London Bridge on foot, though it was a favourite amusement to watch adventurous fellows in skiffs 'shooting the bridge,' *i.e.* the rapids made in the tideway by its numerous arches with their clumsy pediments. Few Londoners, I imagine, kept a 'yatch' of their own as Roger North did, but, when Mr. Pepys had Navy business at Greenwich or Deptford, he nearly always went by water, though he was afraid of shooting

the bridge. You could walk in safety in 'Foxhall' Gardens and hear the nightingales sing; you could go and gape at Charles feeding his ducks and teaching his spaniels to swim in St. James' Park; your wives and daughters could walk in the Ring in Hyde Park and see the grand company in their coaches 'doing the proper thing' and looking, one hopes, less bored than they do to-day. You could read the *London Gazette*, the oldest still-existing newspaper, which began life as the *Oxford Gazette* in the Plague year. Above all, for the price of a cup of coffee in the great coffee house in Covent Garden, you could hear the first wits of the day conversing. You were more likely to hear them quoting Butler's 'Hudibras' than either of the three masterpieces of John Milton. Yet Mr. Dryden, whose great poems on the 'Annus Mirabilis' of 1666 won him the Laureateship in 1670, would tell you that the blind poet of Bunhill Fields, some of whose works had been burnt by the hangman in 1661, had just published (1667) a poem called 'Paradise Lost,' 'which cuts us all out and the Ancients too.' 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes' followed in 1671. The Theatre, to which the Court is passionately devoted, is not to be commended, though Mr. Dryden himself writes for it, as well as Etherege, Wycherley, Sedley and others whose comedies are not fit for young persons to read; now for the first time female parts on the stage are taken by women, and the reputation of actresses is not good. Before the end of the reign you may hear at the Chapel Royal some of the anthems, and in 'chamber concerts' other pieces of the greatest of English musical composers, Henry Purcell.

But, in spite of Milton and Dryden, the bent of the

best minds of the age is to mathematics and natural science, sometimes, as in the case of the great scholars Dr. Wilkins and Dr. Willis, to science flavoured with theology; oftener with antiquarianism. It is pre-eminently an age of accurate research and proof, as well as of speculation. The Society of which we saw the origin at Oxford in our last volume, now becomes the 'Royal Society,' which we still know, and membership of it becomes the highest honour which Science has to bestow. Prince Rupert, in the intervals of perfecting guns and gunpowder, is studying mezzotint engraving and imparting its secrets to John Evelyn, who will publish an account of it in his 'Sculptura.'[1] Wood, Ashmole and Plot are making Oxford famous as the home of antiquarian investigations; Sir William Dugdale, the Herald, is editing his vast collections on the history of the Monasteries, and incurring suspicion of Popery for mentioning such things; and, though the University may burn as seditious the works of Thomas Hobbes and George Buchanan, the influence of Hobbes has permeated everywhere, and, to him who has read Hobbes, Divine Right may remain a pious opinion, but Contract seems to be a surer basis for government. Isaac Newton was just twenty-four when he sat under an apple tree at Woolsthorpe in 1666 and observed an apple fall; he decided that it must have fallen owing to the 'attraction of the earth,' and in 1687 published the 'Principia,' which revolutionized natural science. He was also soon to invent a terrible thing called an 'infinitesimal calculus,' for which it is difficult for any non-mathematician to pardon him. Among preachers and divines were South,

[1] Rupert is also traditionally credited with the invention of some sort of steam engine.

Stillingfleet and Barrow, and the saintly Ken, whom Charles II. rewarded with a bishopric for rebuking his immoral life. Men were reading Baxter's 'Saint's Rest' and Bunyan's 'Holy War' and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' however sound might be their churchmanship; above all, every one was reading that wonderful anonymous book called 'The Whole Duty of Man.'

I have mentioned these points merely to show that the popular conception of the age, as an immoral and vulgar one, is very far from the truth. And there is another point also to which attention must be called; if it was an age of bad government, it was an age of good law and good lawyers. Sir Matthew Hale, successively Chief Baron and Chief Justice, did much, by his judgments as well as his writings, to elucidate the principles of the Common Law. Sir Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor in 1673, was the first specialist in the rules of Equity, and the first to reduce these rules to a system. The 'Statute of Frauds' still exercises the ingenuity of pleaders in Contract cases; our system of administering estates still rests on the 'Statute of Distributions.' Free bequest of all landed property was made possible by the Act which abolished the feudal tenures; an Act of 1677 abolished the death penalty, 'in pursuance of any ecclesiastical censure,' and so made it impossible to burn heretics. The Habeas Corpus Act of 1679 put upon a sound statutory basis the old Common Law right of every accused person to be brought to trial at the earliest opportunity. The criminal trials, especially at the end of Charles' reign, have a bad reputation from the violent language employed by Chief Justices Scroggs and Jeffreys; but, if we examine these trials fairly, we shall see that they were in many respects distinctly better conducted than such matters were before the Civil War.

It is true that the law of evidence was in its infancy, and that, in a trial for treason, the guilt of the accused was always assumed until he could prove his innocence. But he was no longer subject to a preliminary and private examination; he could now claim to be confronted with witnesses, to cross-examine them and to call witnesses on his own behalf. Finally, to this reign belongs the great ruling (in Bushell's case, 1670) that a jury is not responsible to any man for the verdict it gives.

But it is time to turn to 'Political History.' Much of what is technically called the 'Restoration Settlement' was the work of the Convention which Monk had called in April, '60, and which continued to sit till the end of the year; but, when this body was dissolved, some of the questions were still unsettled and so remained over for the first Parliament of King Charles, commonly called 'the Long Parliament of the Restoration,' which met in May, 1661, and sat on until 1679. On the whole I think we shall be impressed by the essentially fair character of the settlement; nobody was perfectly satisfied with it, which is not a bad criterion of its fairness. Perhaps the first and most immediately pressing question was, what was to be done with the Army? 'Oh, get rid of it,' said everybody. Among all the things that the Restoration meant, it meant most of all the triumph of civilian over soldier, and of sober man over fanatic. To throw away an Army of 65,000 men, the finest fighting machine in the Europe of the day, was surely an astonishing waste, yet it was a waste imperatively demanded by public opinion. The deep hatred of soldiers, which Cromwell's Army had excited, remained ingrained in English minds for over a century; to some extent an aftertaste of that hatred remains and paralyses England still. The disbandment was a very

difficult transaction to carry through, for there were large arrears of pay to be met, but by the end of 1660 it had been all but completed: the revival of trade which accompanied the Restoration enabled the men to find employment; Ireland and America were calling for sturdy Protestant colonists. A lucky little insurrection of Fifth Monarchists, in January 1661, led to the disbandment being stopped before it was completed, and Monk's own regiment, now the 'Coldstream Guards,' was saved. To this were added a new regiment of Guards, now the Grenadier Guards, largely made up of returned Royalist exiles, two more troops of 'Life Guards,' and a regiment now known as the 'Blues.' These regiments are still on our Army List. We shall see that, during Charles' reign, considerable additions were made to them in the teeth of public opinion; *e.g.*, the garrison of Dunkirk was, after the sale of that fortress in 1662, sent to Tangier, which, as part of the dowry of Charles' Queen, we retained till 1684; the garrison then came home to England. A regiment of Marines was also raised for the Dutch War in 1664. At first the Army did not amount to above 5,000 men, well paid and, on the whole, recruited without difficulty, although the moral and social standard of Cromwell's Army was never again reached; but, as there was legally[1] no 'martial law' in time of peace, and no barracks, the Army of Charles II. ought to have been a very difficult body to keep in discipline.

The question of amnesty was second in the scale of importance, and here we are upon less agreeable ground.

[1] Charles did issue 'Articles of War' and they seem to have been obeyed, but they were quite unconstitutional. On the whole, discipline does appear to have been well kept.

Many cross currents of opinion have to be considered, if we are to estimate it fairly: the current of vengeance, the current of precaution, the current of legality, and, strange as it may seem to us, the current of atonement. We may dismiss at once the idea that there was any need for precaution: nothing, of course, could guarantee the King, or any king, against a stray dagger or bullet; but the Monarchy and all that it safeguarded needed at first no precautions. Still, 'precaution' was a useful argument to press into the service of vengeance against the Regicides. As regards retaliation, it was regicide alone that was to be avenged; that was the 'Sin of the Nation,' and the Nation really believed it to be so. Many a humble and many a noble family had lives lost on field or scaffold to avenge, but all had to forgo all retribution. None were to die but those who had actually signed the death warrant or assisted at the execution of Charles I. The mere Law demanded that all of these should die. The Declaration of Breda, however, had thrown the burden of responsibility wholly on to the shoulders of the two Houses of Parliament; and it is obvious that the King showed great prudence in adhering to that plan. But the result was that those who had warm friends in these Houses got off with minor penalties, while those who had no friends were left to justice. There was a long and unseemly wrangle between the Houses, and, in the end, thirteen persons suffered death as regicides, namely ten of the late King's judges, two Colonels who had kept guard at the scaffold, and Hugh Peters who had preached at it. Sir Harry Vane's execution in '62 was more unjustifiable, except perhaps as a matter of precaution; he was probably the ablest and most dangerous living republican. People betted heavily on the results of the

trials; John Verney, far away at Aleppo, has been laying 30 to 3 on Vane's case. Several regicides were imprisoned for life; many had already escaped abroad to Switzerland or to America. The tradition of a regicide Republic, as a not unworthy ideal of government, lingered in obscure places for many years to come, stimulated the 'Rye House Plot' of 1683, and was not wholly without influence on the Revolution of 1688; but when at that date the only surviving regicide exile, Ludlow, returned to England, he was at once warned to fly again, fled and died in disgust.

Thirdly we must consider the question of the restoration of property. An immense amount of sentimental nonsense has been talked against the settlement adopted on this question, which was indeed eminently fair. Those who had lost all for the Royalist cause recovered their lands; those who, by 'compounding' with the usurping Government, had made terms for themselves, at whatever expense, recovered nothing. The former class consisted practically only of those few who had gone into exile, and the purchasers of the land of exiles had little ground of complaint when they were now deprived; they had bought the land, so to speak, 'with all faults,' including the great probability of a return of the exiles to power. More doubtful as a measure of statesmanship was the restoration of the remnant of the old Crown lands: the rents from a large estate are a very mediæval and uneconomic means of feeding a Government; under the old Common Law it was impossible to prevent the Crown from giving its lands away, and the next three Kings proceeded to impoverish themselves freely by so doing: while, until such lands were taken over by the 'Woods and Forests Office,' they were always badly managed.

Fourthly, before we come to the most serious question, that of religion, we may lump under one head the question of the retention of the reforms of the Long Parliament; and, from looking at this, we shall see what a long road had been travelled since 1640. Neither Star Chamber nor High Commission was to come back; the feudal tenures were not to come back. Though the Triennial Act was repealed in 1664, it was repealed only in order to prevent the necessity of a *new* Parliament being called every three years; it was never for a moment supposed that the King would be able to do without a Parliament.[1] On the other hand, a Statute expressly declared that the command of all armed forces was for ever vested in the Crown: another Statute 'of Tumultuous Petitions' laid down that not more than twelve persons were to present any petition to King or Parliament; this was a distinct blow at the Radical methods, of bringing external pressure to bear on Parliament, which Pym had favoured in 1641–2. Of similar nature was the Licensing Act restricting the number of printers; this was periodically renewed with one interval till 1695, since when authors and printers have been restrained from publishing their thoughts only by the Law of Libel, and by certain Acts against blasphemy and indecency. Finally Parliament provided for the Crown in a manner by no means liberal. Customs and Excise (a tax copied from the Dutch in 1643) were granted for the King's life. A hearth tax, two shillings on every chimney of every one who was rated to the poor, was added, and was exceedingly unpopular; it was

[1] "The sitting and holding of Parliament shall not be intermitted or discontinued above three years at the most": 16 Car. II. c. 1.

supposed to bring in £200,000 a year, and never brought in nearly that sum; so much was it hated that people bricked up their chimneys and shivered rather than pay it. The repeal of it was almost the only thing that the middle classes demanded of William III. on his march to London. With these grants *plus* the revenue from Crown lands and Post Office, the King's income was supposed to be £1,200,000 a year; but, in spite of the great increase in the Customs and Excise, it never seems to have reached that figure except on paper; and it certainly never came to enough to cover the increasing cost of living like a King, of governing and defending the Nation. No loophole, however, was given to the Crown for unparliamentary taxation, nor did Charles ever attempt anything of the kind. Thus far, on the whole, the settlement was essentially a parliamentary one.

When we come to the religious settlement, we shall see that here too the will of Parliament prevailed. The Convention, largely Presbyterian in its membership, treated this topic wholly from the point of view of property. An advowson or a benefice is a freehold; no man can be deprived of his freehold except by a judgment at law (see Magna Carta); so, if the vicar of Tubney has been turned out of his parsonage by the usurping Government, and one of Cromwell's chaplains put in his place, the vicar, if alive, must be restored, whatever his religious opinions or those of the intruded chaplain be. If, however, the vicar is dead, and the chaplain has been presented by the proper patron of the living, the chaplain is left there. And this was as far as the Convention went. But this did not protect a non-Episcopalian minister against any future Acts an Episcopalian Parliament might pass.

Now it seems as if there were two courses open to the Government: (i) so to modify the Prayer Book and the Episcopal constitution of the Church as to 'comprehend' the more moderate opponents of that Church; (ii) to make no alteration in either, but to grant a large measure of toleration to those who objected to either. The King would perhaps have preferred the former plan, and his leading Minister, Edward Hyde, now Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon, thought at first it might be politic to do something of the kind. A conference was called at the Savoy whereat the leading Presbyterians met the leading Anglicans, as a result of which some slight alterations of the Prayer Book were made, including the introduction of the 'General Thanksgiving.' The vacant sees were, however, speedily filled up, and, though one Presbyterian, Reynolds, accepted a bishopric, the other Bishops were mostly Laudians; Juxon went to Canterbury and Cosin to Durham, Sheldon to London, Morley to Winchester. And, to the surprise of both King and Chancellor, the Parliament of 1661 appeared more Episcopal than the Bishops, who once more took their seats in the House of Lords.[1] The Lower House, in fact, consisted largely of those interests which had been most outraged during the rebellion; and of these the Anglican Church was the first. The cry was consequently one for rigid repression of all Dissent from that Church. Not only should there be no comprehension, but no toleration of Dissenters. We may rejoice that there was no comprehension; any serious revision of the Prayer Book would have destroyed it, and would ultimately have

[1] In the second Session of this Parliament. The Restoration of the lands belonging to the Bishops and the Chapters as corporations was a natural, but perhaps an unfortunate corollary.

satisfied few. But it was a terrible mistake to refuse toleration; Dissent was far too strong to be killed by any measure of repression; and yet it would probably have died out under a régime of perfect toleration. Dissent continued to be a religious, but became also largely a political, and even a social force, a force at the command of any one who objected to government by the landed classes; and now, when that government has gone, Dissent exists mainly as a protest against an Established Church. If the Church were disestablished to-morrow, the Dissenting congregations would rapidly dwindle, for they would have nothing to dissent from, and religion would probably perish in five-sixths of the country districts. Toleration, granted in 1660, would have prevented one of the most pernicious cleavages in modern English society.

This High Anglican Parliament must bear the responsibility, nor can it plead wholly religious motives for its mistake. Its first Act, the Corporation Act of 1661, imposed a political, as well as a religious test upon all persons holding municipal office. To be an alderman or a town councillor you had to take the Sacrament according to the Prayer Book rite (what a blasphemous use of the holiest act of worship!), and also to swear that it was unlawful to resist the King upon any pretext whatever. Now the Act was passed because aldermen and town councillors practically elected the borough members of Parliament. The Act of Uniformity followed in the same Session; every beneficed clergyman must declare his unfeigned consent to everything in the Prayer Book, must be reordained if he have not already received episcopalian orders, or must vacate his benefice before August, 1662. Two thousand ministers 'came out'

rather than accept the tests. Even Clarendon, High Anglican as he was, and several of the Bishops tried to modify this Act in the Lords. The King was very angry at these two laws, which certainly made him eat his promises of toleration for 'tender consciences,' and at the end of the year he tried to get Parliament to recognize his 'Dispensing' power with a view to granting 'Indulgence' to Dissenters. This at once raised a great constitutional question, which will be with us more or less till we have got rid of the Stuarts altogether :—Can a King, by virtue of his prerogative, 'dispense with' a particular law in a particular case? Well, it seems that he can; *e.g.* he can certainly pardon a man for disobedience to a law; and there are plenty of precedents for his doing more than that. In the hands of an unscrupulous King this comes to mean that he can set aside all laws that he doesn't like and yet dare not openly veto. For the moment Charles would not risk his great popularity, and, when Parliament protested, he dropped the attempt for the time. In '64 the Houses went on to pass a 'Conventicle Act,' *i.e.* a prohibition of all public meetings for religious worship, except according to the Prayer Book rite, and, in the next year, a 'Five Mile Act,' prohibiting the deprived ministers from coming near the towns in which they had formerly ministered, unless they would take a strong 'non-resistance' oath and another oath that they would never seek to alter the government in Church and State. These Acts, taken altogether, have got the name of the 'Clarendon Code.' As a matter of fact Clarendon was directly responsible for little of them; he accepted them, perhaps too willingly, when they had been passed; and he objected, on legal grounds, to the Declaration of In-

dulgence; but he was certainly no persecutor, any more than his master was, and these were persecuting Acts.

In an England which was losing its high ideals they probably led to a good deal of sporadic perjury. Oaths imposed for such evidently political purposes lost their sanctity; many Dissenters took the Sacrament, so to speak, 'officially.' When the Devon Justices actually went so far as to refuse to license alehouses except to such publicans as could produce a certificate that they had received the Sacrament twice during the past year, they were reducing Tests and Sacraments alike to an absurdity. The Conventicle Act was not very vigorously enforced; the famous twelve-year-long imprisonment of the tinker, John Bunyan, began before the Acts were passed, and the best opinion now is that he did not write the 'Pilgrim's Progress' (first published in 1678) in prison. Not only the bulk of the apprentices, but many of the rich merchants of London remained Presbyterian for more than a generation, and do not seem to have suffered any persecution. Even in the King's Privy Council, side by side with old Anglicans like Ormond, Southampton and Clarendon, were Presbyterians such as Manchester, Robartes, Northumberland and Monk, now Duke of Albemarle. Such men were not necessarily turncoats; they were merely men who waived their ideals for the sake of peace and order.

The real Executive Government, however, lay in the inner ring of the Privy Council, the 'Committee for Foreign Affairs,' sometimes called the 'Juncto,' the 'Cabal,' the 'Cabinet,' consisting of some half-dozen persons. It met where the King pleased—often in the drawing-room of the reigning mistress; when Clarendon

had the gout, as he often had, it met in his bedroom. Anything like a 'Prime Minister' was a very unpopular idea; Clarendon expressly disclaimed the title, but there was generally one man to whom Charles confided most of his designs, and Clarendon, though never a favourite, was virtually Premier for seven years. During his Ministry the most important events were the marriage of the King with the good, if stupid, Portuguese Princess Katharine in '62, the sale of Dunkirk to the French in the same year, the last serious visitation of the Plague in '65, the Great Fire of London, and the First Dutch War.

For and against the retention of Dunkirk much might be said; and for it especially that, although a bad harbour, too shallow for large ships, in hostile hands it would be certain to become a nest of privateers; in many subsequent Treaties with France the dismantling of its fortifications was an English demand. But, on the other hand, the expense of its maintenance was very serious, and the price of its sale (£200,000) a considerable item to an Exchequer already impoverished. The Portuguese marriage was sensible; it meant the maintenance of the Cromwellian foreign policy, and a French alliance; Katharine brought as her dowry Tangier and Bombay, both of which acquisitions increased the growing hostility of the Dutch. The Plague of 1665 was probably the most serious visitation of the kind since 1348, and the reason seems to be that there had been hardly a drop of rain for four months; the city was therefore particularly foul. It began in the Western suburbs North of the Strand and worked its way Eastwards, and it swept away perhaps a fifth of the half-million persons inhabiting London and its suburbs. By June all the carriers to the country had stopped plying; the dearth

of food and of fuel was severely felt. The Court and the Parliament fled to Oxford. By September the deaths were one thousand a day. There was a Lord Mayor's Fund, as there would be to-day, for the relief of the sufferers. The Eastern counties also suffered severely; and the infection lingered about for sixteen months.

On September 1st, 1666, the Great Fire began 'in Pudding Lane at a baker's shop where a Dutch Rogue lay'; at first we were sure it was the Dutch who had done it, but soon we changed our minds and said it was the Papists. The service of pumpers was totally inadequate, though we are not told that, as at a subsequent fire in the Temple, men tried to extinguish the flames with beer in default of water. Carts to remove goods were not to be had for love or money. The Lord Mayor lost his head and 'ran about with a handkercher round his neck, crying out, "Lord! what can I do?"' The King and courtiers, who had turned tail to the plague, came to the rescue now, and superintended the blowing up of houses with gunpowder, and by the 6th the fire was stayed. Two-thirds of London were in ashes, including St. Paul's Cathedral and fifty other churches. This visitation had, at least, cleaned out many an unsavoury den and prevented future plagues. If Sir Christopher Wren's plans for the rebuilding of the city had been accepted, twenty-four great streets would have radiated from his new St. Paul's, and London would have become the most beautiful, instead of the ugliest capital in Europe; but the London merchants were in too great a hurry to get back to their warehouses, and the city grew up again anyhow.[1]

The First Dutch War remains, perhaps, the most im-

[1] *Vide infra*, vol. iv. p. 183.

portant event of these seven years. Causes of quarrel were never wanting between the two great commercial nations, who competed with each other on the African and American coasts as well as in the Far East. Holland had, moreover, recently refused our mediation in her war with Portugal. Both Clarendon and to some extent the King [1] were at first averse to fighting, but the traders of London carried the Government off its legs. Five millions were voted for it by Parliament, and an Act was passed specially guarding against the application of this money to other purposes ; not an unnecessary precaution, for when, in '68, a parliamentary audit of the accounts was made, it was found that over one-third of this sum had found its way to objects other than the Navy. The war was popular at first, and hostilities on the West African and American coasts preceded its declaration. We captured, among other things, the city of New Amsterdam on the Hudson River, and renamed it 'New York.' This was in compliment to Prince James, Duke of York, already, by his marriage with Clarendon's daughter Anne, father of two coming Queens—Mary and Anne—and Lord High Admiral of England. He, being already in opposition to his father-in-law, was in favour of war.

The Navy was by no means in a bad condition ; to the period of this war belong the steady substitution of 'first rates' for smaller ships, the growth of a class of professional sailors as opposed to 'Generals at Sea,' of which growth we have already seen the germ during the Interregnum, and the tactical order of fighting in

[1] Charles, however, was deeply interested in numerous branches of our commerce which were feeling Dutch competition very severely.

'line ahead,' close-hauled to the wind, with a definite interval between each ship. James was a really good administrator at the Admiralty. He introduced during his tenure of office a regular half-pay system for officers not in immediate employment; he also created the 'Victualling Yard.' He was well served by Samuel Pepys, 'Clerk of the Acts of the Navy,' and author of the famous Diary, and by other members of the Board of Admiralty—such as Narborough, Deane and Pett. But from the very first, the administration had to fight against debt (1¼ millions inherited from the Protectorate) and impecuniosity. The contractors were fraudulent, the food of the sailors was always running short, and their wages often in arrear. Nevertheless, when, in March, 1665, war was declared, over one hundred ships were ready for sea, and the best Dutch Admiral, de Ruyter, was far away in America. It was 'foggy Opdam' whom James blockaded at Texel in May, and whom he and Rupert met in the fierce battle of Solebay, off Southwold, in June. Our victory was complete, and James displayed conspicuous valour; the Dutch loss was twenty-four to one in ships, and five to one in men. But, after the victory, the Duke went to bed, and the remnants of the Dutch Fleet were allowed to escape; Hawke or Nelson would not have gone to bed. The Plague prevented further activity that year, and, by the opening of '66, France, which was carefully nursing the nucleus of a Fleet at Toulon, had allied herself with the Dutch. Monk and Rupert put to sea at the end of May with eighty sail, but Rupert was foolishly detached to intercept the French Fleet; and so Monk was left, in far inferior force, to meet de Ruyter half-way over from the North Foreland. He fought a most

desperate fight for four days, on the last of which[1] Rupert, who had got as far as the Isle of Wight and found no Frenchmen, joined him again. We lost ten and they five ships; in the next battle, on August 4th, our victory was complete, and the sorely crippled Dutch fled behind their sandbanks. Negotiations for peace began in October, but civilian advice had prevailed over expert advice, and, after the last battle, the King had laid up his big ships in harbour without even taking the precaution of fortifying the mouth of the River. And, as the negotiations were unduly spun out, the Dutch in the following June made a spring at Sheerness, seized it, sailed up the Medway, and burnt sixteen of our ships at the gates of Chatham Dockyard: the roar of their guns could be heard and the flare of the burning vessels seen from Whitehall; for a month more they blockaded the mouth of the River. Charles hastened to conclude peace on any terms, and was lucky to be able to retain New York and New Jersey (July, '67).

A month later Clarendon fell, a scapegoat for the misfortunes which closed the war. Charles, with the most heartless indifference, tossed him to his enemies to worry, advised him cynically to fly the country, and, when he had fled, supported his enemies in an Act for his banishment, by which his return was to be made high treason. To the King Clarendon had become a bore; he was always telling him home-truths—*e.g.* that he was letting the House of Commons get too much power, that he neglected the Queen for Lady Castlemaine, etc. He was no great statesman; of foreign policy he had no grasp at all, in domestic policy he had

[1] Rupert joined Monk in the late evening of the third day, but was not engaged till the fourth.

drifted back towards the ideas of Strafford, whom he had helped to the scaffold ; but he was a man of stainless honour, and upheld the traditions of a more strenuous and honourable age. The charges brought against him are ridiculous, and perhaps illustrate the deterioration of the standard of the House of Commons ; yet they are not more ridiculous than those which Eliot brought against Buckingham in 1626. Clarendon had no popularity to fall back upon ; the 'man in the street' believed that he had made private profit from the sale of Dunkirk. In his second exile in France the old Minister brought to a close and revised his majestic 'History of the Great Rebellion,' which he had begun in 1646 at Scilly and Jersey. He died at Rouen in 1674.

The first period of Charles' reign was now at an end, and in the next, that is, until 1674, it can be said that he had no leading Minister at all. The interven ng period is usually described as that of the 'Cabal' Ministry ; but, in fact, this Cabal or Cabinet consisted of a shifting body of men. Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, was Secretary of State, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, now Lord Ashley, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Thomas Clifford First Treasury-Commissioner ; Lauderdale was the oracle on Scottish affairs, and the versatile and immoral Duke of Buckingham (son of our old friend of 1628), though holding no executive office, was perhaps as much consulted as any one. The Great Seal was given to Sir Orlando Bridgman, until Ashley became Ear of Shaftesbury and Chancellor for one year, 1672–3. Monk, till his death in '70, and Monk's cousin Morice as Secretary of State, Archbishop Sheldon and Brother James were all from time to time members of the inner Cabinet. In finance at least these gentlemen were singularly unsuc-

cessful; from the fall of Clarendon onwards the King fell deeper and deeper into debt. For twenty-one months of this period—April, 1671, to February, 1673—Parliament was prorogued; when it sat its Sessions were always short and stormy, and the two Houses, by quarrelling with each other, generally gave the King good excuse for proroguing them. Charles lived mainly upon subsidies from his good brother of France, to whom he made all sorts of fine promises which he did not intend to fulfil; also he helped himself by a partial bankruptcy, in the shape of a suspension, and then a reduction of the interest on a sum of over a million borrowed from the London goldsmiths. These tradesmen acted as bankers and moneylenders—*i.e.* they received the deposits of private persons and allowed them 5 per cent. interest; then they lent money to the Government, charging, in Clarendon's more stable Ministry, 8 per cent., and after that 12 per cent. In January, '72, Charles, by the advice of Clifford, suspended the payment of this interest, and soon afterwards said he would pay half of it only; great outcry; the goldsmiths suspended payment of interest to their clients also, and many people were very hard hit. Partial repayments of interest were made in 1677 and again in 1701, but the capital was never repaid, and became the foundation of the 'National Debt.'

A transient 'Triple Alliance' was negotiated in 1668 with Holland and Sweden, which soon became a cloak for a more serious secret Treaty with France, concluded at Dover, after much haggling, in May, '70. By this astonishing document, which was only gradually revealed to, or guessed at by a few of the leading Ministers (Shaftesbury never knew of it for certain), Charles promised to declare himself a Catholic 'at a convenient

opportunity.' If England rebelled at this, Louis was to lend him troops; England and France were to join in robbing the Dutch Republic at once, and the Spanish Monarchy on the death of the reigning Carlos II. England's share of the latter was unspecified, but Minorca and South America were indicated as desirable; of the former she was to have the islands and ports at Scheldt-mouth, Walcheren, Cadzant and Sluys. Above all, Louis was to pay, pay, pay, and Charles was to keep Parliament in the dark. How far Charles was sincere in the direction of Popery, it is very difficult to say; the Catholics seem to have put some confidence in him up till 1674. To me it seems as if he merely intended to blind Louis until Holland should be humbled. Busy Ministers came and went, bogus Treaties were shown to Buckingham and Shaftesbury. Arlington and Clifford, recent converts to Popery, were in the secret. James was also known to be a recent convert, although he did not as yet[1] openly declare himself to be one; he had lost his wife a year before, and he was soon to marry the good and beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena. War was declared on Holland in March, '72; 'Delenda est Carthago' said Shaftesbury —a phrase which he was not allowed to forget. Ten thousand troops were raised and encamped at Yarmouth under a French Commander, Schomberg,[2] ready to be transported to the Scheldt if the Fleet should be victorious. The French and English Fleets joined in the Channel, some ninety sail, under James and the Earl of Sandwich.

[1] Not till 1676.

[2] Schomberg was of German and English extraction, but he was in the French service at this time. He became a Marshal of France in 1675.

They met the Dutch off Southwold on June 1st, and a fierce drawn battle was the result, the French ships giving little assistance. It was the same story next year, when Rupert and the Frenchman d'Estrées again met de Ruyter off the Dutch coast; the French Fleet, for reasons of its own, hung back and all the brunt fell on Rupert; no losses of ships were sustained by either side, but the English Fleet was the more damaged, and de Ruyter's object, to avert an invasion, was attained. Louis' Army had meanwhile overrun the Southern territory of the Republic, and the Republic had had to save itself by calling young William of Orange to the head of its forces and government. William turned on at Arnheim the tap which controlled the waters of Yssel and Rhine, and put his country under two feet of water. The French Army had to retreat.

Public opinion in England veered right round during this war; the Navy had borne the strain gallantly on the water, but very badly in its administrative departments; want of money was at the root of all. Louis was thought to be leading us by the nose; in reality Charles had got him to do on land the work which we were too weak to complete by sea. Holland henceforth gradually ceased to be a first-class Power, and, though her commerce continued to increase far into the Eighteenth Century, England was soon able to compete successfully with that commerce in every quarter of the globe save one.[1] Parliament, when it met in the autumn of 1673 and again at the beginning of 1674, cried out for peace, and the Peace of 1674 recognized the *status quo*, all to the advantage of England. The object of young Prince William was henceforth to draw nearer and

[1] To wit the Spice Islands; *vide infra*, vol. iv. p. 117.

nearer to the English alliance, and in 1677 he succeeded in marrying his cousin, Mary Stuart, elder daughter of Prince James and Anne Hyde.

As a step towards carrying out the most secret article of the Treaty of Dover, Charles had issued, in the same month in which he declared war on Holland, a Declaration of Indulgence, suspending all manner of penal laws against Dissenters from the English Church, Protestant and Catholic alike. The sturdy Protestants, who, moreover, had better hopes from a Bill which had already been introduced into the Lower House in 1668, did not rise to this fly; any toleration for themselves if accompanied by one for Papists, was to them a source of fear, and this shows that they can't have been very badly persecuted Shaftesbury as Chancellor warmly supported the Declaration, but Parliament, when it met in February, '73, utterly protested against anything of the kind. The King withdrew the thing in the most submissive manner, and it was a serious defeat for the Monarchy. Parliament went further, and passed, without a moment's hesitation, the first 'Test Act,' making the reception of the Sacrament according to the Prayer Book rite, and a strong declaration against the Catholic doctrine, absolute necessities for all persons holding office under the Crown. James had to resign the Admiralty—a great loss to the Navy, for which he had done much—and Clifford the Treasurership.[1] Sir Thomas Osborne became Treasurer and was made Earl of Danby. Shaftesbury went into opposition and began to build up the party soon to be openly called the 'Whigs.'

That party rested its claims on the maintenance of the tradition of Eliot and Hampden—a son of the latter

[1] He had been made Lord Treasurer in April, 1672.

was one of its foremost members. Its favourite toast in after years was, 'The Cause for which Hampden bled on the field and Sidney[1] perished on the scaffold!' The continuity of the said Cause cannot altogether be denied; Eliot and Hampden were in some measure the political ancestors of Shaftesbury and Sidney; however much they had desired a united Nation, they had merely succeeded in dividing it. But they had, at least, been clean from personal motives; they had never clamoured for the spoils of office. In the early years of the Parliament of 1661, too, there was a knot of men verging towards Whiggish actions, if not towards Whiggish principles; Lord Robartes in the Upper and Sir William Coventry in the Lower House are examples, and this 'Country Party,' as it was then generally called, had recruited itself from many discontented old Cavaliers and courtiers; it had, indeed, achieved a signal victory over Charles in 1673, but that was because of the shadow of Popery on the wall, which instantly rallied a majority against the Crown. Shaftesbury's motives, however, I take to have been ambitious and factious—the triumph of his party by any and every means. That there were good Whigs, who followed him in ignorance of this, I do not for a moment deny, still less do I deny that the Whig party, when settled in the saddle, became more respectable and occasionally governed England well. But they, even more than the Tories who opposed them, were born in faction and were never able to free themselves from their birth-stain.

Shaftesbury is an extraordinarily interesting figure—a 'breathing corpse' if you looked at his person, suffering from a constant running sore,—a man of deep

[1] Algernon Sidney, executed 1683.

reading, classical, historical, philosophical and theological, the friend of the great philosopher John Locke, a Royalist in the Civil War, a trusted administrator of the Protector, an intimate friend of Charles II. for the first twelve years of his reign, tolerant in advance of his age, perhaps because of his latitudinarian principles; the first man who, from the House of Lords, swayed at once a majority in the House of Commons and in the City of London, and who waged, almost successfully, for seven years, a contest against one of the wariest and most unscrupulous Kings who ever sat on a throne. His first allies were perhaps the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Wharton; soon there gathered round him the Earls of Essex, of Carlisle (a Howard), and Salisbury (a Cecil); Lord Falconbridge, Cromwell's son-in-law; good old Holles,[1] William Lord Russell, Lord Grey of Wark and Lord Howard of Escrick; the last two were men of disreputable character who betrayed their own side after its defeat. George Savile, Viscount and subsequently Marquis of Halifax, of whom anon, was prepared to go a long way with this party, but not the whole way. It is Shaftesbury, then, who is the first true party leader, prepared to go the whole way, to do anything in order to catch votes, and it must be admitted that he used very dirty tools. He was not, as later Whigs professed to be, the champion of Holland, or of Flanders, or of liberty abroad; foreign politics, the naval strength and honour of England, are merely cards in his hand. It is noticeable that, while the party soon came to command an immense majority in the Commons, it had, in that House, only one man of note—William, Lord Russell; its most

[1] The last surviving leader of Eliot's party of 1629.

famous Commoner, Algernon Sidney, could never get a seat in Parliament. In the Lords, before 1689, it never had a majority at all; it relied, therefore, mainly on the rank and file of the Lower House—many of whom had been enthusiastic Royalists in 1661. It speaks, therefore, volumes either for the suspicion engendered by Charles' want of system in government, or for the abilities of Shaftesbury, that these men, mainly rich country squires and merchants, were content to follow the latter as they did in his campaign against the Crown.

Somewhere about the year 1674-5 King Charles began to give his mind to home politics more seriously than before. He was well served by Secretary Coventry and other administrators, and the wealth and credit of the country were growing steadily in spite of the immorality of the Court and the factiousness of the Parliament. He got in Danby a Treasurer of conspicuous ability, whose views on home politics were those of Clarendon, and who, in foreign matters, favoured and made an alliance with Holland—just the thing, one would have thought, to appeal to the Parliament which had denounced the alliance with France. Danby, who had no scruples, no friends 'except his own impudence,' and none too much money at his disposal, attempted to build up a counter-party in the Commons by direct bribery of honourable members, and was no doubt the first Minister of the Crown to bribe on any serious scale. He played his game well, but Charles was playing a deeper game still, and never gave him a free hand. Charles was still negotiating with Louis for supplies, and was holding over Louis' head the threat of a close alliance with Holland, Spain and the

Emperor, against whom Louis continued to fight until the Peace of Nimeguen in August, '78. Against these negotiations Danby protested in vain. The real object of the King was to keep England neutral in this war, and to be paid for doing so. With this view he agreed, in the autumn of '77, to the marriage of his niece Mary of York with her cousin William of Orange, and even gave the bride away; with the same view he promised to Louis, from time to time during the decade '70–'80, successive prorogations and dissolutions of Parliament, and winked at that monarch's aggressions on the Southern borders of Flanders, which a more patriotic King would have instantly opposed.

Parliament, indeed, sat little during Danby's tenure of office; there was a prorogation of over a year, March, '74, to April, '75. It is to be noticed that these prorogations were made easy to the King by fierce quarrels between the Houses, whenever they met, mainly on points of 'privilege.' Danby was allowed in the latter month to bring in a Test Bill to exclude from both Houses of Parliament both Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, but Shaftesbury led a fierce opposition against him, and gave thereby the first proof of his power: he intrigued with old republican exiles in Holland; he founded the 'Green Ribbon Club,' nominally for the purpose of burning the Pope in effigy, really as a centre, in which the parliamentary and non-parliamentary opposition to Charles could meet and lay plans of agitation. There was a very brief Session in '76, followed by a fifteen months' prorogation, and, at the next meeting, in February, '77, Shaftesbury began to raise the cry for a new Parliament; he and his friends maintained that a prorogation for over a year should, *ipso facto*, cause

a dissolution. This time his effort was in vain. Together with three other Peers he was sent to the Tower by the Lords themselves; he remained there for over a year, and had to make an abject submission in order to be let out. Charles and Danby appeared in '77 to be completely triumphant over the first effort of the Whigs; the King professed zeal for the Dutch cause and even got a considerable grant of money from Parliament, with which he equipped his Fleet; he also recalled and disbanded the few remaining British troops which were still in the French service.[1]

Louis began to be very uneasy; he had no wish to see Charles united with the English people in the Dutch interest, and he therefore began to bribe himself a party in the English Parliament. The King of Spain and the Emperor, with far emptier pockets, were trying to do the same. Louis' main agent was a fat little Ambassador called Barillon, who resided for a long period in England, and made himself agreeable in society in spite of his dirty habit of paring his nails in public. Barillon has left on record that it became increasingly difficult to fathom the aims of the King of England. But his bribes were not without success; the Whig leaders promised to refuse Charles money for a French war. Shaftesbury (a very rich man), Russell and Holles would not take bribes, and, by 1680, Holles had turned his honest back on the party that rested on them; but the others, including the 'lofty republican patriot' Algernon Sidney, took their thousand guineas with great com-

[1] One regiment, 'The Buffs,' had returned from France at the date of the First Dutch War. Another, 'The Royal Scots,' originally in the Swedish service, had been in France from 1668–70. Neither of these was disbanded.

placency, and the result was that Charles was not able to pose as an armed mediator at the Peace of Nimeguen, August, 1678. Three months before that he had to apply to Louis again for cash, and Danby was made to write a letter demanding it—a letter which nearly cost the writer his head.

This Peace in fact marked the height of Louis' power in Europe, but it was concluded at the expense of Spain and the Empire, rather than of England or Holland. Charles, then, had reason to be fairly satisfied, for he had certainly never desired to go to war against France, and only pretended to desire it as a move in the game against the Whigs. But the Whigs had discredited themselves also, for they had clamoured for war with France, and yet had refused the King the men and the money to wage it with! Suddenly a new weapon fell into their hands. The Reverend (?) Titus Oates, son of an ex-chaplain of Pride's, himself once a Jesuit in Spain and Belgium, already in his youth twice indicted for perjury, returned to London from St. Omers in the summer of '78. With the aid of a London clergyman named Tonge, whom he gulled, Oates sought out a zealous London magistrate called Godfrey, and deposited with him a certain paper; it was a copy of a story which, in August '78, he, Oates, found means to tell to the King. The tale was that the Jesuits had a plot on foot to kill Charles, and, if brother James refused to become their instrument in a wholesale massacre and revolution which was to follow, to kill brother James as well.

Now there is no doubt that the Catholics were deeply disgusted with Charles, for he owed them much, and had failed to protect them; after the defeat of his Declaration of Indulgence he hardly seemed to try to

do so, and he had accepted the Test Act without a struggle. At the same time the lay Catholics and secular priests were loyal to the core, and it was their great misfortune, as it was that of their faith all over Europe, that the Jesuits would not let them rest in this loyalty. The most active English Jesuit was the Duchess of York's secretary, Edward Coleman. Louis had used him as a bribery agent, and he kept up a constant correspondence with French and Roman Jesuits. That correspondence unquestionably reveals a 'design' of some sort. That correspondence, or at least the fact of it, was vaguely known to Oates; he had probably heard of it from Belgian Jesuits. Warnings of something of the kind, from loyal Catholics, had reached the King before the pretended revelation of Oates. That some movement of 'force unlawfully directed against authority' in the interest of the Jesuits was contemplated, is certain. What is not certain is how much James knew; the case as put by the latest authority (Mr. John Pollock, 'The Popish Plot,' 1903) certainly looks black against him. Oates at any rate began, at the end of September, to accuse by name enormous numbers of people (leading Catholic Peers among them) of a design to kill the King. He was examined in Council, and the King pronounced him "a most lying knave"; but, when Coleman's house was searched, incriminating papers were found, and the whole town was thrown into a violent 'No Popery' fervour. Numerous Jesuits and other Catholics were arrested on the bare word of Oates. The terror and suspicion were increased when Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the magistrate who had received Oates' deposition, was found mysteriously dead in the outskirts of London on October 17th. His death is one of the favourite

'mysteries' of History, but the most reasonable conjecture seems to be that Oates had deposited with Godfrey papers implicating the leading Jesuits to an extent which he was afterwards unable to prove, but which they knew to be near the truth, and that to get possession of these papers they murdered Godfrey. It also looks as if Godfrey, who was a friend of Coleman, had given him some sort of warning, and even as if Godfrey had anticipated his own fate.

In the month of Godfrey's murder, October '78, Parliament met, and Shaftesbury at once reorganized his party on the basis of the 'Popish Plot': the Houses ordered Committees of Investigation, sent five Catholic Peers to the Tower, demanded the dismissal of all Papists from London, and passed a Bill for ever excluding them from both Houses. Oates became their hero, their idol, and, as he found people believed anything he said, he naturally went on to invent fresh and fresh lies. He soon found imitators, Bedloe, Dangerfield, Prance, etc.; he was lodged at Whitehall, and no one dared to contradict him. The King had simply to stand by and bide his time. Shaftesbury more than hinted that 'Somerset House' (the Queen's residence) knew all about the Plot. Parliament fell upon Danby, excellent Protestant though he was known to be, as an easy victim, and impeached him for the late secret letter to France, which the English Ambassador at Paris had revealed out of personal spite. At the same time it demanded the dismissal of James from the Privy Council, and even suggested his exclusion from the succession.

The King was in a very tight place; he certainly had no cause to love or trust brother James, but he didn't at first believe any of Oates' tales. As for Danby, Charles

had already thrown Clarendon to the wolves, and been none the worse for it; yet to save Danby he dissolved in January, '79, his eighteen-year-old Parliament, and called a new one to meet in March. The Green Ribbon Club at once began a fierce election campaign, in which, it is said, freeholds were for the first time actually created in the counties in order to multiply votes. The 'Exclusion of the Popish Successor' and 'Vengeance for the Popish Plot' were the leading cries. The result was an overpowering Whig majority in the Lower House. Those who, in our own days, cry out for a 'Single Chamber' and denounce the hereditary legislators, might well take a look at those fateful years 1679–81. The vengeance that the Commons now demanded against whole categories of innocent persons was as blind, as ignorant and as bloody as anything in the history of the French Revolution. Luckily the House of Lords, though sharing much of this fanaticism, kept some measure of common sense. Parliament, however, had to deal with a King of the deepest craft, now thoroughly roused to play the game to the end for its own sake—one might almost say for the mere sport. Charles could at any moment have bought peace, overwhelming popularity and a rich supply of money, if he had wholly given way to the Whigs. He has been compared to an angler who has hooked a big salmon (he was fond of swearing by 'God's fish') which he plays with consummate skill: as long as the fish is in rough water, going down stream at a fearful pace, and the banks are steep and rocky, he simply has to give it line and hold on; it dashes over the last cataract, and thinks to break him and get to sea; but he has still some line left, and, to the astonishment of the fish, it finds itself in a long, deep, smooth pool. Its last floppings are not dignified,

and the angler with a smile reels in and gets his gaff home.

The King's first move was to take a Ministry partly selected from the Opposition. He made Shaftesbury, almost against his will, President of the Council, Essex a Commissioner of the Treasury, Russell, Sir William Temple and Halifax Privy Councillors, and Lord Sunderland, a young man of whom we shall hear again, Secretary of State. He professed that he would be guided always by a Privy Council of thirty members, half at least of whom should always be members of the Houses. The scheme is attributed to Temple ; more probably it was Sunderland's. It was in some measure a 'new Constitution,' a feeling towards the system of Cabinet government. The most important inclusion was that of Halifax. This remarkable man, George Savile, was a grandson of Strafford's sister ; his father had been the intimate friend of Selden, and had suffered loyally for Charles I. The son had been made a peer in '68. He had drifted over to Shaftesbury's side, partly in admiration of the latter's talents, partly because he largely agreed with his opinions. Both were latitudinarians, both professed toleration, but Halifax really believed in it, as he also believed in compromise. His learning and wit were as great as Shaftesbury's, his patriotism far more true. Charles had hitherto disliked, or perhaps really feared him ; now he at once found in him his right hand. Not that Halifax, if he had ever been a Whig, deserted the Whigs—he was inclined to go great lengths in Whiggery ; we shall see presently what he was not prepared to do.

The Whigs in fact put themselves in the wrong by accepting office. Charles sent James out of the kingdom —to Brussels, and then to Scotland : this did not satisfy

them, and the King had no intention that this or anything else should satisfy them. They prepared the impeachment of the five Popish Lords; he professed to approve: they took up Danby's impeachment again; Charles cheerfully let him go to the Tower. They proposed to the King to divorce the Queen, whom Oates had already accused of high treason; Charles, while carefully protecting Katharine against Oates, allowed their leaders to think he would consider the matter of divorce. He even consented to the passing of a Habeas Corpus Act, which turned the old Common Law right into a Statutory right, and practically made it impossible to keep suspected persons in prison without bringing them to trial. Then in May a Bill was introduced and carried in the Lower House to exclude James from the succession. Charles at once prorogued, and soon afterwards dissolved Parliament.

By giving way as far as he had done, the King had induced Shaftesbury to think he would swallow anything. He had a natural son, James Crofts, whom he had made Duke of Monmouth, a handsome, vain, empty-headed lad, who gave himself away to the Whigs, and who now allowed Shaftesbury to 'run' him as candidate for the succession. A better candidate would have been the Prince of Orange at once, or rather the Prince's wife, Mary of York; and to this it is possible that Halifax, whose foresight taught him to believe in William, might have agreed. But from an avowed bastard his whole mind recoiled; and Shaftesbury spoilt his cause by getting up a rumour, to which Charles gave most solemn denial, that the King had really been married to Monmouth's mother, a woman of low character. This insult and the firm support of Halifax gave the King courage

to dismiss Shaftesbury and his followers from the new Privy Council, October, '79. Laurence Hyde, the second son of Clarendon, became First Lord of the Treasury, and Sidney Godolphin came to share with Sunderland the duties of Secretary of State.

Meanwhile, from the autumn of '78, the trials of 'Jesuits and other wicked persons,' accused of being in the Plot, had been going on and went on into 1681. Altogether over thirty persons were condemned to death, mostly on the false evidence of men like Oates and Bedloe. Their lives were sacrificed to the aggressive policy of Shaftesbury and the defensive policy of the King. Strangely enough, whatever truth lay at the bottom of the matter, neither Shaftesbury, who directed the storm, nor the judges, who tried the cases, knew. If the King knew, it is probable that Halifax knew also; but we have no means of knowing what the King knew, and, till we can say that he knew something definite, we must brand him and Halifax too with the crime of going with the stream, and sacrificing lives which they believed to be innocent. The issue was now clear. Charles 'would rather see his son hanged than legitimize him.' Monmouth, who had been allowed to put down a rebellion of the Scottish Covenanters in the summer, was banished to the Hague, where William doubtless learned to know him for the empty ass he was. All the latter part of '79 and for the first half of '80 constant petitions for an early meeting of Parliament poured in upon the King, together with petitions of loyalty professing 'abhorrence' of the Whigs' movements; from this circumstance arose the names of 'Petitioners' and 'Abhorrers,' soon to be merged in those of 'Whigs' and 'Tories.' Shaftesbury got up, among other things,

pretended plots against his own life, or perhaps there may have been some grains of truth in these also; certainly the Jesuits, whose backs were now to the wall, would not stick at a little assassination. The temper of the City was well shown on 'Queen Elizabeth's Day' (November 17th), 1679, when, in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators, there was a great procession from Whitehall to Temple Bar, in which the Pope and the Devil, 'attended by boys in surplices, with a train of bishops, cardinals and friars,' were carried past the poor Queen's windows and the Pope was burned at Temple Bar; the Lord Mayor had told the King it would be impossible to stop this show and dangerous to attempt it. But the tide was now beginning to turn, though the Whig fish was still tearing unconsciously down-stream to meet it. The evidence given by Oates on the trial of Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, had been gravely shaken. Wakeman had been acquitted, and Scroggs, C.J., had said some very hard things to Oates; and when, at the end of 1680, Lord Stafford, the oldest and most venerable of the five Catholic Peers impeached for the plot, was at last brought to trial before the House of Lords, there was good reason to expect an acquittal. To the Kings' great surprise and disgust he was found guilty. New witnesses had arisen, whose credit his feeble and rambling defence failed to shake. The King dared not pardon him, for, if he was to triumph in the end, he must not appear to be 'defeating the ends of justice.' Moreover it was on the Lords that the King relied most, and it was a majority of twenty-two Lords who had condemned Stafford. But the end was not far off.

Six months earlier Shaftesbury had indicted James as

a Popish recusant, though the Judges had managed to prevent the Grand Jury from returning true bill. The new Parliament met in October, '80, and Charles offered expedient after expedient to neutralize the dangers expected from a Popish successor; offered, in fact, anything short of Exclusion. But the Commons were 'outside themselves,' and passed the Exclusion Bill at once. The Lords, mainly owing to the brilliant reasoning of Halifax, threw out the Bill by a majority of two to one. Thereon the Commons, not content with refusing supply, voted that any one who helped the King with money was an enemy to the kingdom; civil war was in fact freely suggested in the Whigs' camp. In January, '81, Charles suddenly dissolved Parliament and called a new one to meet at Oxford on March 21st. He had assured himself, by a good supply of money from France, of being able to hold on for the next three years. Sunderland, who had advised his master to give way to the Whigs and recognize Monmouth as his heir, was dismissed, and not reinstated until '83.

Shaftesbury 'went to the country' with the old cries of 1679, yet more shrill: 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill of Exclusion!' 'No "Arbitrary" Dissolution of Parliament!' 'No Standing Army!' and Monmouth (James Crofts) for heir of Great Britain and Ireland! The said Crofts returned from exile, and went about allowing Green Ribbonites to worship him. The Whig Peers rode to Oxford in arms and accompanied by armed retainers; the King for his part took a troop of Lifeguards with him. Both retainers and Lifeguards, it was thought, would be needed. Oddly enough the future George I., then 'courting the Lady Anne,' paid a visit to Oxford about the same time: he

did not reveal his thoughts on the points at issue between cousin Charles and his subjects; George was not given to revealing his thoughts, and the lady Anne ultimately married another George, Prince of Denmark, in his stead. The undergraduates were sent down, which must have been a great disappointment to them, before the King arrived on March 14th. On his way to Christ Church, where he lodged, gownsmen[1] crowded round his carriage crying out, 'The Devil hang up the Roundheads,' whereat His Majesty smiled and seemed pleased. Carfax blazed with bonfires, but without Rumps (which Antony Wood thought a pity). On the 17th the King went to Burford races. The Queen, who only felt safe when she was near her husband, lodged at Merton. Shaftesbury, who had tried to get his friend Locke to hire a whole College for him, was obliged to put up with about half of Balliol; his servants no doubt would go across and drink at that 'horrid, dingy, scandalous alehouse, where the Balliol men, by continual bubbing, do add art to their natural stupidity.' These, by the way, told their Master, 'who spoke to them of the mischiefs of that hellish liquor called ale,' that the Vice-Chancellor's men (*i.e.* Trinity men) do the same thing at The Split Crow. The Vice-Chancellor seems to have defended the practice:—"There is no hurt," says he, "in ale." Mr. Prideaux, who tells of this scandal, was a Christ Church man, but he was afterwards obliged to own that the students of 'the House' 'owed £1,500 in ticks at The Mermaid.'

Oxford tradesmen, in spite of a regular tariff posted up by the Vice-Chancellor, were evidently charging 'Commemoration prices,' for even that pestilent Whig

[1] Presumably Dons, who were then bolder in expressing sound opinions than they are to-day.

Alderman William Wright, M.P., at whose house Monmouth lodged, was not above asking Shaftesbury twenty shillings a bushel for oats,[1] and declaring it was cost price! The Lords sat in the Geometry School on the first floor of the 'Schools,' and the Commons in the Convocation House itself; this was, however found inconveniently small. The King on the 21st, in a crafty speech, made his last offer, well knowing that it would be refused; James, he said, should be banished the kingdom and Mary of Orange should act as Regent for him; any son James had should be educated as a Protestant —only let the title of King remain to its lawful owner; to the elevation of Monmouth he, Charles, would never consent. But not a word of this would Shaftesbury's party hear. Exclusion and Exclusion alone would satisfy them. For six days[2] the Commons were perfectly confident. Charles pretended to be preparing the Sheldonian Theatre for their better accommodation. But on the 28th he suddenly appeared in his robes in the Lords, sent for the Commons, and said, "My Lords and Gentlemen, that all the world may see to what a point we are come," etc., and dissolved his last Parliament. He had gauged the turn of the tide with perfect accuracy; the Whig fish had altogether mistaken it, and had spent

[1] The ways of Oxford tradesmen were no doubt always inscrutable, but I am bound to add that the price quoted sounds incredible. It is, however, given by Mr. Christie, usually a very accurate writer, in his 'Life of Shaftesbury,' vol. ii., p. 396. Lord Shaftesbury's papers are now, in excellent order, at the Record Office, but I searched them in vain for this letter, which was written by John Locke on February 6th; nor is anything known of the letter at St. Giles House, Cranborne, the seat of the present Lord Shaftesbury.

[2] March 27th was a Sunday.

its furious strength in vain ; the angler's iron wrist had but to reel in, and his triumph was complete.

The strength of the reaction must not, however, be overstated. 'The country,' *i.e.* the intelligent upper classes, felt that anything was better than civil war, the dreadful period of which every one of middle age could remember. The Whigs were preparing for civil war, simply to set a bastard on the throne of Great Britain. The alternative was a Papist, and we hated it ; but it couldn't be helped. We would do our best to be loyal to him ; and when he became King we tried very hard to be so. The humour of the situation is reached when we learn from Bishop Burnet that, on William's next visit to Charles, in July of that same year, the King prophesied to his nephew exactly what James would do when he became King ; and many people have therefore not unnaturally said, 'Would not Charles have been wiser to agree with his Parliament ?' The answer must be a thousand times, No. In the first place this acute if unscrupulous man saw that his Parliament did not represent any enduring wish of the sober part of the English people ; the Whig majority was a 'scratch' majority, based on a temporary terror, fanned by the story of the Plot. In the second place, the Crown would have been for ever degraded by being placed on the head of the son of Lucy Walters. Charles saved the Majesty of the Crown, whatever that was worth—and it is worth very much—and handed it on with a lustre that the Revolution of 1688 could not impair, that even the four Georges could scarcely dim. But for the wicked King Charles there would have never been a good Queen Victoria.

Shaftesbury was now reduced to planning either open or secret risings, which every hour made more and more

certain to fail. Plots there could be, and even assassination plots; the Whiggery of the City of London had been very violent and would die very hard. Halifax suggested Shaftesbury's immediate arrest, and he was arrested in July and sent to the Tower under a charge of high treason. Just before he was brought to trial in November, Dryden set the world ringing with his great satire of 'Absalom and Achitophel' (Monmouth and Shaftesbury; see II. Sam. xv–xviii). But, at the trial, Whig Sheriffs of course impanelled a Whig Grand Jury, and 'no true bill' was found. Shaftesbury, however, on his release, failed in an attempt to prosecute for perjury the witnesses who had appeared against him. All 1682 the reaction grew, and all the attempts of the Whig leaders to raise forces were in vain. These leaders were now reduced to Essex, Monmouth, Lord Grey of Wark, William Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney and Shaftesbury himself. Towards the end of the year the last was obliged to go into hiding in the East end of London, and, when Monmouth was arrested, he lost heart and fled in disguise to Holland. That hospitable country was already full of exiles of his party, but an Amsterdam burgher must be excused if he greeted Shaftesbury with the quip, "Carthago nondum est deleta." In a few weeks, January, '83, the great Whig leader was dead. Assassination plots remained the last card of his defeated followers, and for two of these, brought to light in 1683, Russell and Sidney suffered death. It is probable that Russell at least was innocent of any intention to kill; he was, however, actively plotting insurrection, and so has become a Whig martyr. In both cases the law of treason was severely strained by the Judges, especially in the case of Sidney, when an unpublished republican manuscript

was allowed to count as evidence against the prisoner. The more famous of the two designs, called the 'Rye House Plot,' to kill Charles and James at a lonely post-house near Hoddesdon on their way home from Newmarket, was organized by two men called Ferguson and Rumbold; the former, who had a perfect genius for plots and for escaping from their consequences, became a chaplain of Monmouth's in 1685, and died as a Jacobite plotter; the latter was an old 'agitator' of 1649, and had been on guard at Charles I.'s scaffold—he would have been 'none the worse for a hanging' at any time, and ended with being hanged for Argyll's rising. Essex saved himself from Russell's fate by committing suicide in prison, Lord Howard of Escrick by turning King's evidence, and Lord Grey by flight to Holland. Sidney's had been an extraordinary career; he was a Percy as well as a Sidney; he had fought at Marston Moor, had been named, but had refused to sit as one of Charles I.'s judges; had denounced Oliver for turning out the Long Parliament, had lived, now in high Catholic society at Rome, now with exiled regicides in Switzerland, and had vehemently supported the Dutch against his fatherland in 1665. Even Shaftesbury had always distrusted him, and he had taken an enormous bribe from Barillon. But, as he said, he was 'manus hæc inimica tyrannis,' and, after Shaftesbury's flight, he led Essex and Russell by the nose.

On the rebellious City of London also vengeance was taken. On some trifling pretext its Charter was forfeited and a new one drawn up. When the City refused to receive this, the King simply took into his own hands the nomination of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and other officials. Thus a Royalist Corporation was ensured, Royalist juries could now be impanelled, and Royalist members would

probably be returned to Parliament. As for that body itself, Charles omitted to summon it for the rest of his reign—very nearly four years from the dissolution of the Oxford Session; Halifax, it is true, urged him to summon it, but Halifax also interceded warmly for Russell's life. Charles was no doubt hard up for cash, in spite of the excellent management of his Treasurer, Laurence Hyde, now Lord Rochester, but it was a condition to which he was well used, and his alliances, both with France and France's enemy William, seemed firmer than ever. Whether even his adroitness could have continued to maintain this position long must be doubtful. Charles had frankly told William in 1681 that there might be danger for the Netherlands, but that his own first duty was to save the Crown of England. He had managed to hold Louis back from an attack upon Luxemburg in 1681, but failed to do so in 1684. Monmouth had given trouble in 1682—he had been making quasi-royal progresses in the West, and had even 'touched' persons for the 'King's evil,' as the scrofula, healable only by royal touch, was called; he was therefore again banished in 1683. The King died of an unknown[1] disease, which baffled the medical science of that day, on February 6th, 1685; his last act was to accept the sacraments from a Catholic priest who had aided his escape from Worcester; his last words were to apologize, with cynical politeness, for 'having been such an unconscionable time in dying.' Indeed he must have been a man of extraordinary physical endurance to bear for five days the tortures of bleeding and blistering with hot bricks, which the doctors applied to relieve him.

[1] Dr. Raymond Crawfurd has at length made a true diagnosis of Charles' disease, and is about to publish a monograph on the subject.

CHAPTER II

"JESUITS AND OTHER WICKED PERSONS"

If one put James II. into a book of fiction, people would say, "What an impossible character!" Other men who have thrown away crowns from sheer bigotry have had some substratum of goodness, or some personal charm, or it has been possible to weave some romance round them. James was bad, unromantic and a fool.

King Solomon in his Proverbs distinguishes between two kinds of fools; there is one who should be answered according to his folly, and one who should not. James was equally incapable of profiting by either kind of answer. Louis XIV. honestly told him to seek his salvation in a close French alliance, to unwhig his people for ever, and to chastise them with scorpions if they resisted; and, though much of this fell in with James' particular brand of folly, he was too proud to take the advice. The loyal English Tories, on the other hand, told James that he must reign according to the old Constitution, and protect the Church of England; Whiggery would then die a natural death. This advice he rejected even more contemptuously; and in forty-six months he had rushed blindly on his fate. No king or man ever more richly deserved that fate: the supremacy, not the liberation of his own Church was what he meant

to bring about; and his own Church was not even that of his own Catholic subjects, who only wanted peace and quiet; still less was it that of the Pope, who hated and dreaded Louis XIV.; but it was the Church of the French Jesuits, who were scheming to set their feet on the necks of Popes, Kings and peoples alike. James, however, was an inapt pupil of the Jesuits, for he was a singularly inadequate liar and an even worse judge of men. The Catholics whom he gathered round him were men without character, ability or position in the country; he would take to his bosom the most ludicrous hypocrites if they pretended conversion; he would tell his most loyal Tories that he would no longer employ them unless they would be converted: he was fond of saying that his father had been ruined 'because he had made concessions,' and that he, James, meant to make none. But it was just because he was in other respects a bad, cheap copy of his father, that he died an exile; of the private virtues, of the dignity and courage of his father in misfortune, he had no share.

There was nothing altogether impossible, though much that was inconvenient, in the position of a Catholic Sovereign ruling over Protestant subjects; there were other instances of it in Europe. Except in Spain Catholics now seldom actually burned Protestants; even James had made no serious attempts to convert his two daughters. But England and all Europe saw how Louis XIV. was persecuting French Protestants who refused conversion, and it would therefore behove James to walk very warily. At first he promised to do so; he was proclaimed King without a dog barking; he told his first Privy Council that 'no one should perceive his private opinions,' and that he would protect Church and

State as by law established. Of his first 'Cabinet,' Rochester, Godolphin, Halifax and Sunderland, we already know something. Rochester and his brother Clarendon, Viceroy of Ireland, were the hope of the 'stern unbending Tories'; for right divine, non-resistance and all the rest of it; a harsh, unpopular but honest pair. Godolphin was a good administrator, but had no influence. Halifax, the ablest living Englishman, soon found that he too had none, but as he did not scruple to give the most unpalatable advice in the most courtly language, he was soon dismissed. The man of the hour was Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, Secretary of State, son of a hero who had fallen by Falkland's side at Newbury and of a lady who had been sung by poets as 'Saccharissa'; he was a strange product of such parents. Dryden calls him

> A second Machiavel, who soared above
> The little ties of gratitude and love.

When he thought Shaftesbury would win he had been quite ready to swallow the Exclusion Bill: he was now all for vengeance on the defeated Whigs; but, in case of accident, he used his wicked wife's lover, Henry Sidney, to convey treacherous intelligence to the Dutch Court. Though he took a large annual pension from France, it was he who prevented James from accepting the help of France in the crisis of 1688. He turned Papist in that year, and Protestant again after the Revolution. But he had mental abilities and a grasp of politics only inferior to those of Halifax.

King James also took much counsel of Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice, whom he made Lord Chancellor in the autumn of 1685. Jeffreys was an exaggerated

specimen of the acute but vulgar criminal lawyer, of which there have been plenty since his time. Lords Powis, Bellasys and Arundel were stupid and not dishonourable Catholics; Lord Dover clever and dishonourable. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, belongs to Irish history. Edward Petre, the King's Jesuit Clerk of the Closet and chief adviser, was detested by the better Catholics, and distrusted by every one who knew him: the King vainly tried to get the Pope to make him a Cardinal or Archbishop of York; but the Pope very handsomely snubbed Lord Castlemaine, who was sent to Rome on this errand. In fact the Pope would have nothing to say to any of James' gang.

The moderate sentiments which James had at first expressed lasted very few weeks. His attempts in favour of Popery may be divided into two periods: in the first he hoped to get the Church of England to consent to them; in the second he tried an alliance with the Protestant Dissenters against that Church. That which operated fatally against both attempts was the state of Europe at the time. James was fifty-two years old, and his heiress was Mary, Princess of Orange, a pious, brave, tender-hearted Protestant lady, wholly submissive to her husband. Her reign, therefore, would be the reign of William the Dutchman, an invalid suffering badly from asthma, a Calvinist, famous for his taciturnity and unconciliatory manners; 'the plainest man ever seen and of no fashion at all,' Charles' courtiers had thought, but one who concealed a soul of fire under a mask of ice. The fuel that fed that fire was hatred of Louis XIV. To build up European leagues against Louis, and to throw the weight of the English Navy and purse into their scale was the object of William's life; and, in order to do this

last, he was finally obliged to play in English politics the part of a Whig. He never liked the part; could his wife have succeeded her father in the course of nature and fairly soon, he might have led a united England against Louis. By temperament William was autocratic; he had had his bellyful of Republican sentiments and factious Whiggery at the Hague, and was still having it. But circumstances and the folly of James left him no choice. Louis to some extent smoothed his path, for the aggressive policy of France brought about in 1686 the League of Augsburg between Spain, the Emperor and some German States; moreover, by revoking his grandfather's 'Edict of Nantes,' Louis had flooded Europe with industrious Protestant exiles burning for revenge. In England enormous subscriptions were raised for these people, much to the disgust of King James.

James called a Parliament in May, and it proved to be a High Church Tory Assembly, the most loyal that any Stuart King ever called. It voted him his brother's revenue at once, and did not press for the execution of anti-Catholic laws. While it was sitting the successful crushing of two rebellions strengthened the throne a good deal. The former of these, Argyll's, belongs to Scottish history;[1] the latter, that of the Duke of Monmouth, was the last rebellion that had its roots in English soil. Each started from Holland, and originated in plots of Whig exiles there; but to William, of course, the success of either would have been fatal. Monmouth landed in June near Lyme, Dorset, with only eighty-three companions. But Somerset was an old 'Parliamentary' district, and the bastard Duke had made many friends there in '82. He put forward an extremely

[1] *Vide infra*, p. 241.

Whiggish declaration, leaving the question of his 'rights' to a free Parliament, but branding his uncle James as a tyrant; and his programme, equality of all Protestants, annual Parliaments, etc., proved attractive to the peasantry and the artisans of the small towns. So when he reached Taunton, an old Whig stronghold, he had gathered round him some five thousand ill-armed men, and thereupon claimed the Crown; many of the Militia, who were called out against him, deserted to his colours. But very few persons of substance joined him, though he had hopes of help from Lord Delamere in Cheshire. Parliament at once voted £400,000 for the Army, and attainted the Duke of high treason. Lords Feversham and Churchill led the regular troops, including the recently recalled garrison of Tangier under Colonel Kirke, into the West. The Pretender was completely routed at Sedgemoor near Bridgwater, though the Wessex peasants, armed with scythes, fought most gallantly; and Kirke, who was entrusted with their final suppression, decorated Somerset with gibbets. The autumn Assize which followed was known (after the Revolution, when much legend rapidly grew up) as the 'Bloody Assize,'[1] and Jeffreys, who presided at it, incurred much obloquy. There were nearly fourteen hundred prisoners to be tried for treason in Dorset, Somerset and Devon; sixty-five were executed at once, and during the next few months perhaps as many again, but the majority were allowed to ransom themselves, or

[1] The first use I have found of the word is in an anonymous Dutch book, 'by D. v. H.,' now in the library of the Athenæum Club, published in 1690, called 'Englands Staatsveranderingen vertoond in het Leven van Jacobus II.,' and evidently written by some one who accompanied William's expedition to England.

were transported to America. Jeffreys, who was accused of taking bribes from the relations of some prisoners, said, after his own fall, that the King had urged him to much greater severity.

During the rebellion James, in defiance of the Test Act, had employed some Catholics in his Army, and Halifax, who remonstrated against this, had been dismissed. What would the loyal Houses of Parliament say? They reassembled in November, just after James had outraged public feeling by prohibiting the celebration of 'the Fifth' ('no bonfires or squibs allowed'). James made a long speech to them, pointed out, with some truth, how inefficient the Militia had proved, and asked for a large increase of the regular Army. Then with incredible folly he went on to stir gratuitously the question of the employment of Catholics, which perhaps might have been passed over in silence, and said he was determined to keep them. This was too much for the Commons, who, by the mouth of a typical Tory, Sir Edward Seymour, 'that proud and saucy man,' protested emphatically against anything of the kind. A vote of £700,000 for the Army was carried, but James wantonly threw this away in his anger at the protest, which in the Lords, led by Halifax, Devonshire and Bishop Compton of London, had been even more emphatic. On the tenth day of its session Parliament was prorogued, and James never summoned it again.

He now proceeded to give, wholesale, 'dispensations' to Catholics to hold offices in spite of the Test Act, and, after clearing out four Judges, got a judicial decision to the effect that such 'dispensing power' was legal. Herbert, C.J., laid down that such power was an essential part of the Royal Prerogative: and, in law as based on

precedent, Herbert was right; he was no mere time-server, for when he shortly afterwards refused to rule, as James wished him to, that for a soldier to desert his colours was a capital felony, he was speedily dismissed. But the result of the legalizing of the dispensing power was that precedent and principle were now brought into more glaring opposition than under Charles I. There was nothing to stop a Catholic King from filling every office in the Protestant State—civil, military and religious—with men of his own faith, and James promptly began to do so. He seems to have forgotten that, if he were successful, there would not in England be nearly enough Catholics 'to go round.' That he offended three-fourths of the Peerage by turning out of posts at Court or Lord-Lieutenancies great men like the Dukes of Somerset and Norfolk, troubled him not at all.

And the Church of England, which by its doctrine of divine right had put him on the throne, seemed to him an excellent *corpus vile* on which to experiment with dispensations. Was he not Head of the said Church? In July, '86, he appointed an Ecclesiastical Commission to exercise the disciplinary powers of the Headship for him. Jeffreys and Sunderland were the leading spirits on it; Rochester was always outvoted and soon ceased to attend it; Archbishop Sancroft refused to sit on it; Bishops Spratt and Crewe did sit, but the former resigned in '88. Its first job was to deal with Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who had refused to suspend a parson for preaching against Popery. Compton was a dangerous man to offend—a sturdy, rather unspiritual person, of noble birth, who had been in the Guards before he took orders, and since had been tutor to Princesses Mary and Anne. The Commission suspended him from his bishop-

ric. Then, in the Universty of Oxford, James thought that three at least of the leading colleges might well be Romanized; so he gave dispensations to Catholics to hold the Deanery of Christ Church and the Mastership of University.

As you approached Oxford by the London road the first object that then greeted your eyes was the lovely tower of Magdalen College. 'That,' said a friend to the Duke of Wellington in after years, 'was the wall against which James II. ran his head'; and indeed the King hurtled with unexampled violence against those venerable stones. On a vacancy in the headship in March, '87, our Fellows (I speak as a Magdalen man) refused to execute King James' mandate to elect a man of bad character, reputed a Papist and statutably ineligible, and chose Mr. Hough instead. As a concession to morality the King withdrew his bad friend, and ordered the College to substitute for Hough Dr. Parker, the Bishop of Oxford, who had strong leanings to Popery. This was also refused. The case dragged on for nearly a year, but ended in the deprivation by the Ecclesiastical Commission of Hough, of twenty-five Fellows and of numerous scholars. Good Lord Abingdon wrote to the deprived Fellows, and told them that "he wished he had preferments enough for all of 'em, but, as he hadn't, they were welcome to beef and mutton at Rycot." Papists were put in their places by the Crown. Parker died in March, '88, and a Catholic bishop called Gifford was immediately nominated President, but the undergraduates treated him and the new Fellows 'with all imaginable scorn.'

The same game went on elsewhere; early in '87 the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was deprived of his office

and of all his preferments, because the Senate had refused to give a degree to a monk. A Jesuit school, with tuition *gratis*, was opened at the Savoy; a gorgeous Catholic chapel was dedicated at Whitehall, a colony of monks was established in St. James' Palace Chapel, and a Papal Nuncio, who, for his part, approved of none of these proceedings, was received in great state at Court. There was even a dreadful rumour that Dr. Busby of Westminster School, the greatest Head Master that ever swished boy (1638–95), was to make way for a Jesuit!

When he finally dismissed Rochester in January, '87, James had parted with all hope of bending the English Church, whose loyalty had given way to terror, and whose terror was now driving it towards resistance. It was now that the King turned to the Dissenters and issued his first 'Declaration of Indulgence,' suspending wholesale the Test Act and all other Acts and oaths restrictive of religious freedom. This document has the impertinence to take its stand upon 'Natural Rights,' of which the English law knows nothing at all. "I am confident," James writes to his cousin Sophia of Hanover, "that the much greater part of the Nation is grateful to me for having given liberty of conscience to all." Some Dissenting bodies, such as the Baptists and the Quakers, under the influence of William Penn, swallowed the bait; but the sober Presbyterians, immeasurably the largest Dissenting sect, preferred 'persecution' by the English Church to toleration in common with the Roman. From that hour a successful revolt in some shape was merely a question of time and opportunity.

There was indeed one real danger. In the summer of

'87 James dissolved his long-prorogued Parliament, and began to prepare measures for getting a new one of a Catholic and Dissenting complexion. He thought that he could do this by jobbery; so he appointed a Commission to 'regulate' the Municipal Corporations, whose charters had already in many cases been regranted, on the model of that of London, since the year 1681. This Commission substituted aldermen and town councillors, either of Papist or Dissenting views, for those who then existed; these, it was supposed, would elect subservient members for boroughs. The county constituencies might be 'managed' by the nomination of Catholics or Dissenters as Lords-Lieutenant, Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace; and, if these people couldn't intimidate the forty-shilling freeholder at the poll, they could at least make false returns, or job him out of his vote in some way. As for the Lords, the King could 'swamp' them by nominating a hundred or so of his courtiers to be Peers. But all this took time, and, hard as James worked at it, and often as he said he was going to call a Parliament, he always found that he was 'not quite ready yet.'

And what of the future? Suppose such a sham Parliament called, and the Catholics and the wilder sectaries in possession of all power? Great is the name of a Parliament, but would England still acquiesce, and believe in that body? William of Orange did not feel sure about this; but his English friends told him plainly that, in that case, there would be no Protestant Succession or Successor. William, of course, was in touch with all parties in England, and was admirably served by his agents, Dykvelt and Zulestein. There was the reckless Tom Wharton, the Whig profligate and wit, who had carried the Exclusion Bill up to the Lords, and who

was now writing a mad song called 'Lilliburlero,'[1] set to music by Purcell, which was to 'whistle King James music by Purcell, which was to 'whistle King James out of three kingdoms'; he was for striking at once. Even the loyal Hyde brothers, even Danby, the champion of Princess Mary, Churchill, the friend of Princess Anne, Shrewsbury, the convert from Popery, Bedford and Nottingham, heads respectively of moderate Whigs and moderate Tories—all these could only tell William much the same as Wharton, '*in te spes unica*.' . . . 'for the Queen is with child again: true, all her children have hitherto died in infancy; but this one will live and it will be a boy. The Jesuits will take care that it is a boy. The King has been to St. Winifred's Holy Well in Wales, and the Saint has assured him that it *shall* be a boy.' And so the year '87 ran out, and every one whistled 'Lilliburlero Bullen-a-la.'

William had given due heed to these warnings, and, by the beginning of '88, was preparing to do something serious, though it was not till July that James got a glimmering idea that 'some in Holland have a mind to a war.' Louis pressed upon James an open French alliance and an attack on Holland; James turned a deaf ear to all but Father Petre, Sunderland and St. Winifred. But he asked the Dutch Estates to send back the six British regiments that had been in Holland since 1678, and, when the Estates refused, he began some fortifications at Sheerness and Chatham. William's initial difficulties, however, were, like those of his namesake in 1066, enormous: as Admiral and Captain-General of the Dutch Army and Navy he could not put those forces on a war footing without the consent of the Es-

[1] Mr. J. C. Tarver points out to me that Lilliburlero was sung to an old Morris-dance tune, perhaps adapted by Purcell.

tates ; and the Estates, besides being jealous of William, could point out that there was no offensive alliance of England and France, and so no *casus belli*. William was obliged, therefore, both to stretch his legal powers and to begin his equipment largely from his private resources. Before midsummer he had accomplished very little, and meanwhile in England events had marched fast.

Princess Anne in London was in terror early in the year ; her letters to Sister Mary curse Sunderland for a knave who is pushing on the King to more Popery : . . . " Don't come here and don't let William come, even if father invites him. . . . I fear something might happen to you . . . burn this letter at once." April brought a second Declaration of Indulgence, and an order to all parsons to read it from their pulpits on two successive Sundays. This was the *crux* for the English churchmen, and had been intended by the King to be so. He who refused to read would incur the guilt of resistance to the Lord's Anointed ; he who read would betray his faith. The Bishops, supported by the Hydes and other Tory Peers, held anxious conference at Lambeth, and, on May 18th, seven of them—Sancroft, White, Ken, Lloyd, Trelawney, Lake and Turner—presented to the King a most respectful petition against the order to read the Declaration. James told them their petition was ' a Standard of rebellion ' ; they little knew that he was speaking the truth. It was intended to be kept private, but it was published the same day, and its words ran through England like an electric spark. The Church, never really popular before, became the idol of Whig London, whose Corporation had just been tampered with to suit James' design for a sham Parliament. The King madly deter

mined to prosecute the Seven Bishops for a 'seditious libel,' and meanwhile sent them to the Tower; all the City poured out on to the River, or knelt in the mud at the edge, to beg their blessing as they went thither. James thought he was sure of his Judges, and did his best to pack a jury. But, when the trial came off on June 29th, his Judges deserted him, his counsel was hissed in court, and, though one fat juryman, who was Court brewer, held out against his eleven brethren all night, he gave way in the morning, and the Bishops were acquitted. Even the soldiers of James' Army, now encamped at Hounslow thirty thousand strong, shouted for joy at the news. As for the Declaration, in London only four parsons dared to read it, and their congregations walked out in a body when they began. At Scarborough the Mayor was tossed in a blanket by the soldiers for ordering it to be read, and it was the same story all over England.

And on June 10th had been born to James and Mary Beatrice their only son—the child of misfortune, who was to grow up too good for such a father. James gave the midwife five hundred guineas. There was a rumour that the boy was to be called Ludovicus Innocentius Carolus Jacobus, but it was only James Francis Edward. The Pope and the Queen-Dowager, Katharine, were sponsors. William, in perplexity, sent to congratulate, but his friends told him this was a false step. 'No one,' they said, 'believes the Prince to be of royal birth; he was smuggled into the palace by Father Petre in a warming-pan; none of the Royal Family or great officers of State were present at the delivery; of course it is a fraud.' It was true that none of the usual precautions had been taken; but the facts were that the Queen had

not expected her baby so soon, and that few respectable Protestants were in the habit of going to Court. But sixty-seven persons were, however, in St. James' Palace at the hour of the birth, and Lady Sunderland, who would have been sure to betray the secret if there had been one, was at the bedside. James, however, was stark mad not to have sent for Princess Anne. Whether William believed the warming-pan story or not, it was obviously his cue to pretend to believe it. Mary seems at first really to have believed it; reasonable people gradually abandoned the belief. Anne, who had for months been suspicious as to the reality of the Queen's pregnancy, writes:—"It may be our brother, but only God knows; St. James' Palace is just the place to play a trick in—for one who believes, a thousand disbelieve; for me, I disbelieve." Mary told Anne that her absence from town had been 'an irreparable fault.' There was a bonfire for the Prince in Magdalen, now a Papist seminary, but nowhere else in once loyal Oxford; on the night of the Bishops' acquittal England had blazed with bonfires.

And on that night was despatched to the Hague, in the deepest secrecy, a letter to William, saying, "Come. Come swiftly before he calls his sham Parliament. Come as the husband of the heiress of Great Britain. Demand a free Parliament and security for Protestantism." It was signed by Lords Danby, Shrewsbury, Devonshire and Lumley, by Bishop Compton, by Edward Russell and Henry Sidney. Halifax and Nottingham, too cautious to sign, knew of it and, whether approving or not, at least did not betray it.

Obviously now 'security for Protestantism' would mean something more than security for the Anglican

Church. The wrongs of that Church alone gave men courage to summon the Prince of Orange; but the Presbyterians would have to be considered in the settlement. Halifax had reassured them on this point, although anonymously. Even Sancroft, the highest of High Churchmen, was willing to give them a good measure of toleration. William, then, would be the champion of a combination similar to that which had brought back King Charles in 1660. From the date of this letter William's cause gained ground steadily, and the Dutch Estates began to postpone their jealousies and fears. Diplomacy was successful with the Princes of North Germany. The old Elector of Brandenburg, who remembered the Thirty Years' War, died in August, muttering as his last words, 'Amsterdam—London'; and his son at once sent to William's service old Marshal Schomberg, now a Protestant exile from France and reputed the first soldier in Europe. The Landgraf of Hesse promised to defend Holland if she were attacked in William's absence. The Hanover rats, who were ultimately to profit by it all, held off till the last minute, but even they joined the Protestant cause at last. All seemed to depend on what Louis XIV. would do with his fine Army, then massing in his Eastern provinces. Had he taken the advice of his great Minister, Louvois, he would have struck at Holland at once and so paralysed William; but he was extremely sore with James for refusing an open offensive alliance, and he perhaps remembered the events of 1672, when his soldiers had had to wade home. Therefore, in September, he suddenly struck at the middle Rhine and laid siege to Philipsburg. This banished the last hesitation of the Dutch Estates, which now allowed

William to go with their blessing, forty ships-of-war and 14,000 men. Yet this force would be too small for a serious fight with the British Army and Navy. Could James rely on either?

Since '84 the Navy Board had disposed of £400,000 a year and done its work well. There were 105 ships-of-war, nine of which were 'first-rates.' The *Britannia*, of 1,715 tons and 100 guns, was the finest ship afloat. Admiral Lord Dartmouth, if not a great sailor, was devotedly loyal, and James in middle life had been thoroughly popular with the Service. But many of Dartmouth's captains were in the Orange interest, and the main deck and lower deck were Protestant to their last plank. As for the Army, it was commanded by a foreigner who had been created Lord Feversham, and Lord Churchill, its real working head, though profuse in lip-loyalty, would sell everything, except his Protestantism, for his own advancement. There was great discontent in the ranks on account of the frequent drafting in of Irish Papists. Still, if James, hitherto distinctly a warrior, could have put himself at the head of either Service, one does not see how either could have refused to fight. Old Ormond, the last of the Cavaliers, had just shut his eyes on the scene, *ætat.* 79.

The descent was naturally expected on the East coast, and Dartmouth's Fleet was gathering in the mouth of the River, when, at the end of September, Sunderland, either treacherously or in fear for his head, persuaded James to a complete reversal of his home policy. To the astonishment of the world, a proclamation suddenly appeared, excluding Catholics from the coming Parliament. This was rapidly followed by the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the restoration of charters

to towns as before the late changes, the restoration of Compton to his See and of the Fellows of Magdalen to their College. Writs were prepared for a real and a free Parliament. But, about the same time, copies of William's Declaration began to find their way to England, and the 'concessions' had come too late. The Declaration ignored the Prince of Wales; William was coming, 'as the husband of the heiress, to demand security for the Protestant religion and a free Parliament.' A terrible month of anxiety passed, and the wind blew hard from the West; James had a new weathercock fixed on Whitehall and watched it all day. "If only it will keep like this," he wrote to cousin Sophia in Hanover, "I hope to be in a good condition to receive William" (September 28). Again one compares instinctively another wind-bound soldier called William, waiting in an earlier September to spring upon an equally distracted England. At the end of October James' purpose and the winds of heaven again veered round. The King dismissed Sunderland, promised Louis his alliance, and put off issuing his parliamentary writs; he sent for the Bishops and demanded that they should denounce William's proclamation, but they said they must first consult the lay Peers, and told their master some unpleasing truths. Suddenly, on November 1st, an Easterly gale sprang up and carried the Dutch Fleet, piloted by one Mr. Benbow, who began life as a butcher-boy and ended it as an Admiral, past Lord Dartmouth's scouts and down Channel; and at William's peak fluttered the ancient motto of his house, 'Je Maintiendrai.' Just in time to prevent him from being swept past the Start came a lull, and he dropped anchor at Brixham in Torbay—on a good Protestant

day, November 5th; and then the faithful wind roared again from the West and drove Lord Dartmouth, who had pursued, back into the Downs.

'The little Porpus,' 18 guns, was run ashore to secure the landing of Mackay's six regiments of Scots-Dutch in case of opposition. But opposition there was none, and the rest of the Army followed. 'Our foot and dragoons,' says my Dutch friend, 'ran up the mountains and cliffs, which are horribly high, like cats, . . . and every one shouted, "God bles jou";' people even kneeled in the water to kiss William's hand. A poor priest at a Catholic house hard by had mistaken us for a French fleet and ordered a Te Deum and a grand spread of food; but 'instead of "Votre serviteur, Monsieur," he was greeted with, "Yaw, Mynheer, can you Dutch spraken?" on which they all ran away and we had a feast that had been prepared for others.'

William advanced cautiously to Exeter, and Dr. Burnet, the historian, preached to him in the Cathedral on Psalm cvii. The cannons and ammunition were sent round to the Exe and landed at Topsham. People came in slowly, but all stared in admiration at his fine troops, Dutch, Nassauers and Swedes among them. But His Highness was careful to put in the hands of British soldiers all places where there might be a collision with James' forces; he was anxious to avoid the appearance of subduing England by foreigners. Sir Edward Seymour, the leading Tory of the West, proposed an 'Association for Defending the Protestant Religion and the Prince of Orange,' and the ball began to roll. The Prince's route was Ottery, Axminster, Crewkerne, Sherborne, Wincanton. On the 19th James, who had just seen his little son shortcoated, joined his Army at Salis-

bury: but, when Churchill urged him to go further to the front, he was seized with a violent bleeding of the nose which would not stop. On the 23rd, on which day the sceptre fell from the hand of Bloody Mary's statue at the Royal Exchange, he decided to retreat to London. Then the *débâcle* began, Churchill's own defection giving the example. Every one hastened to greet His Highness as the Deliverer of England. Delamere raised Cheshire, Danby raised York, Nottinghamshire and what the Dutch historian terms 'Darkyshire'; the Princess Anne fled from London towards Danby. Papists were everywhere disarmed or imprisoned. The London mob rose and sacked Papist chapels and houses. James, when back in London, finding he couldn't sleep without taking opium, called a Council of Peers and Bishops, which simply advised him to treat with William. He consented, though only in order to give time for the escape of the Queen and Prince to France. He chose, as emissaries to his rival's camp, Halifax, Nottingham and Godolphin, and the first of these was already going over to the Orange interest; Lord Clarendon would have been a better choice, for his solution was the Regency of William, and the recognition of the Prince of Wales as heir.

The Commissioners met William at Hungerford, and the latter sensibly proposed an immediate Parliament to sit in a neutral zone between the two Armies; he also asked for the principal fortresses to be put into trusty Protestant hands. But Halifax gathered that William would be glad if some one could frighten James into flight; and flight was just then the one thing that appealed to that once warlike person. On December 11th, when William, without further treating, had advanced

almost to the gates of London, James fled from Whitehall by night, and threw[1] the Great Seal into the River at Vauxhall, thus comforting himself with the thought of leaving anarchy behind him. But unfortunately he was recognized, roughly handled and arrested at Feversham, and William was obliged to send some guards to protect his person. He actually returned to London for one day; but, 'not thinking it convenient to expose himself to be secured,' as he put it, and finding Whitehall almost a desert, and every one gone to his rival's Court, he allowed himself to be escorted by boat to Rochester, whence he fled, this time successfully, to France. Louis received him with most magnanimous kindness, and gave him the beautiful palace of St. Germains to live in. The French courtiers found Mary Beatrice charming and queenly, but thought James intolerable. After the failure of his attempt on Ireland in 1689–90, which is narrated in a later chapter, and after the failure of at least one attempt to assassinate William, James took to devotion; he wrote pious treatises; he went, like a modern Puseyite, into 'retreats,' died in sackcloth in 1701, and had miracles performed at his tomb.

If his nose had not bled at Salisbury. . . .?

[1] Or perhaps 'accidentally dropped.' He may have intended to take the Seal with him. In either case the result would be the same. There can be no Government without a Great Seal.

CHAPTER III

"JE MAINTIENDRAI"

WITH the second flight of James on December 23rd, the first stage in the 'Glorious Revolution' was over; there was a blank parchment, on which could be drawn a new title, a new charter, perhaps a new form of government. But drawn by whom, and in what letters? On the 11th those Peers who were in London had held a meeting and had called out the Trained Bands to keep order, but they had not invited William to London. He, however, on the 18th, had come uninvited and had taken up his quarters at St. James'; while there he had been much pressed to have himself proclaimed King, as if by conquest, and had rejected the suggestion. But he had assumed command of all the English Army as well as of his own, and had disposed of the most trustworthy regiments in garrisons round the capital. On the 23rd (the day of the second flight) he called a meeting of the Peers, and added to them all members of any of Charles II.'s Parliaments who happened to be in London, *plus* the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and fifty Common Council-men of the City; this body entrusted him with the civil and financial administration, and with the duty of calling a 'Convention.'

The elections to this Convention took a month, and when it met on January 22nd, Halifax was elected

Speaker of the Lords, and an old Exclusionist Speaker of the Commons. That obviously meant that the majority of the Lower House was Whig, although that of the Upper House, which now numbered 150 persons, was on the whole moderate Tory. Both Houses at once confirmed William's temporary authority, and then fell to the discussion of the questions, "Is there a King, and if so who is he? If there isn't, who shall he be?" The Nation, outside Parliament, was in a terrible ferment; the only thing upon which it was united was its old and entire detestation of Popery, and nine-tenths of the booksellers' advertisements of the year are concerned with tracts against, or skits upon the Romish Church. Dread of France was perhaps the next greatest passion. 'A Gentleman of Cheshire, lately arrived out of Ireland,' put the matter in a nutshell when he wrote a pamphlet entitled, 'K. William or K. Lewis, wherein is set forth the absolute necessity these nations lie under, of submitting wholly to one or other of these Kings; and that the matter of controversy is not now between K. William and K. James.'

In the Convention, however, there seemed at first to be great difficulties in finding any possible solution. To some of the highest Tories, notably to the always honourable Earl of Nottingham, the best solution seemed to be to elect William as Regent for King James, to whom the nominal title might be left; and, in the Lords, this proposal was only defeated by two votes. On the whole both Houses could just manage to agree that 'the late King James, having, by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, withdrawn himself from the realm, hath abdicated the throne'; but the Lords made a fierce fight before they would pass the next

clause, 'that the throne is thereby vacant.' Danby, always attached to the person of Mary, and leader of the moderate Tories, said the throne could not be '*vacant*'; Mary, he said, had succeeded at the moment, whatever that was, of her father's abdication; was in fact Queen. This idea was to William even worse than that of a Regency; he would not be his wife's 'gentleman usher.' The Whigs of course were for William, and for a very strictly limited William—a Whig puppet-King. Finally Halifax suggested the curious compromise 'and that our Sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary, *are and are declared to be* King and Queen'; the administration of the Sovereignty to rest in William. Observe the wiliness of the words; we do not elect these persons; they *are*: we now merely 'declare them to be'; at what moment they began to reign we do not specify.

Several subordinate clauses are annexed to the vote, *e.g.* 'that it is inconsistent with the welfare of a Protestant state to be governed by a Popish prince'; that James had 'broken the Original Contract between King and people' (whatever that figment of the imagination might be). And, before we tender the crown to these persons, we get them to agree to a document of great importance, in which some would see a sort of new Charter, others just an epitome of Stuart misgovernment, called the 'Declaration of Right,' which in October, after we have voted ourselves to be a Parliament, we turn into the 'Bill of Rights.' In this document, together with the old declaration against the levying of money without consent of Parliament, with denunciation of 'illegal and pernicious' Courts such as the Ecclesiastical Commission, with confirmation

of privileges such as freedom of speech in Parliament and the right of petitioning, we find it enacted 'that the maintenance of a Standing Army in time of peace without consent of Parliament is against law'; that the Dispensing power 'as it hath been exercised of late' is illegal; and that 'Parliament ought to be held frequently.' The semi-triumphant Whigs would fain have gone further, and taken away the King's right of pardon in impeachments, his power over the Judges, and his right of summoning and dissolving Parliament. But William would have fought hard against these limitations of prerogative, and for the moment William was as necessary to them as they to him.

On March 17th King James' coaches were drawn into Hyde Park and there sold by auction. And so the Revolution was finished; Whiggish, and therefore of course 'glorious.' In time it came to wear in the eyes of Whigs (who have written most of our histories) an almost sacred character; yet to me it is a deity somewhat difficult to grovel before, and mainly for one reason—it led to the introduction of foreign Kings, who, to use a phrase of Machiavelli's, 'bound us to the fortune and arms of others.' James II. was as impossible as you like—I toss him to every wolf in Whigdom to worry; if Mary had had a child, if one of Anne's children had lived, I would never have been a Jacobite. But when the alternative came to be an unspeakable boor, who had no interests but German, when James III. grew up into a simple, pious, valiant young man of stainless honour, and of a Catholicism infinitely broader and more tolerant than his father's, when he was willing to sacrifice everything except his private religion to the wishes of the English people,

I for one would have voted for my legitimate and native King.

This alternative, however, was in the future, though, as early as April 23rd, '89, William wrote to Sophia, "according to appearances, one of your sons will reign here one day." Parliament now merely found it necessary to settle the succession, after the joint lives and the life of the survivor of the reigning Sovereigns, (1) on Mary and her heirs, (2) on Anne and her heirs, (3) on William's[1] heirs by any other wife. And Anne actually had a son, the Duke of Gloucester, who lived to be nearly eleven, and who was being educated by John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, when he died of smallpox in 1700.

When this settlement of 1689 was complete, a new oath of allegiance had to be imposed, and it was the refusal of many pious clergymen, including Sancroft and four more of the famous Seven Bishops, to take that oath, that founded the schism of the 'Non-Jurors.' These men remained at heart Jacobites, but seldom active Jacobites; they had, of course, to resign their sees and benefices, but were not otherwise persecuted: they continued to ordain and consecrate in a little Church of their own—often comprising men of great learning and of most devout lives—until the threshold of the Nineteenth Century.

The settlement was finished early in February, and Mary was summoned in haste from Holland. She has told us all her feelings in that most pathetic and beautiful, but little read book, her own Memoirs; and the conclusion with which that book leaves us is, that, if Rupert

[1] Do not forget that William was the grandson of Charles I., whereas Sophia was only the granddaughter of James I.

was the flower of the Stuart race in action, Mary was its flower in piety and contemplation. She was born in '62 and was thus twenty-six at the crisis of her life; she had been married at fifteen and a half to a man who never loved her till he lost her, but whose Dutch people learned to love her very dearly indeed. In her, Puritanism wears its tenderest and most attractive aspect, and is wholly devoid of intolerance; it is her own and not her neighbour's sins which she for ever laments: the being compelled to dethrone her father is a thing which she feels God cannot forgive her, and yet her wifely duty to her unfeeling husband is always paramount; even when she comes to believe that her father is plotting against her husband's life, the sense of her own guilt remains. As for the subsequent unkindness of sister Anne, she looks on it 'as a punishment upon her and me for the irregularity committed by us at the Revolution; my husband did his duty and the Nation did theirs, but, as to our persons, it is not as it ought to be.' Her anguish lest her father and husband should meet in battle in Ireland, in 1690, is truly touching. In her own country, when she returns to it, she feels herself a perfect stranger, 'censured by all, commended by none: 'tis hard for flesh and blood to bear neglect, especially coming from a place [Holland] where I was valued too much.' The English people, after the simple Dutch, seem to her utterly irreligious, 'a noisy world full of vanity'; she hates the Court ladies, who 'come in crowds to see me, believing I have nothing better to do than to chat with them.' When William went abroad, each year from '90 till '93, he left her Regent, and, though she always protests that she knows nothing of 'bussiness,' she hits off to the letter the characters of all with whom she has

to act: 'Danby, to whom I must ever owe great obligations, yet of a temper I can never like'; Anne, 'seeking to make herself a party, finding fault with everything, affecting to laugh at afternoon sermons and to do in little things contrary to what I do'; Lord Monmouth (afterwards the famous Peterborough), 'mad, and his wife who is mader governs him'; 'Devonshire too lazy to give himself the trouble of bussiness'; 'Lord Torrington, who lay drinking and treating his friends till the French came upon the coast and had like to have surprized him'; 'I will say nothing of my Lord of Marlborough, because 'tis he of whom I could say most, and who can never deserve either trust or esteem.' Once, both Danby and William asked her what she would do if the City rose against her during her Regency, 'which they both thought likely to happen. . . . I said I couldn't tell how much frightened I should be, but I would promise not to be governed by my own or others' fears, but would follow the advice of those whom I believed had most courage and judgement; and, let what will happen, I would never go from Whitehall.' Then the dear woman goes on to say, 'I am by nature extreme fearful'; whereas the truth is she didn't know what fear was, because she trusted in God. William praised her first three years of Regency, but scolded her for mistakes in '93, for which we can hardly forgive him, though she did. William had at least the sense to leave the Church patronage to his devout wife, and the excellency of her Church appointments has never been questioned; in these she was guided by the saintly Tillotson, who succeeded Sancroft at Canterbury.

Such was the woman who came up the river 'in five hours from Margate to Whitehall' (she must have had a

good tide) on February 12th, '89, to receive on the next day, together with her husband, a crown to the wearing of which nothing could reconcile her. She found William 'grown extreme lean.'

Of the King's own character it is very much more difficult to speak; we may be sure that he was above all vulgar 'ambition to be a King,' though he knew that only as King could he fulfil his life's task of humbling Louis XIV. But, being King, I think he would let no scruples stand in the way of the fulfilment of that task. If he was merciful to his enemies, he was, with one or two exceptions, ungrateful to his friends. Men—almost all men—were to him tools to be used on the diplomatic and military chessboard; their motives he invariably rated low. His private morals were better, though not very much better than those of contemporary sovereigns; and it is certainly hard to forgive him his infidelity to Mary. He was in constant ill-health, even at Hampton Court, and was always complaining of the London climate, though it is difficult to believe that damp and foggy Holland could have suited him much better; anyhow, either for this reason or for the sake of privacy, he purchased and added to Kensington House, 'the little house in the wood, copied from a villa at the Hague,' Mary calls it.

Intellectually, I am inclined to rate William high, though not very high; he was an admirable linguist, though he had no interest in art or letters. He had sound notions of the importance of Sea power, for he realized how vital to English interests it was to show a Fleet in the Mediterranean; it was against Admiral Russell's will that the King compelled his Fleet to winter in Cadiz and to chase the Frenchman Tourville into

Toulon. As a soldier William failed conspicuously to grasp details, and had no *coup d'œil* for the possibilities of a battle-field; he made some dreadful mistakes, and expected his men to redress them against overwhelming odds. But in this resistance to odds he always set the example; the first to charge and the last to retreat. If he was capable of grand strokes of strategy, of forced marches and well-planned surprises, either ill-luck or his impatience[1] in execution often robbed him of their fruit. Mr. Fortescue hits him off well when he calls him 'a brilliant amateur general.' As a diplomatist he was more successful; he could build and keep together European coalitions, mainly it is true, because he could pour the gold of England into the lap of foreign princes. That he could not manage the English Parliament is not much to his discredit; for his reign was one long struggle of hostile factions, each seeking to humiliate him and to use him as a weapon against its rival. But, as in military matters, so in civil, he failed from his want of grasp of detail, from his want of sympathy, from his cold temper, which, it is to be feared, was only the manifestation of an essentially self-centred heart. Finally, as all his interest lay in foreign policy, we must give him enormous credit for what he planned and prepared; for on him fell the whole weight of organizing European resistance to the French Monarchy at the height of its power, and the blows he dealt at that Monarchy were so severe that it needed only a happier genius to perfect the work which he had begun. In this respect he reminds

[1] It is curious that a man so infinitely patient in politics and diplomacy should have failed so often on the battle-field owing to impatience.

us of William Pitt, who, dying even younger than King William, and in an even darker hour, had paved the way for Castlereagh and Wellington, even as William paved the way for

> Jack of Marlborough
> Who licked the Frenchmen thorough and thorough.

The parliamentary details of the reign are sordid to the last degree. Both Whigs and Tories early learned that William only cared for England as paymaster of the Coalition against France, and so they didn't care how they treated him: "There is a kind of affectation," says Mary, in '93, "to do all that is insolent to the King without fear of punishment: he is obliged to keep those in his service who least deserve it, and who, he may be sure, will not really serve him." Almost without exception leading statesmen, even Danby, yea even Halifax, entered into private communication with the exile James, in order to secure their heads and fortunes in case William's tottering throne should fall again. Political morality simply ceased to exist, and Government majorities, if kept together at all, were only kept by heavy bribery. The jealousy, the vindictiveness, the spite displayed by both parties were horrible, and, as a result, the disrepute they brought to the English name, and the mischief they wrought to the patriotic and military spirit of Englishmen, are incalculable. A tradition of 'opposition' was then founded, the baleful results of which were constantly manifest throughout the Eighteenth Century, and which, in our own days, has settled down into the continual gangrene which is eating away the life of Great Britain.

Some good laws were indeed passed in the reign of

William; the Toleration Act of 1690 was a necessary consequence of the help given by the moderate Dissenters, *e.g.* the Presbyterians, to the Church against King James; it allowed liberty of worship to those who would accept Thirty-five and a half out of the Thirty-nine Articles; but a plan for 'Comprehension' of such Dissenters within the Church failed in spite of the efforts of the King in its favour; 'don't touch the Church' became a popular cry. Another excellent page of the Statute Book was the new Treason Act of 1696, allowing to the accused counsel in matters of fact as well as in matters of law. But other 'reforms,' some of which have subsequently proved beneficial, were mostly introduced to spite King William. Such was the 'Triennial Act,' passed at the end of '94, after the King had once imposed his veto; there was now to be a new Parliament every three years, and the Act remained in force until the Septennial Act of George I. Again the 'Place Bill,' finally enacted in a milder form in 1706, was introduced year after year in William's Parliaments, simply in order to embarrass the Crown, by keeping Ministers out of both Houses. The settlement of the Revenue had a similar object; and this is a matter of such importance that we must devote to it a word or two of special examination, and then perhaps dismiss it for good.

We must distinguish carefully between the power of the Crown to collect taxes, and its power to spend them when collected. And, under the first head, it is clear that the Crown had never, since Edward I.'s reign, either in theory or practice, been free of some sort of parliamentary control as to what money it could make its subjects pay. It had, however, certain sources of

income such as the Crown lands, the sale of licenses for wine shops, etc., which, whether usurped or not, were exempt from parliamentary control: and these formed the nucleus of what was now called the 'hereditary revenue.' Parliament had usually added to this a 'life revenue' from Customs, and, since 1660, from the Excise. But for the last three centuries, additional taxes had always been needed, and these could only be raised by parliamentary votes, and usually from year to year. James II. had once been offered a revenue of over a million and a half: William's first Parliament cut this down to £1,200,000 and granted it for only one year; then, after various experiments, the plan was adopted of making a definite separation of the whole revenue into two heads. Using the old hereditary revenue as the nucleus, the Houses added to it, from the Excise, such sums as would produce £700,000 a year; and out of this, which it called the 'Civil List,' it said the Crown must pay all its 'civil' expenses; *i.e.* all charges other than those for soldiers and sailors. Far too heavy charges at first lay upon this list, *e.g.* the salaries of Judges and Ambassadors, and innumerable pensions; each King from William III. to George III. left heavy debts, and the Civil List had to be several times increased. But, in the Nineteenth Century, all expenses of government were one by one removed from this list, and our present King has a life grant of half a million, out of which he has only to eat, drink and be merry and charitable.

All the rest, from whatever source derived, Parliament came to regard as a National, not a Royal income, and kept an absolute control over it; voted it from year to year only, and insisted on knowing how it was spent.

Therefore, if the Crown wanted an Army or a Navy, it must call a Parliament each year. It was one of those happy expedients into which Englishmen so often tumble, without foreseeing their consequences; and it seems to have orginated in a malicious and factious desire to tie William's hands.

As to the expenditure, down to 1688, in theory, the whole revenue, however granted, had been the King's to play with as it pleased him; in practice, however, mediæval Parliaments had often interfered with the royal expenditure. Two Acts of Charles II. may be regarded as the real origin of a modern 'Budget': and the result of a Budget now is that Parliament allots, either annually or permanently, each particular portion of the revenue to a particular object of expenditure. The King, through his 'Chancellor of the Exchequer,' says every spring, 'I estimate the revenue of the coming twelve months at so much; I shall want so much money for the Army, so much for the Navy, so much for this, that and the other purpose'; and if the House of Commons (now unfortunately a body incompetent to deal with such matters) thinks he asks for too much, it cuts down the amount in the 'Appropriation Act,' which is passed at the end of the session. The Treasury is forbidden to pay out any money, except for the object to which Parliament has appropriated it, while an official called the 'Auditor and Controller-General' keeps a sharp eye on the whole business. Mr. Gladstone once told the present writer that the accounts of the nation could now be intelligibly written on half a sheet of notepaper.

This, however, was only gradually arrived at, but it was towards the end of William's reign that something of this kind began. It was in many respects an un-

lucky reign for new financial experiments: the Heavens, as well as the Whigs and Tories, fought against the cold, patient, iron man who sat on the throne; there was a series of disastrously cold and wet seasons, beginning with the frightful Christmas Day of '89, on which half a dozen ships of the Royal Navy were wrecked in Plymouth harbour alone, and ending with the hurricane of November, 1703, which demolished church steeples by the dozen and strewed all our coasts with drowned sailors. The Puritans had put fire and plague down to the wickedness of the Stuarts; no wonder the Jacobites began in their turn to speak of the 'Causes of God's Wrath.' Private as well as public morality was at a low ebb; there was a rage for speculation, and no investments were very safe. Highwaymen abounded: week after week the post was robbed by masked men at Kingsland, or Whetstone or Hounslow; smuggling was an affair of enormous profit, if also of great risk. Further, a great economic change was crippling the revenue; Parliament was becoming much more fiercely protectionist, and was using the Customs duties no longer to produce cash, but to exclude all foreign goods except the raw material of English industries. 'Wars of tariffs' had begun; when we go to war with France, we clap on a 50 per cent. duty against all French silks, wines, brandies, etc., with the result that the total income from Customs falls almost one-half, and then leaps up again at the Peace, when these duties will probably be lowered. Another most serious make-weight was the condition of the Coinage, which was clipped and worn to an astounding degree: in the year '96 all the silver of the country had to be called in and recoined, at an expense to the Government of

£1,200,000; and of course there were anxious months before the new stuff could be turned out of the mint. Finally it was a period of long and costly war and of heavy subsidies to Allies. Five millions a year is not an uncommon war-budget, between 1690–7; and this is more than double anything previously known.

So new sources of income have to be found: window taxes—a stuffy expedient; taxes on hawkers and on coaches; taxes on existence, called poll taxes (we have heard of them in Wat Tyler's time); taxes on birth, burial and marriage; and, lest you should escape the last, on bachelorhood; excises on salt and malt and coal, in addition to those on beer and other malt-liquors; most important of all, a 'land tax,' at rates varying from one-fifth to one-twentieth of your rent and of your income generally. It was found impossible to make people pay at anything like these rates; at the very most the land tax produced, when levied at the highest rate, only two millions a year. Failing even by these stringent means to balance its books, Government had to make unborn generations pay for its wars; in other words, it had to borrow money at high interest, at first at 12, soon at 8 per cent.; and the annual interest of this National Debt was, at the death of William, already over a million: now, although the rate of that interest has been gradually reduced from 12 to 2½ per cent., it is over twenty millions a year. It is, of course, easy to see the arguments against such a system, especially the temptation which it offers to extravagant Governments to throw the burden of their extravagance on posterity. Far into the Nineteenth Century philosopher after philosopher denounced the Debt: 'it must one day come to the sponge,' was the favourite cry; and it is conceivable

that a Government may one day exist, so wicked and so dependent upon the votes of persons who have neither savings nor industry, that it will use the sponge and wipe off the slate the seven hundred millions which Great Britain now owes. But, until that day, it is obvious that a Debt, largely owed in small sums to persons of very moderate fortune among her own subjects, is an actual guarantee for her stability and even for honest financial administration. The ease with which the 'shares' in this Debt can be bought and sold encourages people to save, and to invest their savings; so great is the confidence in the solvency of the Nation, that the 'state of the Funds' (*i.e.* whether these shares are selling high or low) is the surest index of prosperity, the pulse by feeling which men will most surely learn whether to expect peace or war. At the Peace of Ryswick, 1697, 'the Funds,' perhaps for the first time, 'rose rapidly.' Moreover in many cases it *is* fair to throw part of the great burden of wars on posterity; two-thirds of our present debt was incurred in fighting the French Revolution and Napoleon; and, if we had ceased to fight them, where would Great Britain be now?

The broker in the first regular establishment of this Debt was an interesting society of rich merchants in London, who in the year 1694 were formed into the 'Governor and Company of the BANK OF ENGLAND,' and who got, in return for a large loan, the privilege of issuing paper notes, each representing a promise to pay, on presentation at their counter, a certain sum in cash. The idea was originated by William Paterson, a Scot, whom we shall meet later engaged in other financial schemes. Gradually 'the Bank' became the

centre of the British money market, and the broker of all loans to Government, the keeper of its cash-box and the guardian of its credit: and 'bank notes' became an integral part of the currency of the country. The 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' (see Leech's cartoons in *Punch*) has often found herself constricted, when 'money is tight'; has been subject to 'panics'; has had 'runs' on her, when every one has hastened to present their notes and change them, quick! quick! for hard cash; once (1745) her clerks were obliged to pay in sixpences; once, 1797–1822, Parliament actually authorized her to refuse to change them on demand; but even then they continued to circulate, and were depreciated only some 13 per cent.[1]

One other Act of the reign deserves special notice from its prospective importance. In 1689 one of the regiments of James' old Army, being ordered to Holland, mutinied at Ipswich, and, as there was no legal power of controlling soldiers by martial law, except at the seat of war, Parliament passed a temporary Act giving the Crown such power against 'any person collected into a troop for pay,' *i.e.* any soldier during the period for which he has enlisted. The Act was renewed at intervals during William's reign, and eventually became the annual 'Mutiny Act,' and added another weapon against despotism to the armoury of the Parliament; for, if Parliament should refuse to pass the Mutiny Act, the Crown couldn't legally control its soldiers, just as, if Parliament refused to pass the Appropriation Act, it

[1] In 1811 the hundred-pound bank note would only change for eighty-seven pounds; but it was believed by the Directors of the Bank that this was due to the high price of gold, which was up to £4 10s. per ounce.

couldn't pay them. But he who enlists as a soldier does not thereby cease to be amenable to the Civil Courts also; his enlistment is still a civil contract, and he is very apt to find himself in an awkward place if his commanding officer tells him to do something which the Common Law thinks he ought not to do; *e.g.*, he is called out to suppress a riot: his colonel says, 'shoot'; if he shoots not, he is shot for disobedience under the Mutiny Act; if he shoots, he may possibly be hanged for murder under the Common Law. Nothing appears to have provoked our ancestors so much as the sight of a red coat: no terms were too bad for Tories and Whigs alike to use in denouncing a Standing Army; and, as we have seen, the Bill of Rights actually declares it to be 'against law.' It was 'an engine of despotism,' 'a badge of slavery'—the Tories remembered Oliver's veterans; the Whigs knew what James II. had intended to do with his camp at Hounslow. Both parties cried up the Militia—which had run away from Monmouth's half-armed peasantry—as the only 'constitutional force'—a pretty force indeed to oppose to the Army of Louis XIV., should he land but a hundredth part of his 150,000 regulars; they cried up the Fleet, which had let Dutch William sail past it into Torbay. Hatred of Dutchmen and of their all-too-necessary Dutch King, blended with these cries; and William, who felt before all things as a soldier, drained the last drop in his cup of bitterness when in 1699 Parliament dismissed the gallant fellows who had fought at Steinkirk and Landen, and cut down the forces in England[1] to a much begrudged 7,000 men.

[1] There were 12,000 in Ireland and 4,000 in Scotland, over whom, of course, the English Parliament could claim no control.

It was, indeed, madness to do this, when every one knew that Louis was merely resting for another spring forward.

Apart from these Acts, the factions in Parliament were mainly occupied in crying out for heads, especially for those of the King's Ministers, and in prosecuting each other for peculation or for alleged treason. The Whigs were bitterly disappointed when William refused to execute a few dozen of the worst partisans of the late King, and to enforce on all men an oath 'abjuring' the Stuarts. The Tories fiercely denounced Dutch 'favourites,' and eventually, with some justice, made the King's old and faithful counsellor, William Bentinck, now Earl of Portland, and some others disgorge enormous grants of land which their master had made to them. They also denounced the Bank, the war taxes, the sending of a Fleet to the Mediterranean. Both sides denounced the soldiers who were fighting for us in Flanders, even while they voted large sums of money to enable them to fight on. All this factious temper offered endless facilities for Jacobite intrigue, and there were plots after plots; one very bad assassination plot in 1696 even produced a temporary popularity for William and a largely subscribed 'Association' to defend his life and avenge his death. Mary's death at the end of '94 shook the throne and even shook the man, who felt perhaps some remorse on her account; but he soon recovered and went on in his silent, grim patience. The death of the Duke of Gloucester in 1700 was an even worse blow to the throne, for it necessitated a resettlement of the succession, and a calling in of 'Sophia Electress of Hanover and her heirs being Protestants'; that 'Act of Settlement' we must discuss later.

When Halifax is gone—he died childless in '95—it is impossible to feel much human interest in any contemporary statesman, except perhaps the honest Tory Nottingham and the Whig Lord Chancellor Somers, who was, if not a very great lawyer, a truly good, modest, learned and able man, the friend of Tillotson, of Addison, Steele, Congreve, Locke and Isaac Newton; he was too good for the Parliament of the age, which, after vainly trying to prove him guilty of complicity in piracy, impeached him for allowing William the use of the Great Seal to set to a Treaty with France in 1700. Charles Montagu, who was created, after the extinction of the Savile title, Lord [or Baron] Halifax, was a convinced Whig and a most able financier, to whom much of the success of the recoinage and of the Bank was due; he was a man of respectable character, but intolerably arrogant and conceited, and the butt of all Tory opposition at the end of the reign. Mary's uncles, Rochester and Clarendon, were in many ways respectable men, but both intrigued with James, and Clarendon had once to be sent to the Tower. Churchill, who had turned the scale against James at Salisbury, and who ruled Princess Anne through his wife, became Earl of Marlborough at William's Coronation, and is believed to have betrayed his secrets to France; he even had to be sent to the Tower on suspicion, though no one then knew, or perhaps even yet knows the truth about his treachery. William was so accustomed to treachery that he soon readily employed him again, and he was in high favour at the end of the reign. Godolphin, though he cared more for horse racing than for politics, was also treacherous, and corresponded with James to the end of his life; but he was too useful at the Treasury to be

dismissed. Sunderland, perhaps the blackest-hearted villain in English history, had fled abroad in disguise in October, '88, and enjoyed the distinction of being at one time exempted from pardon both by William and James. But he sneaked back in '91, wormed himself into William's confidence, and even became for a few years Lord Chamberlain. Edward Russell, who died Lord Orford, was one of the Seven Lords who had invited William to England; he was Treasurer of the Navy and Admiral of the Fleet, but he turned traitor like the rest, and only his professional pride as a sailor prevented him from losing the battle of La Hogue on purpose. Danby became Marquis of Carmarthen and then Duke of Leeds; his actual overtures to James were probably not very serious, but he was soon in trouble for receiving an enormous bribe from the East India Company. Truly the Ministers were an evil gang. William always tried to select his servants from both parties, but, as the House of Commons, at each triennial election, was alternately Tory or Whig, he was driven more and more to conciliate the party in power in that House, by choosing Ministers of that party; and he was thus unconsciously feeling his way towards the curious principle which lies at the root of modern Cabinet Government.

Every summer William, with a sigh of relief, went off to Holland or to Flanders to diplomatize or to fight, leaving Mary, or after her death a committee of Peers as Regents behind him; so may we, with similar feelings, follow him abroad to those fields where he and England were really great. War was declared against France in May, '89. There was real danger of a French descent, especially after James had gone to Ireland in March.

The French Fleet was actually greater than our own; it was in excellent fighting trim and ably led by Tourville, and the plan of combining a Mediterranean Fleet from Toulon with an Atlantic Fleet from Brest was already well understood in France. In June, '89, Tourville appeared in the Channel, in force far superior to the English and Dutch Fleets, and beat Admiral Herbert, now Lord Torrington, off Beachy Head. It was not a serious defeat, and it was partly owing to the jealousy of Russell,[1] who sent Torrington peremptory orders to fight instead of going down and leading the Fleet himself. But it produced a panic in England; Torrington was sacrificed to this panic, tried by court-martial, and never employed again. It is worthy of note that his old 'tarry-breeks' captains, such as Shovell (who, as a boy in the First Dutch War, had swum through the enemy's fire with despatches in his mouth) and Benbow, always believed in him.

Meanwhile William was knitting up alliances abroad, and England joined the Grand Alliance in September. In this were comprised (i) Spain, now governed by the last of her Hapsburg Kings, a decrepit degenerate, who, when he wanted a new wife from Germany, had to ask for an English Squadron to escort her from Holland! (ii) the Emperor, so busy with the Turks on his Eastern frontier that he was wholly dependent on the Allies to defend his Western; (iii) the Elector of Brandenburg, expecting to be entitled 'King of Prussia' for his pains; (iv) the Duke of Savoy, expecting to be called King of something else, he didn't mind what, a shifty fellow who deserted us in 1696; (v) the King of Denmark, who

[1] Partly also owing to the failure of the Dutch to understand Torrington's really skilful tactics.

expected and got very little except subsidies; (vi) the ruler of Hanover, ready to sell his soldiers or his soul to the highest bidder; he deserted in 1691, but came back in return for the solemn promise of an Electorate; and finally (vii) Holland itself, which now definitely agreed to combine its Fleet with our own, always under the flag of an English Admiral. An overwhelming combination, you would say, especially with such a soldier-statesman as William to lead it! But France faced it with the utmost gallantry, at once on the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Upper Rhine, the Netherlands and the Sea. And on the whole, in the field she rather more than held her own, but at a cost which even the 'King of the richest kingdom in Europe,' as Louis undoubtedly was, could not stand for long; and, hard hit as England, the 'Paymaster,' was by taxes, before the Peace France was in a much worse condition.

The years '90 and '91 were, as far as William was concerned, taken up with the campaign in Ireland which I have narrated elsewhere. In '92 France, with a good Jacobite conspiracy in her pocket, in which Admiral Russell and possibly Marlborough were deeply involved, sent Tourville to invade England, whose whole Army was then being shipped over to Flanders. Mary acted with swift and splendid courage, stopped the regiments at the ports, sent my Lord Marlborough to the Tower, and compelled Russell to go and fight. Russell sulkily obeyed, and let Shovell win the battle of La Hogue for him; in force he was nearly double the French Fleet, but calms and a fog fought for the French, and only about half of our Fleet got into action at all; even then we let far too many French ships escape. Shortly afterwards the French captured an enormous fleet of

merchant ships, English and Dutch, bound for Smyrna. During the remainder of the war the Navy of France played no important part, though her privateersmen, especially the celebrated Jean Bart, preyed upon our commerce in the Atlantic and the Channel with fearful effect. No one as yet seems to have grasped the importance of keeping up a constant blockade of the French ports, and much of our naval strength in this reign was wasted in attempts at effecting a landing at some point in the Channel. In American waters there was seldom much peace; and it was the age of the West Indian buccaneers or privateers, who preyed on friend and foe alike, and it was certainly the age of a good deal of maritime activity. One of the greatest of English sailors, the ex-pirate Dampier, who was also our first hydrographer, and, if one may coin a word, our first anemographer, was making great voyages to the Far East; in 1699 he only just missed, owing to his preference for warm latitudes, anticipating by eighty years the discoveries of Captain Cook. However, La Hogue had put an end to serious danger of invasion, and Louis was now bending all his efforts to fighting William in the old 'cockpit of Europe,' the Spanish Netherlands, which we then roughly called Flanders. "I wish, Dr. Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, "you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders."

Louis' campaigns here were intended to be mainly wars of sieges: it is a country of rich towns admirably fortified, and much cut up with great rivers; an invader who knows his business can keep the defender, even if the latter be in superior force, trotting to and fro in a harassed condition by menacing different fortresses, and can then pounce from time to time on the most

convenient one. William, for his part, incessantly manœuvred to bring on a battle: in '91 he had failed to do this, and the French captured Mons. In '92 three French Armies appeared before the great fortress of Namur, at the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse. William, whose natural base was Brussels, and behind that Holland, advanced to the relief, but Marshal Luxemburg held all the bridges over the flooded rivers and Namur fell at the beginning of June. This enabled Luxemburg to threaten Brussels, for the relief of which William hastened back. As both Armies manœuvred on opposite banks of the river Senne, William planned on July 23rd a surprise for Luxemburg, who had taken post near Steinkirk, and almost caught him napping; in a desperate strife, in which the first French line broke to shivers, the Allies were ultimately defeated, mainly because the Dutch commander, Count Solms, withheld his division from supporting the attack. It was one of the bloodiest battles of modern times, our Guards and Cutts' regiment being almost annihilated. William, however, conducted the retreat in slow and admirable order, and Luxemburg's Army had been so much shattered that he could attempt nothing more that year.

Armies in those days moved slowly, and there was always a long period of hibernation; not till May, '93, did Luxemburg concentrate his forces again at Mons, to cover another French Army under Boufflers, which was intended to conduct the sieges. William, still based on Brussels, advanced to the Senne and took post near Hal; there during the month of June the two Armies glared at each other. Early in July Luxemburg moved off to his right, pounced on Huy, and threatened

Liège and Mästricht. William, whose right had been extended to contain the French left near Tournay, was obliged to hasten to his own left to save the great Meuse fortress. He had thus but fifty as against eighty thousand when he faced Luxemburg at Landen on July 29th; this time it was William who was on the defensive, and in a badly chosen position. Yet we beat back two successive attacks of the flower of the French troops, and the French losses were not far short of our own. As at Steinkirk, so at Landen, the brunt of the fighting and all the glory of the defeat fell to the British troops; and, but for William's coolness and personal valour at the end of the day, the whole Army would have been annihilated. "Gallant mortal," cried my uncle Toby, "this moment now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me [to cover the retreat over the bridge of Neerspecken] to bring up the remains of the English horse to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxemburg's brows if yet 'tis possible. I see him, with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor Galway's regiment, riding along the line, then wheeling about and charging Conti at the head of it. Brave! brave! by Heaven! he deserves a Crown."

These two actions alone are enough to cover the still young British Army with an imperishable halo; and the heroes of them were Cutts (nicknamed 'the Salamander'), Ramsay, Mackay (Dundee's old enemy, killed at Steinkirk), Tollemache and the Huguenot Earl of Galway. Luxemburg, shattered as he was, ended the campaign with the capture of Charleroi, which gave France the whole line of the river Sambre. The year '94 found neither side in a position for any great undertaking, but it was marked by a descent of an

English force upon Brest which, being intended merely as a feint, was by the rashness of our General pushed too far, and ended in disaster and defeat.[1] William, 'after spitting blood for a day and a night' to the horror of his wife, now so near her own unlooked-for end, departed, as usual, to Flanders, where the *status quo* was maintained all that year; and, when '95 opened, it was manifest that the tide was beginning to turn in favour of William and his Allies. For Louvois, the great organizer of French victories, had been dead two years, and now the fiery-hearted dwarf, Luxemburg, had gone too. France seemed to be almost on the defensive, and was laying down a long line of fortified entrenchments stretching from Namur to the sea. A greater strategist than William would have pierced these lines with ease; as it was he was able, though at a great expenditure of men, to retake Namur in July. It was the last bit of fighting he was to see; in '96 there was practically nothing, in '97 the Peace of Ryswick was signed, and the first act of the drama was over.

The Treaty was signed in September, and by it Louis renounced all his annexations since 1678 with the exception of Strasburg; he recognized William as King of England and promised to aid no more Jacobite plots. This Peace was indeed a necessity for both sides: for the French, because their great rich kingdom was almost drained of resources; for the Allies, because the Duke of Savoy had deserted them and had thereby set free a

[1] Marlborough is often accused of betraying the design to Louis; it is now certain that Louis knew about it before he received Marlborough's information, and that Marlborough knew that he knew of it. William also knew this and encouraged Marlborough to write!

whole new French Army, which had been busy fighting his hardy Piedmontese on the Alps. The real reason, however, which moved the King of France to conclude was the shadow of the enormous question of the succession to the Monarchy of Spain. Perhaps we need again to be reminded that this Monarchy still held the Southern Netherlands, the Duchy of Milan, the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the Balearic Islands, the whole of Central and Southern America except Brazil and Guiana, the Philippine Islands in the Pacific, and the largest and richest of the West Indies. But I don't think we need trouble our heads to learn (unless for examination purposes) the Table of Kindred and Affinity or the terms of the Treaties, which seemed to give that succession to one or another non-Spanish claimant. Only let us remember this ; by descent the Dauphin of France was through his mother the right heir of the whole Spanish inheritance, but Louis XIV. when marrying that mother had solemnly sworn not to claim it. The baby son of the Elector of Bavaria was the second best heir, and, if oaths had meant anything, he should have succeeded to the whole ; the astonishing thing is that every diplomatist in Europe did not rally to his claim, for he was a harmless candidate just because Bavaria was a comparatively powerless State. The third best heir was the Emperor Leopold of the House of Austria, who traced his descent from Philip III. of Spain, whereas the other two traced from Philip IV. But oaths or no oaths, Louis XIV. had no intention of 'letting go' ; if he could not secure the whole Spanish inheritance, he would grab at detached pieces, he would 'partition' the Spanish Monarchy. To this Leopold, with characteristic Austrian tenacity,

would have nothing to say, though he was willing to disarm opposition by handing over the inheritance to his second son, Charles.

As the life of Carlos II. flickered towards its feeble close, the diplomatists of Europe, and William, the champion of Europe, began to shudder at the very possible prospect of something like Universal Monarchy for France; and Louis, who dreaded that Carlos might bequeath the whole to the Bavarian baby or, worse still, to the House of Austria, agreed in '98 to a secret Treaty with William known as the First Partition Treaty, by which the Austrians were to have Milan, the Dauphin to have Naples and Sicily, and the baby the rest. Then in February, '99, smallpox carried off the baby, and William, tormented almost into his grave and robbed, as we shall presently see, of almost all his fine Army by his factious Parliament, consented to a second Treaty, by which the Dauphin was to have Naples and Sicily and also the Duchy of Milan, which he was then to exchange for Lorraine, while an Austrian Archduke was to have the rest (February, 1700). Then, and not till then, feeling in Spain, hitherto pro-Austrian rather than pro-French, began to declare itself in favour of the Power most likely to be able to keep the whole inheritance together. Finally on November 1st the King of Spain died, and, when his will was opened, it was found that the whole inheritance was bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, on condition that the Crowns of France and Spain should never be united. Louis, who would never have sworn to the Partition Treaties if he had foreseen this will, at once broke his oaths, both the former and the latter, and accepted the will.

And so the life work of William seemed to be thrown away. Yet what could he do? At the news of Ryswick in '97 the Funds indeed had risen, but the King's power had fallen. He had been, to Whigs and Tories alike, merely an engine of war—something like one of those 'new-invented wheel engines,' four of which he had taken with him to Ireland in '90, 'which discharge 150 musket barrels at once, and, turning the wheel, as many more; they are very serviceable to guard a pass.'[1] 'Down with the Army!' was on every one's lips. It was a Tory who moved, in December, '97, to reduce the Army to the limits of 1680, and it was Whigs, Jacobites and Republicans alike who howled a unanimous 'Aye!' The Parliament of 1698–9 was strongly Tory, and the Army in England was reduced to 7,000 'native Englishmen'; the King's favourite Dutch Guards were the first to be sent away. William was so much hurt that he seriously meditated retiring to Holland and letting England go to the French dogs in her own parliamentary fashion. Even the acceptance of the Spanish will, and the insolent triumph of Louis in his perjury, did not move England a whit; she seemed utterly blind to the danger ahead, even when Louis, now assuming himself to be lawful master in Flanders, ejected those Dutch garrisons which the Peace of Ryswick had allowed to be established in certain 'Barrier' fortresses of that country. When Parliament met, in February, 1701, William was only able to speak to it of his desire to strengthen the English Fleet, and this it cheerfully authorized him to do.

[1] These seem to be forerunners of the modern 'Maxim'; there are very few new things under the sun.

But, as Louis went on, in the sight of all men, to swallow the whole of Belgium, the temper of the Nation outside Parliament began to change, and a symptom of this was a celebrated petition from the Grand Jury of Kent to the House of Commons in favour of a more warlike attitude; the House imprisoned the persons who presented the petition. On the Continent war broke out early in the summer; the Austrians, at least, were not going to submit tamely to such an unheard-of attack on the 'balance of power.' And William was clearly in communication with them, when an event happened which threw the whole game into his hands.

On September 6th died at St. Germains King James II.; a few hours before his death Louis visited him and assured him that he would recognize his son, Treaty or no Treaty, as James III. When we say, as we often do, that the King of France acted as a true gentleman in doing this, we must remember that he thereby broke another oath, that of Ryswick, in which he had solemnly sworn to recognize William III.; and it is part of the duty of a gentleman to keep oaths inviolate. It was not, however, the character of Louis, but his insolent attempt to dictate to the people of England who their King was to be, which moved even the House of Commons to abandon its factious opposition; in a new Parliament at the end of 1701, though there was no complete Whig reaction, an instant vote of absolute confidence in William was passed; an Army of 40,000 soldiers, a Navy of 40,000 sailors and 10,000 marines, were voted, together with subsidies for 10,000 foreign troops; and the King was authorized to negotiate for a fresh entry of England into the Grand Alliance. An oath of abjuration of the Stuarts was to be imposed on all persons holding any

office or benefice, and a cruel Bill of Attainder against the innocent young James III. was added. This was in February, and early in March William had a fall from his horse and fractured his collar-bone; the shock, slight as it was, was too much for his worn-out frame, and on March 8th his silent, suffering, harassed life came to an end. Ah! could we then but have kidnapped the gallant boy of fourteen, not yet saddened by ill-luck and poverty, and brought him over here, who knows but he might have proved a right English King? But we had to be content with 'Good Queen Anne.'

And Good Queen Anne was now childless. On July 30th, 1700, had died another gallant boy, her only son the Duke of Gloucester; and this had led to the passing of the fatal Act of Settlement, by which, on the death of Anne, the crown was to go to 'Sophia Electress of Hanover and her heirs being Protestants.' William had been strong for this; but remember always that, hero as he was in the field, and English as he was by his mother, William was at heart no Englishman, and cared very little for England except as leading member of his splendid Coalition. Dismal Germans were to sit on the throne of Elizabeth; and there may well have been old men alive in 1700 whose fathers or mothers had watched by her pillow in March, 1603, and heard her say 'she would have no rascal's son in her seat.'

Sophia was a daughter of another Elizabeth, 'Queen of Bohemia,' and so was granddaughter of King James I.; she was a woman of remarkable character and ability, which her descendants, until Victoria the Great, did not inherit; but the Parliament, which now offered her the throne, provided, with great discretion, in the Act of Settlement certain definite limitations of her power

and of that of all future Kings of her line; *e.g.*, 'that this Nation be not obliged to engage in any war for the defence of'—Hanover; that 'such successor shall not go without consent of Parliament'—to Hanover; that 'no office under the Crown or grant of lands from the Crown or seat in either House of Parliament shall be held'—by any person from Hanover. All these provisions, as we shall see, were repealed or set aside by the Hanoverian sovereigns. Still more important was the insertion in the Act of some clauses which the Whigs had tried in 1689 to get inserted into the Bill of Rights; *e.g.*, that all matters of State shall be transacted in the Privy Council, and all resolutions signed by those Privy Councillors who have advised them; that no person having an office under the Crown or a pension from the Crown shall sit in the Lower House; that a person impeached by the Commons shall not be able to plead against such an impeachment any pardon which the Crown may have granted him; that the Judges shall be irremovable except after Address to the Crown from both Houses. Unqualified approval can be given only to the last of these provisions; but, if we take them all together, it becomes evident that they were a deliberate and far-sighted attempt to settle the basis of Sovereignty almost wholly in the two Houses of Parliament, and to rob the Crown of all serious prerogative; that they were, in fact, the final solution of that 'Problem of Sovereignty' which the circumstances of the Seventeenth Century had thrown upon the table for discussion, and which kings, statesmen and philosophers had successively attempted to solve, each in favour of himself or of his partisans.

CHAPTER IV

"GOOD QUEEN ANNE"

No more uninteresting sovereign than Queen Anne ever influenced the destinies of a great nation. In Scottish phrase she was 'just a body,' in person homely to the last degree, blear-eyed, at the end of her life very fat, and with only one charm, a lovely voice; to art, music and letters equally dead; very dull of intellect, of a very obstinate temper and extremely superstitious. In the midst of the most brilliant and witty society she would chew the sticks of her fan for lack of conversation. But she was kind to the poor and to old soldiers, she was a devoted and affectionate wife and mother, and she was capable of one great friendship beyond the limits of her family. We must always remember that she was in constant ill-health from her earliest youth. She had many infants who barely survived their birth, and many miscarriages; the death, at the age of ten, of her one promising boy, the Duke of Gloucester, must have been a fearful blow to her (June 29th, 1700). In her last years she was incessantly tormented by ague and gout. She is said to have been passionately fond of hunting in Windsor forest, but, as she pursued that sport 'in an open calash' drawn by one horse, it must have been of rather a mild kind.

She was thirty-seven at her accession, had been tutored

by Bishops Compton and Lake, courted in 1681 by him who was afterwards George I., and married in 1683, at the age of eighteen, to a dull, jolly, honest gentleman, fond of horse-racing and good living, called Prince George of Denmark. In 1705 she paid a thousand guineas for a race-horse as a present for her husband. William had persistently snubbed that husband, but had been prudent enough, after Mary's death, to seek an immediate reconciliation with Anne and her friends the Marlboroughs, who had been inducing her to write penitent letters to her exiled father. There is no real evidence that her father had ever forgiven her, but it is quite possible that her feeling for him and her desire for her half-brother's succession revived after the death of her own son. In public she was always obliged to protest her support of the Hanoverian Succession, although, like Queen Elizabeth, she profoundly resented the incessant speculations as to the events which would follow her death.

The 'Church of England's Glory' is the title which a famous old song gives to Anne; but it must be confessed that neither Church nor Queen had any great reason to be proud of each other. One most excellent thing the Queen did for the Church when she resigned the £17,000 a year which came to the Crown from the old 'first-fruits and tenths' (the 'Annates' of Henry VIII.'s time) and made it into 'Queen Anne's Bounty for the Augmentation of Small Livings'; but her Church patronage was not nearly so wisely exercised as that of her sister had been. And the Church was no longer the Church of Laud or even of the Seven Bishops; much that was best in that old Church had passed over to the Non-Jurors; the learning and the piety were gone

while the intolerance remained and became a political force, concentrated on hatred of Dissenters. No words were too bad for the High Church clergymen to use in describing the Low Church Bishops appointed since the Revolution; of 'canonical obedience' they recked as little as their successors to-day. Convocation, which had been prudently muzzled by William, now met unchecked, and fierce invectives by its Lower against its Upper House were of constant occurrence. In the really religious movements of the time, the 'Society for the Reformation of Manners,' which was trying to purify the stage, the 'Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge' (founded 1699), and the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel' (founded 1649, but dating all its development from the period before us), the High Churchmen took little part, and as little in the foundation of charity schools, many of which now owed their origin to Dissenting communities.

'Manners and morals' do on the whole become distinctly more modern, not always with good results, during the reign. Material prosperity was fairly high; the 'hungry years' of William's reign were over, yet wheat was usually well over 40*s.* a quarter. London was becoming more and more 'the fashion,' and, in London, the centres of fashion were Bloomsbury, St. James' Square and Piccadilly. Kensington, still a rural village, was already full of fine houses and gardens. Drury Lane and the Haymarket were the only two theatres, and the stage was still very wicked; in 1706 twenty-four actors were indicted for immorality and profaneness. But before the end of the reign the influence of Addison and of Steele had begun to purify the literature of fiction and, to some extent, the Drama.

Anne forbade the Opera to be performed in Passion Week. Executions were fewer than before, though women were still occasionally burned at Tyburn for false coining. Bull- and bear-baiting were no longer fashionable for the upper classes, though Hockley Hole was still crowded twice a week by the lower—the keeper of the bear-garden there was killed by one of his pets in 1709—and cock-fighting was still the sport of gentlemen. Art, except that of portrait-painting, was not; but Handel came to England in 1710, and began to stimulate a taste for music which had never wholly died out. Cricket, which, in some shape or other, had been a boys' game before the end of the Sixteenth Century, was now a sport for men, and we find frequent references to matches at it, though these were always played for money. Gambling and horse-racing were the curses of the age, and gambling on the infant Stock Exchange was accompanied with frequent failures. In Luttrell's Diary we may read how such-and-such an 'exchange-broker who dealt mostly in Stocks,' has 'gone aside' (a sweet euphemism) for £100,000. He also records the betting at the coffee-houses, of which there were said to be 3,000 in London, on the events of the war abroad. We are brought near to our own days of silly excitement over silly feats when we read of a German, aged sixty-four, who wagers that he will walk 300 miles in Hyde Park in six days, and does it with a mile to spare; still nearer when we read of the great difficulty with which the Government was confronted before it could hang for murder a famous prize-fighter[1] who was a popular favourite; nearest of all, perhaps, in the fuss made about the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, which is probably the first

[1] Cook, a Gloucester butcher.

instance of a newspaper-fed agitation. The first daily journal, the *Daily Courant*, dates from 1702, but there were already fifty-five weekly papers. There is a penny post within London from 1711; there are flying coaches, doing their fifty miles a day, in the South of England; the turnpike system is extended over all the home counties; there are regular packet-boat services to Calais, Corunna, Holland, Dublin, Lisbon, New York and the West Indies. In April, 1710, four Indian 'kings,' or *sachems*, come to London to offer their services against the French in Canada; they are lionized about London by the Lord Chamberlain, 'and 'tis said they'll go over and have a view of our Army in Flanders.' Perhaps these children of the forest were being 'run' by an American syndicate. How 'modern,' too, that the Government should find it cheaper to have ships-of-war built by private firms than in its own dockyards, that Lord Fairfax should take out a patent for the fishing up of Spanish wrecks in the West Indies, that collieries at Newcastle should 'take fire and blow up,' that the Treasurer of the African Company should 'go off with their money and their books,' that seven thousand destitute Germans should come to England in a single year (1709), and that foreign Protestant refugees should earn money at Wandsworth for making red hats for Cardinals at Rome.

In the department of literature men have spoken of the 'Augustan Age of Anne'; the epithet seems to me to be ill-chosen, for no great poet reached his full maturity during her reign. Dryden, indeed, almost lived into it, dying in 1700, and Pope was twelve at her accession; in 1709 he published his 'Pastorals,' and three years later his exquisite 'Rape of the Lock'; but his 'Homer'

was only just begun when the Queen died. In prose, however, a new era is noticeable, and had been inaugurated by Dryden, who was perhaps the first 'writer for bread,' the first 'professional' in the craft of literature. A professional who is to succeed must hit the taste of his public; the 'reading public,' though not educated up to the standard attained by a few in the Sixteenth Century, had vastly extended in number since the Restoration, but like other 'publics' it craved amusement rather than elevation, it did not want to fatigue its brains. Dryden and his successors knew this, and, if they simplified style and clarified grammar, they rejected also the glowing imagery in which the lofty thoughts of the Elizabethan and Caroline writers had been expressed. In reading Milton, or Sir Thomas Browne, or even Clarendon, we often feel that the author's great ideas outrun his power of expressing them; but Dryden, Temple, Addison, Swift and Defoe are perfect masters both of thoughts and pen. Addison, the great essayist, is perhaps most typical of the smooth, polished and somewhat heartless society which he amused with his *Spectator*; we are sorry for our erring or unfortunate brother when he goes under in the race of life; but we do not lend him ten pounds; we tap our snuff-box, say 'Stap my vitals,' and pass on to a rout at a Whig duchess's house. Men's benevolence seems to be smothered in those monstrous wigs which they wear.

One remarkable fact about literature remains to be noted; the leading writers were now used by the Government for party purposes, as they never were before or since. The Whig or the Tory party of the day would sooner sacrifice the head of its leader

than the pen of its drudge. That Addison and Steele should have written political pamphlets is, perhaps, not surprising, but that two of the most imaginative writers of any age, Defoe and Swift, should have put themselves in harness, is very surprising. The Whig Ministers want something trenchant and 'slashing,' to win votes at an election; and Defoe, a hasty writer who never corrected his sheets, knocks them off an article in *The Review*, which is hawked all over London with immense success. Swift, by his 'Conduct of the Allies,' of which 11,000 copies were sold in a month—November, 1711—or by his incredibly base 'Vindication (!) of the Conduct of the Duke of Marlborough,' powerfully stimulates, if he does not actually create, a Tory reaction in the middle of a Whig war, the most triumphant war in which England had ever been engaged. Both these writers were masters of almost perfect irony, as well as of literal, pictorial and coarse description; no one could 'decompose a subject into its elements' like Swift. To Defoe such hack work seems to have brought no shame, as long as it brought pay; Swift, however, probably got to loathe his friends almost as much as his foes, and deepened his hatred of mankind in the process.

In Parliament faction was nearly, if not quite as bad as it had been in the preceding reign. That the results of the factious spirit on the position of the Empire were not utterly disastrous was largely due to the unrivalled patience and conciliatory spirit of the great Duke of Marlborough. The principle underlying the history of the period is very simple. The Government is committed from the outset to a great war in order to check the ambition of France; it is a truly national war for

national defence and for expansion of Empire; but to the Tories it looks like a Whig war. The Ministries are at first mixed, but tend to a preponderance of Whigs; as they become Whiggier and Whiggier the Tory opposition to them and to the war becomes nastier and nastier. When, by 1709, the British objects of the war are practically attained, the Whigs are accused of prolonging it for their own interests, and the Tories get upon their side a quite reasonable cry for peace. But they strive to bring about this peace by the most shameful and underhand methods, and disgrace themselves indelibly by their ingratitude to the great commander who has raised the English name to the highest pitch of glory.

John, Earl of Marlborough, who became a Duke at the Coronation, was now fifty years old; his treacheries, both to James and William, though they must for ever stain his memory, were now left behind him, and the remainder of his active life was to be given to the glory of his country, which even his passionate love of money nevermore induced him to betray. To his wife, the once beautiful Sarah Jennings, he was even more devoted than to his riches; and that wife had been since 1683 the bosom friend and counsellor of the Princess who now sat on the throne. Nominally a Tory, Duke John was emphatically no party man, and, even at the worst period of his life, had never joined in the parliamentary persecution of Whigs. William had sent him to Vienna in 1701 to negotiate for the renewal of the Grand Alliance, and he then became plenipotentiary at the Hague with the same object. A Knight of the Garter, Commander-in-Chief not only of the English, but of all the Allied forces, Master-General of the English Ordnance, he

held, when we declared war in May, 1702, a position almost royal. He had need of all the power and all the prestige he could command if he were to keep together and 'keep good' the discordant elements of the Alliance; but his tact and his patience were infinite, and he succeeded in his object as, perhaps, no other diplomatist has ever succeeded. The Alliance nominally consisted of the same Powers as that formed by King William, for Savoy was now again detached from France, and there was an Austrian gentleman upon our side who called himself, and whom some few Spaniards called, 'King of Spain.' But, the object of the Allies being the break up, and the object of the French the maintenance of the Spanish Monarchy, the heart of the Spanish people was with King Louis of France and with Louis' grandson, King Philip of Spain; and another great advantage was now on the side of France, namely, the possession of the Spanish Netherlands, where Philip had been readily received as King of Spain, and, therefore, Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, etc., etc.

France could thus begin her campaigns by threatening Holland instead of having to fight her way through a country bristling with carefully fortified cities as in William's time. It is, then, not wonderful that our Dutch friends should desire to keep the Allied Army for the defence of their own frontier, and should, therefore, throw all obstacles in the way of the great Duke's incessant determination to seek out the largest French Army he could find and beat it in the field. Over these and over all other obstacles, down to the year 1710, the genius of 'Corporal John,' as his adoring soldiers called him, invariably triumphed. Let us see what were the means at his disposal, and how he utilized them.

London; John Murray, Albemarle St.

In the first place the English (after 1707 the 'British') Parliament, down to 1710, voted large and ungrudged supplies for the war. Inconvenient Ministers like the crabbed old Rochester and the honest but limited Nottingham, who wanted a naval war only, were easily got rid of. Godolphin, nominally a Tory, was Lord Treasurer and a warm friend of the Duke; Harley and St. John, who came in as Secretary of State and Secretary-at-War respectively, at first did what they were told to do, and only began to intrigue about 1707; when they were dismissed in 1708, Walpole, an admirable financier, took St. John's place; and, though the Tory Opposition incessantly plied the cry of "Church in Danger!" and endeavoured to stimulate a 'Church fever,' as an antitoxin to the war fever, the career of victory proved until about 1709 irresistible to the English people. In the second place, Marlborough had an incomparable second, both in diplomacy and in the field, in Prince Eugene, of the House of Savoy, who commanded the Imperial troops. Eugene was now forty years of age, and had already reaped his laurels on many bloody fields against the Turks; he was animated by a personal hatred of Louis even greater than that of William; he seems to have been unacquainted with Marlborough till 1703, and their first meeting only took place a few weeks before Blenheim. Thirdly, in Cadogan Marlborough possessed one of the best Quartermasters-General known to history.

But these were almost the only advantages with which our great General started. The jealousy of Allies in the field is proverbial, but these Allies thwarted him and each other in a quite exceptional manner. On him fell all the arrangements to be made for the war in all places

at once: on the Upper Rhine, in Spain, in Italy, by sea and in America, as well as in his own immediate theatre, the Netherlands; and, except by Eugene, he was badly served in almost every quarter. The greatest hindrance came from the constant presence in his own Army of two Civil Commissioners from the Estates of Holland. These worthy gentlemen, being, as I have already said, of the opinion that the defence of their own frontier was the main object of the war, thought it sheer madness to fight battles when they could be avoided, and again and again they interposed a direct veto upon operations which they considered hazardous. On the Upper Rhine there was slow old Ludwig of Baden with a strong German force. He had been fighting bravely for fifty years; in 1705 he actually expected the whole campaign to be delayed a month because he wanted to go and 'drink the waters.' When he died, in 1707, he was succeeded by an incompetent sulky boor, the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I., who took upon himself to be jealous of Eugene. The Austrian Prince who now called himself Charles III. of Spain, and for whose title we were supposed to be fighting, had a double dose of original stupidity and obstinacy; he visited England in 1703, and stayed at Petworth and several other country houses, where he found himself so comfortable that it was with great difficulty he could be got to embark for Spain; when he got to that country he only thwarted all the plans of the brilliant but erratic British General, the Earl of Peterborough. In Italy the stress of the war fell on Eugene, and on the whole troubled Marlborough little. None of the Admirals really understood the Duke's far-reaching plans of naval strategy, which looked for the destruction of Toulon and the command

of the Mediterranean. To America he was able to pay little attention; the Tories did indeed send expeditions to Quebec, to Newfoundland and the West Indies, but they were unpaid, unclothed, unfed; only the offscourings of the Army could be spared for them, and if battalions were withdrawn for them from Flanders it was against the Duke's will.

The transport system was shocking, and, wherever Marlborough was not present in person, mismanagement was rampant both aboard and ashore. "We lay at anchor five weeks," says Private Deane, "off Tynemouth, waiting for orders, having only the bare deck to lie upon, which hardship caused abundance of our men to bid adieu to the world . . . it was a fatigue for the Devil." Gibraltar, taken by us in 1704, was a hotbed of sickness; in 1711 the men there were obliged to burn their huts for fuel. In 1705 there was a serious outbreak of horse sickness in the Duke's own camp—distemper, his chaplain calls it—and it spread to the enemy's cavalry also. Recruiting was always extraordinarily difficult; criminals from the gaols were readily accepted, though the worst men were always sent to the more distant theatres of war, and the worst of all to America. Parliament licensed impressment in the case of persons unable to prove 'visible means of subsistence.' By 1708 free pardon had to be offered to all deserters who would rejoin the colours.

Yet out of materials of this nature the Duke made the Armies that won Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, Armies that were never defeated, that began and ended with the conviction that

> Upon each pair of English legs
> Did march three Frenchmen.

During the war the British contingents, in all the theatres of war together, rose to a total of 70,000 men (1709); these were nearly always raised in new regiments, for the Duke permitted no drafts; a battalion of those days would number about 900[1] muskets, and each battalion, except in the case of the Guards and the Royal Scots, was a regiment in itself. A cavalry regiment counted 450 sabres. When Eugene first saw our cavalry he said, "Money, which you don't want in England, will buy fine clothes, and horses, but it cannot buy that lively air which I see in every one of these troopers' faces." Marlborough's belief in and love for Private Thomas Atkins has never been exceeded by any commander, and Thomas entirely reciprocated those feelings. The Duke's serenity in the worst dangers, to which he constantly exposed himself without ever getting a scratch, had something awful, almost godlike, in it. 'He does not use to say much, when he is chagrined, but nobody's countenance speaks more,' and his men knew that he had a true and tender heart for their sufferings. The result was that he was able to require of his men marches and assaults which his enemies deemed impossible. Always when possible he started before dawn, and was in camp by noon, providing carts for the sick to ride in. There were no more arrears of pay, and almost no plunder, for the Duke paid ready money for everything. Woe to the fraudulent sutler or paymaster; the Duke would speak to him, and Cadogan would hang him. For the Cavalry he perhaps cared most: there was to be no more firing

[1] These figures must be understood to represent the strength at the beginning of a campaign only; the 'wastage of war' was enormous.

from horseback, a practice which the French still used; Marlborough's horsemen charged at the gallop and used cold steel only. For the first time there is an entirely separate Artillery, as a scientific branch of the Service (1702); there are also Engineers and 'Pontoniers' to make bridges; at Blenheim, Lord Orkney notes with astonishment that we actually made bridges over the little stream in the very face of the enemy. In 1703 the last pikes disappeared from the Infantry regiments, and every soldier had a bayonet on his musket: all writers testify to the excellent and accurate firing 'by platoons' of the British troops.

But the reader, like the Duke, is impatient to find the enemy and beat him. In the summer of 1702 the French were in occupation of the whole Southern Netherlands and of all the fortresses in the Meuse valley, with the exception of Mästricht. Marlborough's first task being to deliver Holland from fear of invasion, he took the field at Nimeguen in June, and drove Marshal Boufflers and sixty thousand Frenchmen from their posts on the lower Rhine and Waal back upon Brussels, and in three months had retaken, practically without loss, the great Meuse fortresses of Venloo, Stevenswaert, Maseyk, Roermonde, Liège; then the Dutch Commissioners compelled him to call a halt. In 1703 the Elector of Bavaria, to whom King Louis presented a coat with diamond buttons, value two million francs, declared for France, and a great combination for a joint French and Bavarian invasion of Austria *via* the Danube was formed. Marshal Villeroy was meanwhile to recover the line of the Meuse—if he could. But he couldn't, and Marlborough captured Huy, and had thus got hold of the whole triangle between Meuse and Rhine. That

was the year of the terrible storm of November 27th, in which ten Queen's ships were lost, the first Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed, the banks of the Severn were washed away, and even a Bishop and his wife were killed by falling chimneys. In 1704, after consultation with Eugene, Marlborough in the deepest secrecy planned his great *coup*, which led to the victory of Blenheim. With enormous difficulty he persuaded the Dutch to allow him to undertake what he at first called 'defensive operations on the Moselle,' and, a little later, 'measures for the relief of the Emperor.' In May he was lying about Mästricht, facing Villeroy, who lay with his front to the East based on Brussels. The Bavarians were at Ulm on the Danube waiting to be joined by Marshal Tallard, who from Alsace held both banks of the Rhine; him old Ludwig of Baden watched, though with small forces, from the Black Forest.

Now Marlborough knew that he might safely make a feint at the heart of France *via* the Moselle, and that, if he did, Villeroy must follow him, a contingency which even the timid Dutchmen could not fail to foresee; Holland would thus be safe. Accordingly, in May, he marched to Bonn and up the Rhine to Coblentz, where the Moselle joins the Rhine. But then, to the astonishment of friend and foe alike, the English Duke pushed swiftly southwards by Mainz, struck the Neckar at Ladenburg, and met Eugene and Ludwig at Mondelheim in mid-June. Is he for Alsace? thought the French. Anyway Villeroy panted after him on the French side of the Rhine. No, by Heaven, he is for the Danube! On the 25th he was close to Ulm, and the Elector, in his diamond-buttoned coat, hastened to entrench himself on an almost impregnable 'kopje' outside the town of

Donauwörth called the Schellenberg. It was a position which had been attempted thirteen times in history, but never carried except by the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus. On July 2nd it was stormed for the second time, though with fearful loss to our men, and the town and bridge of Donauwörth were secured. After that action, Prince Ludwig was pleased to say that the English troops might be killed, but couldn't be beaten. The Elector drew off, badly hit, to Augsburg, and Marlborough crossed the Danube, got in his rear, and ravaged all Bavaria to starve him out. Even while he ravaged, he compelled the Bavarian brewers to go on brewing large casks of their excellent beer for his soldiers.

Meanwhile Tallard and Villeroy had met in the Black Forest on the very day of the Schellenberg fight, and an earnest message of the Elector had summoned all possible French troops to his assistance. Eugene with the Austrians lay North of them at Stollhofen, but by the end of July he and Marlborough were gradually drawing nearer to each other and to the Danube. On August 11th the latter again crossed the river Northwards and joined Eugene. Tallard and the Elector did the same and took up on the 12th a very strong position on the North bank at Blenheim. They were protected by several little streams running down to the Danube, one of which was over twelve feet wide, and the ground was extremely marshy between these: on their right and left they held and strengthened the villages of Blenheim and Lützingen. They therefore thought themselves safe either from a frontal or a flank attack, and, as provisions were very short in both camps, sat down to a starving match against the Allies. But Marlborough had no intention

of starving, and determined to risk a battle. The numbers were fairly equal, something over 50,000 a side, the Franco-Bavarians being, perhaps, 4,000 the better. Early on the 13th Eugene on our right set out to make a long detour against the Elector and Marshal Marsin, who held Lützingen; and Lord Cutts on our left, who was to try to storm Blenheim, waited to begin his attack till about two, by which time it was hoped Eugene would be successful. But Eugene was thrice hurled back, and at three o'clock was barely holding his own; soon after that the Duke in person led the flower of the English cavalry to a series of charges over the streams and marshes in the centre, and he used his guns and his infantry to support these charges in a most masterly fashion. His final and triumphant charge was at five o'clock, and then at last the French left fell back before Eugene. But the twenty-seven battalions and twelve squadrons of dragoons that held Blenheim resisted all shocks of Cutts, Webb and Orkney until the pursuit had swept past them and left the village isolated. Then Lord Orkney pointed out to these gallant fellows the hopelessness of their position, "though to tell the truth it was a little gasconade in me"; in fact he confesses that he 'bluffed' them into surrender.

"Oh! que dira le Roi, que dira le Roi!" said the French officers, as they laid down their arms. In killed, wounded and prisoners, France had lost hard upon 40,000 men as well as 100 guns: our loss was about 12,000. There was little pursuit of the few who escaped. Tallard was a prisoner; the Elector fell back to the Rhine. Marlborough turned North-Westwards, crossed the Rhine at Stollhofen, and proceeded to

invest Landau and the Moselle fortresses of Trier and Trarbach; all three fell before the end of the year. Blenheim was the greatest English victory on land since Agincourt; on September 7th there was a solemn thanksgiving service in St. Paul's, and Sir Christopher Wren built the Queen a throne in his new church for the occasion. The Crown granted the Duke the ancient royal manor of Woodstock, and he began to rear in the park thereof the hideous structure which still bears the name of Blenheim Palace. England had other cause of rejoicing, for, a week before Blenheim, Admiral Rooke, who had begun the war by failing to take Cadiz, by sweeping up a Plate fleet and capturing Vigo, seized the Rock of Gibraltar, and decisively repulsed, off Malaga, a French Fleet that tried to recapture it. These events had really assured to England the active co-operation of her old ally, Portugal; better still, they led Englishmen to realize Blake's half-forgotten view of the all-importance of the Mediterranean as a basis for England's sea-power. The Rock successfully resisted a most terrible siege in the winter of 1704–5.

The Emperor Leopold died in May, 1705, and was succeeded by his son, Joseph I., elder brother of the Archduke Charles, 'King of Spain,' for whom English troops under Peterborough and Stanhope had now captured Barcelona. All the North-Eastern corner of the Spanish Peninsula, that is, Catalonia and Valencia, always jealous of Castile, forthwith declared for Charles. Peterborough was everywhere hindered by lack of supplies and money, but he performed marvels with the few troops he had, and won town after town by a series of stratagems. In 1706, with the help of an English Fleet, he relieved Barcelona, which had been besieged,

while from the West another Army of Anglo-Portuguese, under Lord Galway, drove before it Philip's general Marshal Berwick (son of James II. by Marlborough's sister !) and occupied Madrid. Now, said Peterborough, was the time for Charles to advance from the Mediterranean coasts and to join hands with Galway; but Charles was as slow as Peterborough was swift, and, though the junction was at last effected in August, Berwick had already been strongly reinforced from France, had cut off the Allies from Madrid, and soon drove Galway and Charles into Valencia. Peterborough went off to Italy by himself, and was recalled to England in the next year. He was an extraordinary man; Queen Mary, we remember, had thought him 'mad.'

Meanwhile Marlborough had intended to begin the campaign of 1705 from his new conquests on the Moselle and to drive at the heart of France, but when, after wintering as an adored hero in England, he reached Trier at the end of May, he found that none of his Allies were ready, that Villeroy was preparing for active operations on the Meuse, and that Holland was squealing for help. He therefore marched upon the Meuse and crossed it, Villeroy falling back behind fortified lines on the river Geete. These lines, which had taken three years to make, were a great feature in the French method of warfare; they extended in a great curve from Antwerp to Namur, and within them now lay the French and Bavarians with 70,000 men. Marlborough, however, by a dexterous feint at Namur, drew off some of the best French troops from the weakest point of the lines, which was just at William's old field of Landen, and with hardly any loss to himself, forced successively the passage of the Mehaigne and the Geete, and drove Villeroy

behind the Dyle. There he was for the time stopped; "Dyle they say is Scotch for Devil," says his chaplain, "and so this paltry river proved to us"; though Orkney was of opinion that an attempt to force that passage also ought to have been made, "but," he adds, "the Dutch are so untoward and my Lord so pestered with them, that it is a wonder he doth not leave the army." Unable to cross the Dyle, the Duke was compelled to ascend to its source near Genappe, from whence he turned towards Brussels, and was preparing to attack Villeroy on the field of Waterloo, when the Dutch again interposed their veto. But he had at least levelled the whole of the fortified lines as far North as Arschott.

In the next year, 1706, he was to attain a still greater —perhaps his greatest—triumph. It was the year of Ramillies and of his great march to the sea. Villeroy in May lay behind that tiresome Dyle. Marlborough from Mästricht sprang over the Geete and brought the French to action at Ramillies on May 23rd. The feature of the battle is the admirable skill with which the Duke, by showing nearly all his red-coats on his right, induced Villeroy to withdraw the flower of his own troops to oppose them; then hurled the Dutch on to the French right, which was unsupported. Lord Orkney fumed and fretted at his men being used only as a tactical pawn, 'though, indeed, I think I never had more shot about my ears,' and at being kept wholly inactive. But the British finished the battle, for they did all the pursuit, and at last triumphantly forced the Dyle at Louvain. Then, in a month of marvellous marches, the Duke pressed on Westwards and Northwards, and took successively Brussels, Mechlin, Alost, Ghent,

Oudenarde, Antwerp. Before the end of the campaign Ostend, Menin, Dendermond and Ath had also surrendered, and English troops had penetrated into French Flanders. The Netherlands were now almost clear, except for the little corner on the line of the Sambre where the enemy held Mons, Charleroi and Namur, and for Ypres, which held out in the North-West.

Before the end of the year people in London were beginning to talk of a Peace. The Estates of Brabant, the most important political body in the Southern Netherlands, had hastened to acknowledge Charles as their sovereign; and the old French King was not indisposed to give up his grandson's Spanish throne, if he might be allowed to keep Milan, Naples and the Kingdom of Sicily. Marlborough, however, was right in refusing these offers. We must not forget that his eyes were never off the Mediterranean, as we shall see when we consider the events of 1707. To leave these provinces to a Bourbon would make Italy a French dependency, and the great inland sea a French lake. Eugene was now making gallant head in Italy, and one of Marlborough's ideas was to transport his own Army thither, and, in conjunction with the English Fleet, finish the war at a blow. But, of course, the Dutch would not hear of that.

Meanwhile the Duke's own position at home was slowly becoming less comfortable. Duchess Sarah, the Queen's dearest friend, was a most imperious and tyrannical friend; and the placid Queen was beginning to resent her bursts of temper. Once a cry for peace is raised at all in England, it is apt to become unreasonable; the factious Tories were taking advantage of it, and were growing stronger in the Lower House, while, as I said above, the Government was coming to wear a much

more Whiggish look; and so the Tories were also crying out 'Church in Danger!' Their favourite weapon was a Bill against 'Occasional Conformity.' This has been represented as an instance of their wicked intolerance; but, in truth, there is much hardship in expecting a pious clergyman, who believes in the validity of the Holy Sacrament, to give it to a Dissenter who avows that he takes it only that he may hold political or municipal office; the Bill was repeatedly brought in, but only passed in 1711, and repealed by 5 George I. Sarah, however, acting no doubt in accordance with her husband's wishes, but wholly without his tact, bullied the Queen into creating the Hanoverian Prince, afterwards George II., a Peer of England, and, at the end of the year, into making a most pernicious Whig, the younger Sunderland, Secretary of State. The Duke knew by this time that Harley and St. John were not unlikely to play him false, if they could get thereby the reins of government into their own hands.

In 1707 came the deliberate treachery of the Emperor by a Treaty with Louis for neutrality in Italy; this unlocked another huge French Army for operations in the Netherlands, and the result was that all that year Marlborough had to sit at Louvain, which is about the central point of his recent conquests, watching very superior forces of the enemy concentrating on the Sambre; these, however, effected almost nothing. In Spain, Galway and 'King' Charles, who attempted a fresh advance on Madrid, were smashed to pieces by Berwick at Almanza, and compelled to fall back behind the Ebro; and, worse still, a great siege of Toulon, undertaken by Eugene and the English Fleet under Admiral Shovell, was beaten off by the gallantry of the

French commander Tessé, after two months' leaguer, with fearful loss. The French, however, had sunk their Toulon Fleet to prevent its capture, and we were thus left in undisputed command of the Mediterranean.

The year 1708 opened with a great increase of faction in Parliament; only on the maintenance of the Fleet could both parties agree. There was already in existence a 'Seamen's Registration Act' of 1696, by which 30,000 merchant sailors received each a bounty of £2 a year, on condition of joining the Navy if called upon, and now a still better Act was passed, saying that any sailor who has served shall be dispensed from all apprenticeship for any trade in Great Britain, and that any one refusing to serve should be rendered incapable of earning his living as a boatman on the river Thames. Marlborough and Eugene met at the Hague in April to arrange for a blow on the Sambre, but the Allies were even more dilatory than usual, and the French, under the Duke of Vendôme, were able to resume a rapid offensive; treachery had admitted parties of them to the towns of Ghent and Bruges, and they were already laying siege to the important post of Oudenarde on the Scheldt, which commanded the English line of communications with Ostend, when by an extraordinarily swift march (fifty miles in sixty hours), our Duke threw his whole Army between Vendôme and France, July 11th, and crossed the Scheldt in the face of the enemy. Late that evening our eighty thousand fell upon their hundred thousand West of the town. Private Deane of the Guards says, "We beat 'em from hedge to hedge, from breastwork to breastwork . . . they having secured themselves of strong ground, as they always do, getting into villages and houses, and making every

quick-set hedge so that we cannot come at them." He evidently thought it a mean thing to take cover; but even the superior intelligence of 'La Tulipe' and his fellows had to give way to the dogged valour of men like Deane. Vendôme was driven back with great slaughter; Marlborough at once pushed on into France and began to besiege the great city of Lille. He had desired to mask Lille and push on to Paris, but even Eugene was against this. At Oudenarde had fought with great valour, on the one side, under the name of the 'Chevalier de Saint-George,' the exiled King James III., and, on the other, a stumpy little man with goggle eyes and a red face, whom we shall later call George II.

For the siege of Lille, all material had to be brought from Brussels, Vendôme watching from the North, Berwick and the Elector of Bavaria from the South and East; both made incessant attacks on our convoys, but these were always repulsed and neither Frenchman dared to risk a general engagement. Once the Elector drew the Duke himself away by a threat on Brussels, but fled at his approach. This siege of Lille is perhaps Marlborough's greatest feat, for Boufflers, who was inside, showed the utmost resource and valour in defence. "We were fatigued and bugbeared out of our lives," says Deane . . . "the Army was drownded out, and what was not killed or drownded was spoiled by their hellish inventions of throwing bombs, boiling pitch, tar, oil, brimstone and such combustibles from the outworks." Our loss had been perhaps 8,000 men, but the town capitulated in October, and the citadel early in December; Ghent and Bruges quickly fell also. On the day on which the news of the fall of Lille reached London, came the still greater news of the capture of

Minorca by Stanhope and the English Fleet; the Mediterranean was thus made safe for English keels. The importance of Minorca to us can hardly be overrated; it is right opposite Toulon, and much of our subsequent strategy centred round it. Lost in 1756, it was restored to us in 1763; lost again in 1783, we retook it in 1798, but finally surrendered it in 1802. Malta, taken at the date of Nelson's supremacy in the Mediterranean, was a very poor substitute for the larger island. If we ever have to fight France and Spain again, we must retake Minorca at all costs.

In other respects the Spanish theatre of the war was barren of events in 1708–9, but in the following year Stanhope and the Austrian Stahremberg penetrated from Catalonia into Aragon, won a little victory at Almenara, and pushed on to Madrid, from which, for the second time, King Philip was driven. But there again want of men and the universal hostility of the Castilian population told heavily against us; the Duke of Vendôme came down in great force, and compelled the Allies to evacuate the Capital. Stanhope, on his retreat, made a most gallant but unsuccessful defence at Brihuega, and Stahremberg at Villa Viciosa. But it was too late, and these two actions practically closed the Peninsular campaign in favour of Philip.

The death of Anne's husband, Prince George, in November, 1708, has been called a loss to Marlborough, but as a matter of fact he had gone over to the Opposition before his death: the Duke was still able to force on the Queen some more Whig Ministers, notably Somers, Wharton and Orford, and to get Harley and St. John, now manifestly hostile to him, dismissed; but it was his last political triumph; the Whigs played what cards

they held very badly, and Sarah became almost unbearable to her mistress. She had recently introduced, as a Maid of Honour, a relative of her own, Mistress Abigail Hill, and Abigail, though never loved as Sarah had been, managed the gouty and miserable widow with considerable tact. To her the Tory Opposition turned, and blew, through her mouth, the Church-and-Tory trumpet to any and every tune against the Duke, the War, the Whigs and the Dissenters. The year '9 opened with a terrible frost, which lasted into March—River frozen above-bridge for weeks together, and London holding fairs on its bosom. Louis was gravely considering peace, and Marlborough went as plenipotentiary to the Hague, where the French King vainly offered him an enormous bribe; it was not, indeed, the Duke, but his violent Whig colleagues and their still more violent Allies who refused Louis' very reasonable offers, which were to renounce all for which he had fought, and to recognize the Austrian claimant to Spain. The English Ministry insisted on adding the humiliating condition that France should join her forces to ours in order to expel from the Peninsula the grandson of the King of France! Marlborough himself wrote, "If I were the King of France I would venture the loss of my country sooner than consent to this." By June 7th all hope for peace was over, and Louis, bankrupt in a ruined kingdom, made a noble appeal to his people, which was nobly answered; the coarsest bread was selling in Paris at 8*d.* the pound, and the general distress drove starving men to take service in the Army. That Army was put under Villars, the ablest French Marshal that Marlborough ever encountered. He set himself to form strong lines from Douai Northwards to the Lys, with

his centre at La Bassée. Unable to force these lines by a frontal attack, Marlborough turned upon Tournai, which he took in July, after a terrible siege, and then upon Mons. For the defence of this all-important fortress Villars was obliged to move out, and he took up an almost impregnable position in a gap between woods at Malplaquet.

The Duke was for attacking him before he had strengthened this post, but, in deference to Eugene, waited two days (till September 11th) for reinforcements, a delay which cost the Allies dear. Malplaquet was the most terrible of battles, an assault on a narrow front between woods and through woods; men fought from tree to tree, muzzles touching; "I don't believe," says Lord Orkney, "ever Army in the world was attacked in such a post . . . they had in many places three, four and five retrenchments [entrenchments] one behind the other . . . some of my foot ran away, though I gave both fair and foul language. . . . I hope in God," says the hardened old Scot, "it will be the last battle I ever see; a very few of such would make both parties end the war very soon." "We," says Serjeant Hall, "had an indifferent breakfast, but the Mounseers never had such a dinner in all their lives . . . we have lost two hundred in our battalion and ten serjeants, and I have received a very bad shot in the head myself." As a matter of fact the victorious Allies lost twenty thousand to the French twelve thousand; the Armies had been nearly equal, almost a hundred thousand a side. Villars and Eugene were both wounded, and the French retreat was conducted by Boufflers. The Duke of Argyll had seven shots through his clothes. But the result of the battle was the fall of Mons.

After this awful slaughter the English people began indeed to say 'Cui bono?' Where is it all to end? The gallant attitude of the old French King, once the bogy and bugbear of every Protestant child in England, began to rouse respect: the plaguey Dutch, who were everlastingly crying out for a strong 'Barrier' to be won for themselves against France, were thought to be leading us by the nose. Louis' offers of the spring began to be talked about, and the monstrous conditions which the Whigs had wished to impose upon him leaked out. Not slow were the Tories to take advantage of such talk, and to add to it the most gratuitous and insolent insinuations against the greatest of English soldiers. 'He was prolonging the war for his own glory—nay, for his own profit. He had refused bribes from Louis? Yes, but he had been far more heavily bribed by the Emperor. He was an arch-peculator who cheated poor soldiers of their pay,' etc., etc.—a string of malicious lies. In such conditions of public feeling a certain Dr. Sacheverell, who, I am sorry to say, was a Fellow of Magdalen, 'an insolent, hot-headed man without learning or piety,' preached on November 5th before the Lord Mayor a vulgar, tawdry sermon, 'as regardless of grammar as of sense,' denouncing toleration for Dissenters, and supporting the old Caroline doctrine of right divine and non-resistance. To impeach such an ass was ridiculous, and the wisest Whigs, especially Somers and Marlborough, protested against it.[1] But Godolphin, to whom the Doctor had appended an

[1] There is, however, something to be said for the view, afterwards expressed by Burke, that Sacheverell's sermon had been deliberately intended as a challenge and that no Government could have wholly overlooked it.

ugly nickname, appears to have lost his head, and the Ministry determined to bring on a trial. Wren built a scaffold in Westminster Hall to accommodate five hundred persons, and the mob of London went mad over 'High Church and Sacheverell'; forty thousand copies of the famous sermon were sold. It was the sort of foolish outburst that was seen in our own days over the removal of an African elephant from the Zoological Gardens to America. On trial, the poor parson prevaricated and endeavoured to prove that he had never meant what he had said; the Lords merely ordered his sermon to be burned and suspended him from preaching for three years, and the foolish Queen rewarded him with a rich living. On the accession of George he vapoured a bit and talked about martyrdom, although he took the oaths before his death in 1724.

But he had served the factious purpose of the Tories admirably—he was just a stick to beat Whigs with: "The Nation," wrote Luttrell a year later, "has cause to curse Sacheverell; without that hurly-burly you had had peace ere now." On peace, indeed, the Tories were determined, but only as a means of getting into office and taking vengeance on the Whigs. Two more campaigns were granted to the Duke: in 1710 he forced Villars' lines of La Bassée, took Douai, Aire and Saint-Venant, and in 1711 forced a fresh and far more elaborate set of lines, which the indomitable Marshal had created further South, capturing Bouchain and menacing Arras and Cambrai. Meanwhile the Queen had been interfering badly with Marlborough's appointments in the Service; her last stormy interview with his wife was in April, '10, while fresh peace-conferences were being carried on at Gertruydenberg. There Louis renewed his offers of the

year before, and even offered to cede Alsace to the Duke of Lorraine, but, as before, utterly refused to help in the expulsion of his grandson, who was now in solid and triumphant possession of all Spain except the little corner of Catalonia. Louis had indeed but to bide his time and foster the factious spirit in England; he never needed to make such good offers again. The Whig Sunderland was dismissed in June and Godolphin in August, Rochester and Ormond (the latter almost an avowed Jacobite), entered the Ministry, and finally Harley became Lord Treasurer and St. John Secretary of State. The remaining Whigs were cleared out by the end of 1710, and the 'Sacheverell election' of that year resulted in a huge Tory majority in the Commons, a majority whose leaders used to meet in the celebrated 'October Club' at the Bell Tavern in Westminster.

Harley, St. John, Lord Chancellor Harcourt and Dr. Jonathan Swift, who had begun in 1710 to write on the Tory side in the *Examiner*, were virtually the Ministry; they used to meet and dine together, and no doubt Swift, proudest of mankind, liked being called 'Jonathan' and flattered by Ministers of State. But it is astonishing that a man of his lofty intellect did not see through the factious trivialities of Harley and the more open knavery of St. John; indeed there is evidence that before the end of the reign he was weary of his position. Both the leading Ministers sprang from bitter Whig and Dissenting families; St. John in his youth had been compelled to read every one of the hundred and nineteen sermons of Dr. Manton on the hundred and nineteenth Psalm. He was a man without honour or religion, a profligate of unexampled recklessness, but capable, by fits and starts,

of extraordinary industry. "Ah, Harry," said his father in 1713, "I always said you would be hanged, but, now you are made a Peer, I suppose you'll be beheaded." It was a repulsive spectacle to see such a man posing as a champion of the Church and a persecutor of Dissenters. There may be something to be said for the Occasional Conformity Act, and more for the Stamp Act of 1712, which, with the laudable intention of cutting down the 'yellow press' of those days, imposed a duty on newspapers; but there is nothing but condemnation for St. John's Schism Act of 1714, by which no one was to be allowed to keep a school without a licence from the Bishop and the annual taking of the Anglican Sacrament; this, like its sister Act against Occasional Conformity, was repealed by the Whigs, 5 George I. Harley had risen by patient mastery of all the forms of Parliament; he could speak at any hour, at any length, on any subject, and what he spoke, except when he was making personal insinuations against an opponent, was mere gas. He was a solemn windbag, without the remotest idea of statesmanship, and, when he got into the Office for which he had so basely intrigued, he soon realized that he was merely drifting. Though a heavy drinker he had one virtue in private life, for he was a great collector of rare books and manuscripts. He was created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer in May, 1711. For the last time in history a Government office, the Privy Seal, was given to a Bishop, Dr. Robinson.

From the first moment of its accession the Ministry set itself to work for a Peace; secret agents from France were secretly received by the Queen; to the Allies and to Marlborough were shown bogus sketches of Treaties,

and meanwhile death had been busy on both sides abroad. In February, 1711, died the Dauphin ; in 1712 his eldest son the Duke of Burgundy, and one of Burgundy's infant sons. When, in 1714, Burgundy's youngest brother, Berri, followed these to the grave, between Philip, King of Spain, and the French Crown there now only remained a frail infant, afterwards Louis XV., and his great-grandfather, aged seventy-four. If the infant died, Philip would unite the Spanish and French thrones, for no one supposed for a moment that his renunciation of the latter, sworn in 1700 on any number of Gospels, would be allowed to stand in the way of his interests ; and then all our blood and treasure would have been poured out for nothing. But in April, 1711, had died also the Emperor Joseph, and he had left no sons ; 'King' Charles of Spain was therefore now heir to all the Austrian dominions, and was chosen Emperor. If the chance of the union of France and Spain were the more terrible, the certainty of the re-creation of the Monarchy of Charles V., if this other Charles really became King of Spain, was hardly less terrible ; and we must remember that Joseph died nearly a year before the two younger French Princes. Thus fortune had again played into the hands of the Tories.

When Marlborough reached the Hague after his campaign of 1711 he was accused of peculation and dismissed from all his offices. Ormond was put in his place, and was obliged at first to pretend to take the field beside Eugene, but with secret orders to thwart his ally, who had visited England early in '12 to protest against the coming Peace, the Ministers in vain trying to stir up the London mob against such a hero. In July, 1712, Ormond was ordered to suspend hostilities

and to march away his troops, who broke out into mutiny and tears of rage at the news; the foreign contingents which had been in English pay positively refused to quit Eugene, but, as a result of the English withdrawal, Villars was able to resume the offensive, to beat Eugene at Denain on July 24th, and to recapture several frontier towns. Marlborough had already left England in disgrace, but had been received with royal honours by those very Dutch who had bullied and thwarted him so much in the days of his glory. Of him there is little more to tell. Sulky George when he came to the throne gave him no confidence, though he was obliged to restore him to the Command-in-Chief. The Duke had two successive strokes of paralysis in '16, but he was able to play with his grandchildren and to count his guineas till '22, when a third stroke killed him.

The final congress for peace was opened at Utrecht at the beginning of '13, and the Peace was signed on March 31st; it was a party peace, and St. John, now Viscount Bolingbroke, frankly said so. It was brought about purely as a party measure and by the most disgraceful means; but, after such victories, it couldn't help being of solid and splendid advantage to England. And it expressed our position all the more because our one naval ally, Holland, had no colonial or maritime gains by it at all. She was, indeed, ceasing to be a first-class Naval Power, and, for several years past, had been unable to furnish her full contingent of ships. By the terms of the Treaty (1) France and Spain recognize the Hanoverian family as successors to Queen Anne. (2) Philip, King of Spain, renounces all claims to the French throne. (3) France agrees to claim no commercial advantages in Spanish America, and Great

Britain is to be allowed a thirty years' monopoly of the importation of negro slaves to that country; she is also to be allowed to send one ship to the annual fair of Portobello, which is the great depôt of Spanish-American trade on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama. (4) Spain cedes Gibraltar and Minorca to Great Britain, and France cedes Acadia (afterwards Nova Scotia) and Newfoundland [1] to the same; Spain cedes the island of Sicily to Savoy. (5) France will dismantle the fortifications of Dunkirk. (6) King James III. shall quit France; as early as 1709 Louis had been obliged to tell him that such a contingency was possible, but had promised that, wherever he went, he, Louis, would support him; James went at first to Lorraine, and was there when Sister Anne died. (7) In return for this abandonment of the Jacobite cause, England will abandon her Spanish allies in the province of Catalonia—result, the Catalans resisted Philip to the death and their province was wasted in blood and fire. (8) By a separate Treaty between France and the Dutch, the Spanish Netherlands shall pass to the House of Austria, but the Dutch shall be allowed to garrison a long row of fortresses on the Southern frontier of these provinces, and the Austrians shall contribute to the pay of these garrisons; this is the famous 'Barrier Treaty.' England undertakes to support this Barrier with a Fleet and an Army of ten thousand men; the Dutch, on their side, agree to support the Protestant Succession in England with a Fleet and six thousand men.

[1] On Newfoundland and the respective rights of France and England there, see above, Vol. II., p. 513. On Acadia and Nova Scotia and the respective meanings of these names at different epochs, see Poole's 'Historical Atlas,' plates 85 and 86.

The Dutch are also permitted to close the river Scheldt, upon which the commercial life of the Spanish Netherlands had depended, and so to ruin the port of Antwerp; this was, however, in the letter, merely a restatement of one of the clauses of the Peace of Westphalia of 1648. (9) And by a third Treaty, to which the Emperor at last unwillingly agreed, Austria shall receive, in addition to the said Netherland provinces, Naples, Milan and Sardinia.

The original aim of King William III. was thus in some sort obtained. A French Prince sat indeed upon the throne of Spain and nominally ruled over the vast regions of Spanish America; but the Inheritance of Charles V. was partitioned, and all its Mediterranean power at an end. On these Treaties the political equilibrium of Europe rested, or was believed to rest, for the ensuing thirty years—some people say for eighty years—and all the troubles of the next period arose from the ambitious desire of several Powers, who thought it had been too unfavourable to them, to upset it.

The best clause of all in the Treaty between England and France was thrown out by the pestilent stupidity of the British Parliament. St. John has only one title to real fame; he was, as many of his Tory associates also were, a free trader, and he had drawn up a clause by which England and France, immeasurably the two most civilized nations of the world, were to stand, as regards tariffs, 'on a footing each to each of the most favoured nation': that is to say that France was to admit goods produced in England, and England to admit goods produced in France at lower duties than those respectively enforced against the goods of all other nations. But in 1703 Mr. Methuen had negotiated a

similar Treaty with Portugal, and, as Portugal had gold (from Brazil) as well as wines to send us, the British merchants, who still thought gold and silver the only real 'wealth,' got the Lower House to reject, though only by nine votes, the Commercial Treaty with France in favour of that with Portugal. The result was that, instead of drinking honest claret, our ancestors went on for a century poisoning themselves with port, and deserved (and got) the gout which they bequeathed to their descendants.

The remainder of Anne's reign is concerned with the question—What did her Ministers intend to do on her death? The rightful King of England had already left France for Lorraine when Utrecht was signed. Nothing in the Queen's own public conduct manifested much Jacobite leaning; but the fact that Ormond, Wyndham, Mar held high office in the State looked in that direction. The Tories, strong before, were still more strengthened by the elections of 1713, and the Funds, always at that date of Whig temper, had fallen at the news; they fell still further when Anne was taken very ill in the following spring. In May, '14, the Lords carried an Address to the Queen that she should demand the expulsion of her brother from Lorraine, and even issue a reward for his apprehension; she was naturally furious, and still more so when they demanded that Prince George, who had been created Duke of Cambridge in 1706, should be sent for to sit in Parliament. The writ was sent to him, but the Queen sent with it such a letter as killed his grandmother, Sophia, the Hanoverian claimant, aged eighty-three (June 8th); this left George Lewis, Elector of Hanover, the parliamentary heir. The fact is that during all the early part of Anne's reign

the Hanoverian envoy, Baron Schutz, who had resided twenty years in England, had managed his mistress's cause with admirable tact; but he had died in 1710, and his successor, Bothmar, did not make himself so acceptable. Phlegmatic George had long ago deposited in a sealed paper with his Minister in England a list of the Council of Regency, which, immediately on Anne's death, was to proclaim his mother, or, if she died, himself; and all the plans of his party were ready and well laid. But the Tories had the actual power, both civil and military, in their hands, and the whole question was,—Were the Tories for James or for George? The answer must emphatically be, the Tories themselves didn't know. Oxford certainly didn't know: he assumed an air of mystery, and let each side think he was devoted to it; probably he was in a fright. The Churchmen didn't know: one Bishop, Atterbury of Rochester, an eager, clever but not very tactful man, was an honest Jacobite. The majority of the country Clergy hated Dissenters so badly that they had almost forgotten their fear of Popery, and perhaps a majority of the country gentlemen thought upon the same lines; indeed the very least symptom on good King James' part of concession on the religious question would undoubtedly have brought him in, but this he was too honest a man to show. He let every one know that he was absolutely without intolerance, and that, while keeping his own faith, he would protect ours all over the World; only, unfortunately, no one believed that Papists ever spoke the truth. Marshal Berwick, James' half-brother but now a naturalized French subject, had a plan which, though adventurous, had something to recommend it; it was that James should travel secretly to England,

seek in secret a reconciliation with his sister, and get her to present him to Parliament as her heir. This would, I think, very possibly have succeeded. The glorious scenes at the close of Mr. Thackeray's masterpiece 'Esmond' represent the temper of the time with astonishing fidelity, and err only in the ludicrously unfair character they give of the exiled King. With the Whigs were, of course, all the Dissenters, now a very rich and powerful body, and most of the financiers, merchants and manufacturers; to us, accustomed to the cruel supremacy of the urban over the rural classes, this sounds an overwhelming combination, but in 1714 it did not mean a quarter of the Nation.

In those fateful months the question seemed to rest on the fulcrum of an even balance. Some have thought that it rested in the hands of Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. That astute schemer was certain to be cast down from his high position if George came in; whereas, if James became King, he might possibly last some time before James found out what a scoundrel he was. And so in July, '14, he undoubtedly leaned to the Jacobites: he tripped up his colleague, Oxford, and got him dismissed at the end of that month; and, in after years, it was believed that he had said that 'with six weeks more of Queen Anne, he would have had the Stuarts back again.' But poor Anne, whatever her own feelings may have been, couldn't give her new Minister even a week: on the 30th she had a fit of apoplexy, and the Whig Dukes of Argyll and Somerset hastened to Kensington, forced themselves into the Cabinet, and insisted on speaking to their dying Sovereign. At the bedside they compelled her, at 1 p.m., to give the White Staff of Lord Treasurer to the Duke of Shrewsbury,

whom, though once a Jacobite, they believed they now could trust. According to one version, Bolingbroke himself proposed Shrewsbury; if so, did he believe him to be a Hanoverian? The Dukes went back to the Council Chamber and sat all afternoon and night, 30th, and all 31st, drafting orders to troops and officials in the interest of King George. The Queen lingered unconscious, and died at 7 a.m. on August 1st. "What a World is this, and how does Fortune banter us!"

CHAPTER V

THE AGE OF W(H)IGS

THE period now before us is typified by its headdress, and influenced by the fact that men had worn that headdress for at least a generation. Although, except for full dress, wigs were actually growing smaller during the reigns of George I. and II., the moral influence of the wig may be said to have reached its zenith in the former reign; and, while it lasted, I think it must have stupefied mankind.

Yet the age should not be dismissed as wholly stupid, wholly immoral or wholly unkindly. The tattle of fashionable wits is not to be taken as giving a fair picture of the intelligence or the morality of the Nation; on the whole I believe private morality to have been steadily getting better. But the tone set by the Court was very low, and was unrelieved by any such intellectual graces and interests as had partly redeemed the age of Charles II. If England was not without great men, it was without great causes. 'No enthusiasm' was its watchword, and the word was used in its strictly Greek sense. The moral influence of the Church was by no means so dead as has been alleged; the country parsons as a whole did their duty; but, among the higher Clergy, the most spiritual element had passed to the Non-Jurors, or accommodated itself with difficulty

to the service of a Whig Government. That Government naturally appointed Whig Bishops, and these seem to have been largely inoculated with the spirit of scepticism. A great literature grew up of a 'Deistic' kind, challenging and attempting to explain away all the mysterious and spiritual side of religion, reducing Christianity, in short, to a system of prudence, and calling in doubt everything that cannot be 'naturally explained.' On the other hand, spiritual truth was never more admirably defended than by Bishops Berkeley and Butler, the intellectual giants of their century; the great glory of the latter is to have proved that the laws of Nature are as mysterious as those of revealed religion. And on the same side we have the mystic and Non-Juror, William Law, whose 'Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life' was the most treasured possession of our great-grandmothers; on the same side, too, the simple piety of the Quakers, whose worldly prosperity was also very great. To Law and to the Quakers we shall, before the middle of the century, be able to affiliate the new spiritual movement of the 'Methodists.' Again, George II.'s Queen, Caroline, though she had no religion to speak of, did her best to promote learning in the Church; both Butler and Berkeley were her nominees to bishoprics.

But, when we turn to the sphere of government, we shall see that 'politics' have reached a very serious depth of degradation; that they are becoming what they are believed to be to-day, merely the art of 'managing' the Houses of Parliament and the electorate; and, as we should expect, this is accompanied by an utter neglect of the Army, Navy and coast defences. All the lessons of Marlborough are forgotten, all posts in both

the Services are at the mercy of the parliamentary jobber who is for the moment on the top, or of intrigues at the Court. Statesmanship withers in such an atmosphere; the one contemporary British statesman of great ideas, John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, failed to lead his country simply because he could not bring himself to soil his hands by managing the House of Commons.

George I. was born in the Restoration year, and was thus fifty-four when he became King; he possessed the rare virtue of truthfulness, and had fought with distinction against the Turks. He had married his own cousin, accused her, rightly or wrongly,[1] of adultery, and shut her up in a dismal German castle for thirty-one years. He kept two mistresses (whom he created English Peeresses), more perhaps because it was 'the thing,' in the little German Courts in which all his thoughts were centred, to imitate Louis XIV., than from any natural tendency to wickedness. Nominally a Lutheran, he was quite ready to conform to the English, or to any other outward form of religion, but at heart he was a cold materialist. We have Sir Robert Walpole's authority for saying that he could be good company after dinner; but, as Walpole knew no French or German and the King no English, and as both were thus reduced to converse in bad Latin, their jollity must have been under some restraints. George showed little enthusiasm for his new kingdom, which, as the French Ambassador said, he probably considered 'as a temporary possession to be made the most of while it lasted.' As for his manners, 'when he has a mind to compliment any one he bites a piece of sweetmeat with his gums (for he has

[1] The latest investigations, we fear, prove that it was 'rightly.'

no teeth), and then gives the rest to the person he desires to oblige.' Few kings have been more hated by high and low, and the hatred was pretty openly expressed, although I believe that the clergyman who, preaching on the anniversary of his accession, chose for his text, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' was an Irishman, unconscious of his own wit. In George's last year his statue in the new 'Grosvenor Square' (begun in 1716) was pulled down and smashed to bits, nor could the smashers ever be discovered. No wonder that his greatest pleasure was in his periodical visits to Hanover, that 'Terra Damnosa'

> For which he scrapes, borrows, begs all he can get,
> And runs his poor owners most vilely in debt.

His two children, the Queen of Prussia and George, Prince of Wales, were different from their father; the latter at least was such a warm partisan of his unfortunate mother that his father hated him bitterly, and once gravely listened to a proposal to have him kidnapped and deported to the backwoods of America. The Prince was as brave as his father, but without his father's shrewdness or self-restraint, the vainest little strutting peacock of a man you can conceive. He made, just because his father scorned England, a parade of appearing intensely English; he rapidly learned to speak English of the Billingsgate variety, and sought vigorously for English mistresses. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the occasional head of such society as the disgusting Court could collect, says of him that 'he looked upon all men and women as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion.' But he was saved from the intense hatred felt for his father by the tact of his wonderful

wife Caroline, of whom more anon. Both father and son were, as far as education went, simple boors, blind to everything that can elevate the mind, to religion, romance, art, letters or science.[1] And if in their reigns Pope was rising to immortal fame, if Defoe and Swift were weaving incantations for posterity, if Johnson and Fielding reached their maturity, it must be allowed that the general tone of literature was very low. It was the day of 'Grub Street,' of 'Secret History,' of forged memoirs. The bitterness of authors against each other and against their publishers—a harmless and often a beneficent race of men—is very startling. Colley Cibber was a fit Poet Laureate for such a period. The Theatre did not improve in morality; masquerades at the Opera House, continually denounced from the pulpit, were openly patronized by both Kings, and the first Pantomimes, which date from 1723, were very indecent.

It is customary for historians to pay much attention to the parliamentary and ministerial history of this period, and to the shifting kaleidoscope of European Treaties; personally, I do not much care which particular Whig was uppermost at any given date; the essential thing is to know what sort of man an Eighteenth Century Whig was, and how he governed England. George I. made no attempt to govern it; he gave up sitting in his Privy Council, and left affairs to a small knot of men who were called 'his servants,' and whom we now call 'The Cabinet.' The result was that George II., who wanted to govern, was thwarted almost every time he tried; though no doubt the personal preferences of the Kings, or still more often their personal hatreds,

[1] An exception must, however, be made at least in the son's case; he could appreciate and patronize the music of Handel.

had always to be noticed by the real governors. Both Kings also exercised some influence on the Army, and occasionally made good appointments in it; George II. had a truly German passion for designing uniforms. In Hanover, of course, both were absolute sovereigns. Says Carteret to George II., in the ballad (1742),

> Then cock your great hat, strut and bounce and look bluff,
> For, though kicked and cuffed here, you shall there kick and cuff;

and George answers—

> . . . . . you shall do
> Whatever you like; give me troops to review!

The Tories being defeated, and more than half legitimists at heart, the Cabinets consisted entirely of Whigs, and the triumphant Whigs at once grasped the principle (since too often thought to be the mainspring of parliamentary life) of 'government by party.' Of this the first rule was now laid down—no Tory shall hold any office; to the victors the spoils. But, as there were not spoils enough for all the victors, there soon appeared several successive schisms in the Whig camp, and a 'Whig out of place' was almost obliged to join the Tories in baiting the 'Whigs in place.' Place, Office, a job, was what each sought, and the Great Council of the Empire became mainly an avenue for greedy men towards lucrative jobs. The patronage at the disposal of a Minister was enormous, and was mainly bestowed in return for votes given in his support in Parliament or at elections. Capable officers were dismissed from regiments because they, or some friend of theirs, had voted against the Minister. This sort of thing, and not direct bribery, is what is meant by 'Parliamentary corruption.' One thing that made it easy was that a

large number of seats in the Commons were at the disposal of a few rich men, who controlled the votes of the few electors in many boroughs; thus we speak of the Duke of Newcastle 'owning' the borough of Aldborough, and so on. If the Prime Minister can buy the rich Mr. Blank, by making him Lord Tomnoddy; making him a Commissioner of the Tape-and-Sealing-wax Office; giving him a contract to make army breeches; decorating him with the riband of an Order; making his brother a Bishop, his wife a Lady-in-Waiting, or his cousin Governor of Coventry Island, he will be able to buy with him the votes given in the Lower House by the honourable members for Eatanswill, Bishop's Cheetham, Rogueingrain and East and West Smuggleton, which boroughs do not contain twenty 'free and independent electors' apiece. He can, in fact, by such means purchase a majority in Parliament which may outlast many general elections, without spending a penny of his own money and with little expenditure of the Nation's. The worst of it is that a Nation so easily gets used to this kind of thing; the tape and the sealing wax supplied by the new Commissioner are perhaps a little worse, the army breeches rather more shoddy, than when a creature of the last Government supplied them, but open 'scandals' are rare.

I do not for a moment suggest that the Georgian Whigs began this method of government; if any one Minister began it, it was the Tory Danby; it was the Tory Ministry of Harley that first ruthlessly excluded every Whig from office; and that unblushing liar Bolingbroke, who spent his old age in denouncing Party and writing treatises for a 'Patriot King who should abolish Party Government,' had been the fiercest Tory partisan while in, and

the most shameless Leader of Opposition while out of Office. But I think the Georgian Whigs were the first who erected Party into a system, and claimed that it was inseparable from our form of free government; and the astounding thing is that one of the greatest of philosophers, Edmund Burke, treated this idea as an axiom. We have gone on believing it ever since. Nowadays, of course, when Mr. Blank no longer nominates the member for Rogueingrain, and when there are more electors in the borough of Eatanswill than there were in broad Scotland, *regnante Georgio I.*, you, in order to keep your party in office, don't bribe Mr. Blank; but you do something much more disastrous in its consequences; you bribe the electors themselves by appealing directly to their pockets or their fads, at the expense of the pockets or the fads of some other class of men—*e.g.*, you want to win an election in a borough where you are told there are a group of fools who object to vaccinating their children, and so, in order to bribe that borough, you risk the health of Great Britain and bring in a Bill to make vaccination optional; or again, in order to win the votes of the improvident classes all over England, you pass an Act to give every one a pension of five shillings a week at the age of seventy. From your own point of view you are absolutely right; such a gift as this will probably keep you and your kind in office indefinitely, or until the other party outbids you by promising to raise the pension to ten shillings. But what about *Diva Britannia*? What will she say when she gets hold of you, as she will some day? Eighteenth Century Ministers were at least spared that sort of degradation; indeed, one of their great merits is that they legislated so little.

But to recur to our Whig of the Age of Wigs; he was for King George as against King James mainly because he knew that King James would turn him and his colleagues out of office, and so he was able to pose to himself as a representative of the principles of the 'Glorious Revolution' of 1688, now rapidly crystallizing into a legend. This also meant that he was a supporter of Parliamentary Government as against Royal Government. And so far he was right, in that government by the British aristocracy, even of that day, was likely to be a good deal better than the personal government of George or James would have been. He was also supposed to be anti-French, and a strong protectionist, and to rely on 'the City' rather than on the country gentlemen. He ate several of these principles, and was, I think, prepared to eat more, in obedience to the dictates of Party Government. But there were limits to his partisanship: if the honour of Britain were *too* deeply wounded, the national defence *too* scandalously neglected, if the trade of Britain were seriously crippled, his compliance with the guilty Minister would break off short; and, though there were many individual instances of genuinely unpatriotic factiousness, it was not till the French Revolution had instilled its poison into Europe that it became a settled policy of one whole Party to hamper the other in its defence of national existence and honour.

This reflection leads us to consider for a moment the position of Great Britain on the map of Europe. In spite of the Peace of Utrecht, her rivalry with France remained the greatest factor in European politics, a rivalry due to past history and to new commercial jealousy; a rivalry in North America, in the West

Indies, in the East Indies, in the Mediterranean, above all in Belgium. But, for twenty-five years after the death of Louis XIV., France was not in a position to make this rivalry effective. She had been very hard hit by the late war. The throne of her young and delicate King, Louis XV., was coveted by his uncle Philip of Spain. It therefore suited successive French Ministers, especially the pacific Cardinal Fleury (1726–43), to keep on the best possible terms with George, and to maintain the recent settlement of Utrecht. To maintain this settlement, which gave such an opening for British commerce, was also the greatest desire of successive British Ministries; and the chief difficulty in maintaining it lay, for each Great Power, in the task of keeping its Allies quiet. Now alliances after Utrecht should naturally have lain as they had lain before it, *i.e.*, England, Austria and Holland against France and Spain. But the tie that bound each client to his principal was of the loosest, and was liable to snap at any moment.

Perhaps the situation can be best explained by a parable. There are two dogmasters, England and France. Each owns a quarrelsome dog. The dogs have been fighting for a rich plate of bones (the old Spanish Monarchy), and each master has helped his own dog. In 1713 the masters, grown weary, have agreed to divide the food between the dogs; they have left the richest part to the Spanish dog, Philip, but have detached some juicy morsels, called Naples, Sardinia, Milan, Belgium for the Austrian dog Charles. The English dogmaster has not been above picking a bone or two (Minorca, Gibraltar, the trade with Spanish America) for himself. It is the dogs, not the masters, who are discontented at the Peace and the

allotment; they are still straining at their chains and barking furiously. The peace of Dame Europa's yard is not improved by the fact that two sturdy little unowned puppies, called Prussia and Savoy, are frisking about in it, ready to snap up anything they can get; two quite useful Italian bones have fallen to Savoy (Sicily and a bit of Milan), and have whetted his appetite for more. And there is always the danger that the dogs may stop snarling at each other and join to bite their masters. Till 1729, when Louis XV. has a son, Philip thinks he may one day be not only dog but master (*i.e.*, King of France) also. Charles is probably the more discontented of the dogs; not only does he continue till 1725 to call himself King of Spain, but he says, with some truth, 'out of my Belgian bone my master has sucked all the marrow, for his stupid Treaty forbids me to develop Belgian commerce, lest Antwerp should rival London': Philip on his side profoundly resents the redcoats sitting on his Rock of Gibraltar. And so, 'Was it for this? etc., etc.,' is the repeated snarl of each dog; to which the two masters have little to reply but 'Get you back to your kennels!'

Endless Treaties and shifts are devised by the masters for the purpose of keeping their dogs quiet; but slowly, slowly the conviction dawns on the mind of each that he may be sacrificing his own as well as his dog's interest by too long continuance of the Peace. On each side of the Channel are not wanting 'patriots' who say that this is so; and, after 1733, when France does get into a war against Austria, there is a thunderous cry in England that we are 'deserting our own dog.' Such cry becomes part of the stock-in-trade of 'the Opposition' in the British Parliament. George II. is often

inclined to agree with it. But, deeper than rivalry with France or than any other English interest, lies at the heart of both Georges a real love and a real fear for Hanover, and of this every English Minister is obliged to take account. The strongest cards a Peace Minister can play are, 'If we are neutral France will not touch Hanover'; and, 'If we go to war we must defend Hanover.' And the Opposition answers, 'So, whether we fight or don't fight, the interests of this great Kingdom are subservient to those of a beggarly Electorate.' Naturally the Opposition have the popular ear, for Hanover is loathed. More than once schemes were afoot, one so late as 1741, for separating it from Great Britain and settling it on a younger son of George II. Lord Chesterfield wittily suggested presenting it to King James III., as a safe means of defeating James' claim on Britain, "for," said he, "the English will never endure another King from that country." The Memoirs of the day are full of stories about the rapacity of the small clique of Hanoverian courtiers and officials—Robethon, George I.'s French secretary, Bothmar, who stole the candles in the Government offices, Bernstorff, who remained in England 'the power behind the throne' till 1732, Munchausen, a relation of the celebrated traveller of that name. English countesses found that German ladies were fond of borrowing, and less fond of returning their diamonds. But on the whole Hanoverian influence doesn't come to very much.

When we turn to details, we find George's first Ministry to be composed of two sections of Whigs, Lord Townshend and his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Walpole, on one side, and Lord Sunderland and General Stanhope on the other. Each is set, more or less, on trying to trip up the

other. Their first job is an attempt to take vengeance on the late Ministry, especially on Oxford and Bolingbroke; they have also to deal with the first Jacobite Rising in Scotland, of which I shall treat in a later chapter. Oxford is sent to the Tower, where he practises laying his head on the block. Bolingbroke flies to France, where he serves, and soon betrays King James III. Stanhope negotiates, in 1716, a Treaty with France, which really lasts till 1730. A most useful measure, the 'Riot Act' of 1716, is passed; formerly any use of 'force unlawfully directed against authority' had been apt to be treated as treason, and the lesser crime of 'riot' is now defined. For London was in a disturbed state throughout George I.'s reign, and especially during the Rising of 1715 and the trials of the prisoners engaged in it. Jacobite recruiting officers swarmed even in the military camp in Hyde Park; for several years there was grave disaffection in the Guards, and escapes from prison were always favoured by the mob. The Jacobites of London—a noisy, vaporous crew, when compared to the real legitimists in Scotland—had their own special haunts, *e.g.* the North side of Pall Mall, the 'Walnut Tree Walk' in Hyde Park, and their own 'mug houses' on Ludgate Hill, as the Whigs had theirs in Cheapside and Newgate. Street fights between gangs of hooligans, calling themselves Jacobites and Whigs, were continual. Executions, even of ordinary criminals—the first Wednesday in each month was hanging-day at Tyburn—and Parliamentary elections were also scenes of continual riots.

Another good measure of 1716 is the Act for Septennial Parliaments. Passed merely to defer a general election till more quiet times, it became a bulwark of the Con-

stitution; for, if a Parliament, elected for three years only, can deliberately prolong its own existence for four more, it is obvious that an Act of Parliament can do anything, and that the Houses are in no way responsible to the electors, as modern Radicals love to assert that they are. It sounds strange to our ears to hear that a newspaper of 1722 complained of the 'new practice' of appointing 'meetings of the Gentlemen of the Counties to solicit votes for the Election of a new Parliament before the old one has expired,' . . . 'a most scandalous method and evident token of Corruption; . . . the very names of the Candidates are published, and the votes of the Freeholders are solicited in the Publick Prints!'

These two Acts, however, are not a bad record for Townshend's Ministry, and he and Walpole 'went out' in 1717 because they rightly refused to second George's desire to fight Russia on some trumpery German question. Walpole at once went into vigorous opposition, and criticized all Government measures quite as much as the Tories did. His late colleagues gave him plenty to criticize. They brought in, in 1719, a 'Peerage Bill,' which was to restrict the King's power of creating Peers. It would have made the House of Lords a close oligarchy and been fatal to constitutional government.[1] Walpole fought vigorously, and threw out the Bill by a large majority in the Commons. Less reasonably he criticized the foreign policy of this 'German Ministry,' which was marked by an Anglo-French whipping of

[1] The existing number was then 207, of whom 26 were Bishops and 16 Scottish representative Peers, elected by the whole Peerage of Scotland. Sunderland's Bill proposed to have 25 Scottish hereditary Peers and a total of 222.

the Spanish dog back to his kennel. The troops of George I. were led by a son of James II. (Marshal Berwick) to assist the French Regent in preventing the King of Spain from restoring James III. to his British throne; so the situation was not without humour. Admiral Byng blew a Spanish Fleet out of the water off Sicily, and Gibraltar successfully withstood its second long siege. But George and Stanhope were quite ready to surrender that Rock, had not young Lord Carteret prevented them.

Walpole also vigorously denounced the financial recklessness of the Government. The South Sea Company, formed to trade, under the Treaty of Utrecht, with Spanish America, was a flourishing, and at first a perfectly sound concern. But in 1719 the shares became 'inflated' beyond their real value; a mania for speculation set in and carried away half the rich, and many of the poor people of England. The Government actually proposed to make over to the South Sea Company the management of the National Debt. Some of its members were suspected of criminal connivance in this 'bubble.' The King's mistresses had gambled and gained heavily in South Sea stock; so had the Prince and Princess of Wales. Stanhope's hands were probably clean, Carteret's certainly; Sunderland's were not, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had actually committed fraud. Walpole, while denouncing the whole thing, had invested heavily, and made a great fortune by selling out just before the bubble burst, which was in September, 1720. Sunderland had been obliged to readmit him to office, and his great financial skill enabled him to pull the country out of this very awkward scrape, in which thousands of persons were ruined. On

February 21 Stanhope died suddenly, another Minister committed suicide, and Sunderland soon resigned office. Then Walpole's long tenure of power began in earnest; Townshend came back with him, and for a time Carteret remained.

Walpole, while expressly repudiating the name, was the first real 'Prime Minister' in English history, although Swift uses the term in speaking of Harley. Once, in Walpole's own Government, such an office was declared to be 'inconsistent with the Constitution.' But Walpole was the first man to base all his power on a definite majority in the House of Commons, and his system has grown until a man who has such a majority can almost act as dictator. And he was the first to be master in his own Cabinet, and to thrust out of it ruthlessly all who could not agree to his policy. How much of this was political foresight, how much mere personal jealousy, is not easy to decide. He soon became profoundly jealous of Carteret, and sent him to govern Ireland, 1724. Next year William Pulteney, a most brilliant and unprincipled debater, had to go; then Walpole's own honest but hot-headed brother-in-law, Lord Townshend; next, Lord Chesterfield; in fact, almost every able man who served with Walpole was successively dismissed. There was one exception; the name of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, who became Chancellor in '37 and held that office for nineteen years, deserves to be rescued from oblivion, not only for his invaluable services as an exponent of the principles of English Equity, but as the 'wisest of the Whigs,' the man who poured oil on troubled waters and mediated between all sections of the Whig party. But, except Townshend, all the dismissed Whigs went into fierce

opposition, and, long before Walpole's fall in '42, one-third of each House was a mob of disappointed and factious men yelling for the Minister's impeachment. Of the remaining two-thirds of the Commons, partly by the systematic methods of corruption which I have sketched above, partly by his supreme financial ability, and partly by his placable and perfect temper, Walpole remained complete master almost to the end.

As for his foreign policy, it was mere hand-to-mouth, and he disgracefully starved both the Services; he allowed the King's mistresses to job commissions in both until, as Chesterfield said, 'Mrs. Salmon's wax-work figures would be an excellent substitute for the British Army' (1736). To keep on good terms with France without an absolute breach with Austria was the *summum bonum* of his policy; for the rest, let us have a Congress—any number of Congresses—which will put off the evil day; if Hanover is threatened, subsidize German troops to defend it. Luckily for England, Cardinal Fleury governed France much upon the same lines. In 1725 there was a bad threat of war; the Spanish and Austrian dogs made a compact to go and bite their masters; and Gibraltar endured its third siege in 1727. A fresh Treaty with France and with the rising power of Prussia frightened off the dogs; but as for equipping an English Fleet or Army, Walpole had no thought of it. In 1733 France and Austria went to war, and George was madly keen to support Austria; but Walpole choked him off by telling him that a war with France meant the certainty of a Jacobite rising at home. And so

> Our cannons mouldered on the seaward wall,

and, when war did come, in '39, Great Britain was without a single Ally or a single good wish in Europe.

On June 14th, 1727, George, Prince of Wales, was taking his after-dinner sleep in his villa at Richmond when Sir Robert Walpole knocked loudly at his bedroom door, to tell him that his father had died suddenly and that he was George II. George II. came out, holding his breeches in his hand, and said, "Dat is von dam lie," but told Walpole, for whom till now 'rogue' and 'rascal' had been his favourite names, to take his orders from a nonentity called Compton, whom he, George, intended to make Minister. But Walpole had long ago made friends with the Princess of Wales, Caroline of Anspach, Jeanie Deans' Queen Caroline. She was a woman of extraordinary intellectual power and of iron will, reproducing many of the good and bad traits of her Prussian kindred; equally at home in talking the coarsest scandal of the most vulgar Court in Europe, and in philosophical discussion with the greatest intellects of the age. It is small wonder that she ruled her silly, pompous, ignorant, irascible, low-bred, unfaithful husband; the astonishing thing is that she should have cared to rule him, and should have stooped to pay court to his mistresses; that she should have tortured herself, when dying, to walk with him who never asked after her health, and should have put up with his infinitely boring small talk and his maddeningly methodical habits, for seven or eight hours every day. That such a woman, half cynic and half stoic and completely emancipated from convention, loved power for its own sake, it is difficult to believe; perhaps, after all, she sought it from a real sense of royal duty. In several respects she is

not unlike her dreadful nephew, Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Walpole thoroughly understood her, and, through her, impressed his will on the King. Before the reign was a week old he had completely secured his position by offering to procure for George a Civil List larger by £100,000 a year than that which Compton had suggested; and, though it cannot be said that George ever liked his Minister personally, he grew accustomed to him and, on the whole, supported him faithfully. By and by he had to support him against such an Opposition as had not been since Shaftesbury's time. The strings of this were pulled by Lord Bolingbroke, who, by a heavy bribe to a royal mistress and by the betrayal of King James' secrets, had won in 1724 a partial pardon, which restored him to his estates but not to his seat in the Lords. In 1726 he and Pulteney founded a witty newspaper called the *Craftsman*, which devoted itself entirely to attacks on the Ministry and especially on the personal character of the Minister, whom it openly accused of peculation. In the case of both these men mere spite and faction were the causes of their opposition. But it was quite otherwise with Carteret. This true statesman, from whom, indeed, William Pitt learned the lesson of the position which Britain might and ought to claim, was the real inheritor of the policy of Marlborough and William III. It is quite possible to argue that, for that very reason, he was out of place in the reign of George II. Descended from two great Tory and legitimist families, he was never for a moment anything but the staunchest of Whigs; and his Whiggery was due to his wide outlook on European politics, and perhaps to his contempt for the St. John-Harley gang,

which was in office when he first took his seat in the Lords. To others politics were either a mere social game or a means of advancing their private interests; to Carteret they meant an earnest study of European problems, and a search for the means which would maintain at their highest pitch the honour and interest of Great Britain. He had never sat in the Lower House, which he took no pains to understand; his temper was too lofty and his hands too clean to manage its rank and file, and, as without such management no Minister could then govern, Carteret failed.

'Frank with the mirth of souls divinely strong,' and not only a master of all civilized modern languages, but one of the greatest Greek scholars of the age, he was always reading Demosthenes, or writing to learned Germans to procure Homeric texts for his friend Bentley, when he 'ought to have been studying the Court Almanac' to learn how to acquire backstairs influence. But it would be a great mistake to think of him as a man without ambition. He believed himself, as William Pitt believed himself, capable of leading Englishmen, and desired to do so; to him, as to Pitt, the House of Bourbon was the Enemy to be incessantly watched, and watched in arms. He opposed Walpole, after 1730, not from factious motives, but because he saw that Walpole was letting England drift; "There never was a Government," he once said," which had so much power and so little authority."

Then there was Sir William Wyndham, the leader in the Commons of the Tory country gentlemen, at heart a Jacobite, and deeply compromised in 1715, but much under the spell of Bolingbroke, whose ideas he reflected in Parliament. Then there was 'honest Shippen,' the

leader of the avowed Jacobites, who never voted without consulting his King over the water; "whoever is corrupt," said the placable Walpole, "Shippen is not." There was Pulteney, the very essence of factious Whiggery out of place, a disappointed man, who, when he did get a chance (in 1746), dared not grasp his opportunity, and betrayed his friends. There was Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, who had inherited the wit and polish of his grandfather, the great Halifax, but not his character; a gambler, a rake, an orator and a skilful pamphleteer, no one trusted him, and if he had held office he could never have acted in concert with any one; but every one dreaded him, as he was believed to be writing memoirs of his own times. Finally there was the group of 'boy patriots,' Grenvilles, Cobhams, Lytteltons and, after 1735, William Pitt. That the latter afterwards became a true leader of men cannot palliate the fact that the first twenty years of his public life were marked only by unblushing factiousness. Able as were his comments upon the conduct of the war of 1739, and lofty as his hatred of corruption undoubtedly was, it can yet not be denied that he made his name by denouncing in sonorous periods every measure of Walpole's, good or bad; directly Walpole was upset he played an identical game against Carteret, and then successively against every one who excluded him from office. For office he cringed to every one, even to the King's reigning mistress.

From the year '29 a rallying point was given to this miscellaneous Opposition by the arrival in England of Frederick, Prince of Wales, *ætat.* 22, 'a puppy,' as his father rightly called him. Father and mother hated him and he hated them back, and so he threw open

Leicester House to the anti-Walpoleans, and promised them all sorts of fine things when he should become King, a dispensation which Heaven mercifully averted from Great Britain. He demanded of his father an income and a wife, got the latter (a Princess of Saxe Gotha) and grumbled at £50,000 a year for the former, though one would have thought it enough for such a fellow.

Against this powerful coterie Sir Robert fought, session after session, with a dogged determination and a courage which must always inspire admiration. He had no popularity outside Parliament, though 'the City' had great confidence in his financial ability; he had no family connections, being only a plain and very coarse Norfolk squire. With the exception of Hardwicke his colleagues in the Cabinet were, at the best, industrious mediocrities like Harrington, Pelham and Newcastle. He had no real hold on the King, who listened eagerly to Carteret's foreign schemes. In fact he had but one ally, the Queen, and, when she died, commending with her last breath King and kingdom to his care, his power began to wane. In fact Walpole found his best ally in his own industry, his own easy temper, his own mastery of the details of home affairs and of parliamentary tactics. And England owes to him one or two measures of the first financial importance.

In the first place, he began a systematic reduction of the high Customs duties on many important articles, especially on the raw materials for manufacture; and he abolished all duties levied on exports. In the second place, though he paid off little of the principal of the National Debt, he reduced the rate of interest on it from six to five, and finally to four per cent.; his successors

soon reduced it to three and a half; and he established, on a really sound basis, a 'Sinking Fund' towards paying off the Debt, although his political necessities subsequently compelled him to devote this fund to other purposes. In the third place, he began to relax the restrictions which compelled our Colonies to send their chief products wholly to Britain, but, when it was suggested that he should tax the Colonies, he shrewdly repudiated the idea. In the fourth place, by the extreme lightness of his land tax he did much to reconcile the country gentlemen to the Hanoverian dynasty, yet without allowing taxes to fall heavily on the merchants; landowners, he said, are like sheep who patiently submit to be sheared, so don't shear them too close; merchants are like pigs, who squeal when you touch them. In the fifth place, he began to introduce a system of 'bonded warehouses' in our ports, to which foreign products could be brought for storage free of duty; if they were re-exported they paid no duty, but paid only if they were 'taken out of bond' and sold in England. Walpole carried this measure as regards tea and coffee, but when he proposed a similar plan for wine and tobacco and *called* the tax to be paid on them 'an Excise,' he raised such a storm as nearly upset him. It was a storm about a mere name; 'the liberties of England would perish' if the functions of the Exciseman, already since 1661 well known to brewers, were to operate on vintners and tobacconists also:—

> This dragon Excise has ten thousand eyes
> And five thousand mouths to devour us,
> A sting and sharp claws, with wide gaping jaws,
> And a belly as big as a storehouse;

When once, the song goes on, we have fed him with wine and tobacco—

> Grant these, and the glutton will roar out for mutton,
> Your beef and your bacon to boot,
> Your goose, pig and pullet, he'll thrust down his gullet,
> While the labourer munches a root.

Obviously the measure, if carried, would not only have diminished smuggling, but enormously increased the oversea trade of Britain, whose 'free ports' would have become the markets of the World. Walpole in 1733 bowed to the storm and withdrew the measure. The younger Pitt afterwards carried it without opposition.

The result of these measures was that the public credit stood very high, and the foreign and colonial trade of Britain developed rapidly. But a heavy price was paid for this. It must always remain an open question whether Walpole did not make a grave mistake in refusing to come to the assistance of Austria, when France and Spain attacked her in 1733; for it was her failure in this war which led her enemies to attack her in 1740. My own quarrel with Walpole is not so much for this mistake as for not being, then and always, prepared for war. King George was always dying to go to war in order to exhibit his one really good quality, personal bravery, but always, too, he was drawn back by that fear for beloved Hanover. After Caroline's death the chance came only too soon. In 1737 a petition of London merchants called the attention of Parliament to the fact that Spanish coastguards in America too often mishandled British subjects (either traders under the Treaty, or smugglers, who abounded) and exercised a tyrannical 'right of search' for contraband goods in British ships,

In effect it was the old story of Drake's time. Spain had been obliged, by the Treaty, to open a crack of window into her *mare clausum*, and we were always striving to fling the window right up. Her colonists as well as ourselves profited immensely by the widening of the crack, and Spain was foolish to try to close it. Was she in force enough, out there, to close it? Clearly not, as long as she stood alone. But, if she took a bold line and shut the window with a bang, would she be long alone? Her king was a Bourbon; would not the arch-Bourbon, the King of France, come to his aid? Was not France almost tired of a peace during which English commerce and colonization were expanding out of all proportion to her own. Though King Philip hated Cousin Louis, and Philip's savage wife hated him even more, there had already been one 'Family Compact' between their Governments. From '33 to '35 they had fought together against Austria, and been victorious; the Spanish dog had recovered two of his lost bones, Naples and Sicily. Old Fleury might be carried off his legs by the war party in Paris if only Spain took the high line.

And in 1738 she began to take it. As Treaties stood she was probably within her rights, and Walpole was therefore right to seek, as he did, every possible form of compromise. There is, however, a point at which compromise becomes scuttle, and, before that is reached, a great Minister will tear up Treaties. Walpole knew that war would mean his own fall, and he ought to have resigned office rather than declare it. Instead of that, after a Convention with Spain that was little short of humiliating for Britain, he declared war in '39, and struggled on for three more years with power

slipping from his hands at Court, in Cabinet, in City, in Parliament.

By a stroke of luck, which no one had any right to expect, within a month of the declaration (December, '39), Admiral Vernon, with only six ships, captured Portobello on the Gulf of Mexico, but that was the limit of our success. Meanwhile the Opposition went, head down, at the Minister. Pitt clamoured against every measure of the war, as he had denounced those of the peace; and Walpole's preparations were so inefficient that Pitt almost seemed to be justified. In February, '41, a most fiery demand was made in both Houses for Walpole's removal from the King's councils for ever; it was silenced for the time, but a general election in the summer left the Minister with a vastly reduced majority. His own Cabinet intrigued against him, George went off to Hanover and deserted him, and, in February, '42, he was obliged to resign. Cries for impeachment and for his head—he was freely compared to Strafford—were at once raised, but, though a Parliamentary Committee sat for many months to enquire into his alleged crimes of peculation, it could get no serious evidence.[1] He was created Earl of Orford, and the King continued to consult him privately till his death in 1745.

The war that had now begun and the year which we have now reached are to some extent a landmark in European and in English history. The Age of Wigs is not over, and faction will still be rampant for many years: but the Nation is beginning to awake in more ways than one. Great industrial changes, which I shall notice

[1] It is, however, a fact that officials of the 'Secret Service money' refused to give evidence in the case, and were authorized by the King to refuse.

elsewhere, are not far off. The renewed struggle with the House of Bourbon, soon to spread to all quarters of the globe, will on the one hand incline men to consider the infinite mischief of parliamentary squabbles and to look for a leader, and on the other hand, will end in the break up of the old system of Alliances and in a new basis for foreign policy.

The war was popular at its commencement, and the Funds actually rose when it was declared, but it did not long remain popular. Our old friend the Emperor Charles VI., who once used to stay at Petworth (1703) and call himself Carlos III. of Spain, died in the autumn of '40, leaving his dominions, or such of them as he had power to leave, to his daughter Maria Theresa, recently married to Francis, who had just exchanged his old Duchy of Lorraine for his new Grand Duchy of Tuscany. The lady could not, of course, be elected King of Bohemia, still less Emperor (though apparently, because the Hungarian language has no word for Queen, she could be 'King' of Hungary); there was much doubt whether she could even be Archduchess of Austria, or Duchess of Milan. See what a patchwork the Hapsburg dominions were, all held by different titles and passing by different rules of inheritance. But the possession of the Imperial title and of all these dominions by a Hapsburg, which had been continuous for over two centuries, seemed to be almost part of the public law of Europe, or at least the surest guarantee for European peace. So most reasonable people were prepared to tide over the difficulty and to say, 'let Maria's husband be elected Emperor and King of Bohemia, and let the pair of them rule in all the old dominions of her father.'

George II. held this view very strongly. Even France, the mortal foe of Austria, had recognized it in principle, and in all former wars, when she had been victorious she had been content to take, in a gentlemanly fashion, some frontier province such as Alsace (1648), Lorraine (1738), and not to seek to oust the Hapsburgs from their central dominions.

Now, however, there stepped upon the scene a young man of twenty-nine who was not a gentleman, and who determined to base his policy on what Machiavelli calls 'the effectual truth of things,' which, reduced to its lowest terms, is apt to mean force. Frederick, to be one day called Frederick the Great, had been King of Prussia for six months when the old Emperor died. He was the nephew of George II., and their mutual hatred was worthy of their family traditions. He was known to be devoted to flute playing and to cheap French philosophy, and to possess a well-drilled Army of eighty thousand men, in which he was believed to take no interest. But within a month of Charles' death Frederick demanded of Maria the rich province of Silesia, and before she had time to gasp out an indignant refusal, he marched his men in and took it. Immediately up started, all over Europe, claimants to the unfortunate lady's dominions, Bavaria, generally a 'French traitor' in Germany, being the chief of them. The war party in France was delighted, blew the flame, carried Fleury off his legs and made him conclude a Treaty with Frederick. Some of the Electors chose Charles of Bavaria as Emperor, and he vapoured for four years as Charles VII.[1] Maria fell back upon her Hungarians. She was a warrior

[1] The wits of the day said of him that he was *Et Cæsar et nihil.*

Queen of dauntless spirit, and a 'perfect dear' in private life, but, like other deeply wronged women, she was to prove an intractable Ally. King George was in a terrible fever; she squealed to him for help, but, eager as he was to help her, his fear for Hanover got the better of his courage, and he was content with pouring into her lap English subsidies, which Walpole, not yet fallen, allowed him to do. All '41 things looked very black for Maria. They looked black for England too; huge bounties entirely failed to attract recruits to the colours, and impressment, for the Army as well as for the Navy, was soon the rule. Admiral Vernon, with 100 sail and 12,000 troops, miserably failed to take Carthagena. From Admiral Anson, who was sailing round the World in the *Centurion*, to raid the Pacific coasts of Spain, no good news had yet been heard. Spain on her own account flew at the Austrians in Italy; France had to help her there, and it was only a question of months before France would help her also against England.

Then Walpole fell, and George had at last got a statesman to stiffen his back. The reconstructed Ministry of '42, nominally under Lord Wilmington and Pulteney and still containing Newcastle, Pelham, Hardwicke and several other old Walpoleans, was really for two years in the hands of Lord Carteret, now Secretary of State. To him, we know, France was the enemy, Germany always the friend; and by Germany he didn't mean the 'beggarly Electorate' of Hanover, but a reunited Teutonic Nation. To effect this reunion, and especially to reconcile Frederick and Maria, he bent all his efforts and was partially successful; in June, '42, Maria agreed to the cession (she meant it to be only a temporary one) of Silesia, and Frederick at once dropped

his French Allies. Hungarian Armies—'bonny fighters'—started from the East, and a French-Bavarian invasion of Bohemia was rolled back. Carteret sent old Lord Stair, a veteran of Marlborough's wars, with sixteen thousand English troops to Flanders. If only those sluggish Dutch could be galvanized into undertaking the defence of that province, Stair could be thrown on to the retreating French Army somewhere on the Main or the Danube, and could smash it up; but all '42 the Dutch refused to budge. Carteret was very ill backed up by his own Cabinet, and Pitt and his yelping throng denounced him as 'sold to Hanover'; but he stuck to his plan, and, in February '43, Stair, reinforced by powerful Austrian and Hanoverian contingents, and following Marlborough's old route, though not with Marlborough's swiftness or secrecy, marched Southwards. By May he had only reached the Main, and there he stayed, till in mid-June George himself arrived and took over the command.

Now we were still supposed not to be 'at war' with France, but only an 'Auxiliary' of Austria. France said she was only an 'Auxiliary' of Bavaria! Nevertheless we had got to cut off one large French Army, which under Marshal Noailles had been sent to relieve another large French Army retreating Rhinewards under Marshal Broglie. George had absolutely no head for strategy, and Stair, who was a good man, could get none of his orders obeyed. Our commissariat system was, thanks to Walpole, as defective as if John of Marlborough had never hanged a fraudulent contractor; and at the end of June we suddenly found ourselves starving, in a narrow wooded defile of the great river Main, with a French Army, 70,000 strong to our 40,000, between us and our magazines at

Hanau. The French held both banks of the river and quietly threw bridges between them; then they encircled us, front, flank and rear, as in a mousetrap; the narrow mouth of the trap was at the village of Dettingen. There were three choices before us: (*a*) to starve, (*b*) to surrender, (*c*) to cut our way through to Hanau.

Noailles' plans were excellently laid, and, had he or his lieutenants been capable of executing them, it is hard to see how a man of us could have escaped. But the peace had been almost as fatal to French military education as to our own; they had 'hardly a Brigadier who knew how to draw up his brigade.' Their leader in front at Dettingen charged when he ought to have stood firm, and so Noailles' heavy guns on the Southern bank of the river couldn't play upon the head of our column, lest they should shoot their own men as well as ours.[1] And—

> Dapper King George was a fighter grim,
> With some English blood at heart of him,
> And a man of wrath, and a man of his fists,
> And a wrecker of orthodox strategists.

His horse, unbroken to musketry fire, as English troop-horses were apt to be, bolted with him to the rear;

> Then he cursed such cattle for cowardly brutes,
> And led us to the front in his big jack-boots.[2]

And one thing of Marlborough's teaching remained—our admirable volley firing, which blasted away whole regiments. For once, too, the French infantry, being badly led, failed to do its duty, and we won a complete

[1] The centre and rear of our column suffered heavily from these guns.

[2] Frank Taylor, in the *Spectator*, October 12th, 1907.

victory; the French loss was at least 8,000—more than treble that of the Allies.

Carteret was overjoyed, and worked hard for a union of all German Princes for the recovery of the provinces lost to France during the last two centuries. But Maria thought far more of taking signal vengeance on Bavaria, whose territory she now had within her grasp, than of German unity, for which she did not care two straws, and Frederick knew well that, if she were too victorious, his turn would come next; he knew she always called him 'the wicked man.' German unity, in fact, was, for more than a century to come, a mere dream; and, even now that it has been achieved, I have not heard that they have erected in Berlin a statue to Carteret, though they certainly owe him one. And in England, so unpopular was King George that not even his splendid valour at Dettingen could win his great Minister a moment's real authority, either in Cabinet or Parliament. So violent were the infamous 'patriots' against Carteret that even old Walpole was moved to speak strongly in his favour in the Lords. Hence the results of Dettingen, most favourable to Austria, were to England simply *nil*, except that in '44 we screwed up courage to 'declare war' on France. France indeed quickly recovered from the blow, concluded a close alliance with Spain, stood up bravely to Admiral Mathews off Toulon,[1] and prepared a great Fleet, with the Hope of the Stuarts on

[1] It is commonly said that Mathews was beaten, and it was not the fault of his subordinate, Admiral Lestock, that he was not. Mathews' signals were confused, and Lestock, who had a long-standing quarrel with Mathews, deliberately kept out of the fight. A Court Martial afterwards acquitted him and cashiered Mathews—most unjustly. The French lost one ship in the action, and were not inclined to renew it on the next day.

board, for an invasion of England. On land she sent her ablest General, Marshal Saxe, to invade the old battle-ground of Flanders. Saxe swept up the frontier towns there at a great rate, and our old Marshal Wade, though by no means the 'grandmother' that popular song called him, failed, all through '44, to get the Austrians to combine with him for the defence of their own Flemish territory. The truth is the Austrians never cared much for Flanders; they were fighting on the upper Rhine as well, and were very reasonably afraid of Frederick, who justified their fears by breaking with Maria and springing upon Bohemia in the autumn of '44.

Meanwhile, on the death of Lord Wilmington, Henry Pelham, a vastly inferior Walpole, but a more adept briber and parliamentary jobber, had succeeded at the Treasury, and he and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle—two toads against an eagle—never rested till they had got rid of Carteret. They deliberately intrigued with all sections of the Opposition, even with Pitt, and promised to all a share in the spoils of office. George yielded to them, sorely against his will (one begins almost to like George sometimes), and the great statesman went back to read Demosthenes in November, '44. No more traitorous course could have been pursued than Pelham's. The projected French invasion had indeed failed and the plans of the Jacobites were put off for a time; but every one could guess it was only for a short time. The safety of Britain, if indeed it were bound up with the maintenance of a German dynasty—and no Whig could be blamed for thinking it was—was deliberately jeopardized for the sake of giving certain greedy Whigs all the spoils of office. In seeking to combine Germany

and England against France, Carteret had only been anticipating the design of Pitt to win colonies and commerce by tying France's hands in a Continental war. Even stupid George, little as he cared for England, or for Germany, except Hanover, could see that, and, in the next year, it was brought home to him and his new Minister in a tangible shape.

Early in '45, leaving a garrison of barely 12,000 in Britain, Pelham sent 25,000 men to Flanders under William, Duke of Cumberland, George's second son. Austrians and Dutch unwillingly contributed as many more; and in May this allied force suffered, at the hands of Saxe and Louis XV. at Fontenoy, one of the most glorious defeats in the history of the British Army. Again, as at Dettingen, we had to try to storm, by sheer English (and German) valour, an almost impossible position, and we almost did it. To us fell all the sad honour, and nearly all the loss of the action.

Of the Scottish legitimist rising, which soon caused the recall of the remainder of the English Army from Flanders, you will read elsewhere; but that recall enabled Saxe, in the next year, to sweep the Netherlands from end to end, and to win the battle of Rocoux. In the year '47, when British troops were back again in the Netherlands, he had another victory at Lauffeldt. He was already knocking at the Dutch gates when, in '48, peace was somewhat hastily concluded. In more distant quarters of the globe, if we had lost Madras to the French, we, with the aid of our American Colonists, had taken the great outwork of French Canada, the fortress of Louisburg on the island of Cape Breton. In 1745 Frederick again made his peace with the angry Maria and

retained her province of Silesia; in that year, too, the Bavarian Charles having died, Maria's husband was peaceably elected Emperor. In Britain, if the English Jacobites proved, after thirty years of peace and plenty, to be but a broken reed for poor King Jamie to lean upon, and if they left Scotland to bleed for him gloriously but unaided, it was made tolerably clear that very few people cared to fight for King George. His Ministry showed that they cared as little for him as his people. Within a month of the serious defeat of his troops at Falkirk, February 10th, '46, Pelham and his friends came to George in a body and suddenly resigned their offices. Why? Because they had promised that noisy man Pitt to get him a place, and King George had refused to give him one. Pitt threatened to make their lives as miserable as he had made Walpole's or Carteret's unless they got him one. The King sent for Carteret, who had now become Earl Granville, and for Pulteney, now Earl of Bath. Granville believed that he could free his King from this despicable thraldom, but Bath, who had faithfully promised to support him, turned tail after three days, and Granville's last chance was gone. The Pelhams returned, bringing with them Pitt as 'Vice-Treasurer for Ireland,' soon to be 'Paymaster of the Forces.' Except the case of Lord Sunderland in 1706 it was the first instance in which an absolutely detested man had been forced upon the Crown as a Minister by a family or party clique. It was an even deeper humiliation for the King than if Pitt had been called, as people sometimes say he was, by a 'popular cry'; in fact, whatever he became hereafter, Pitt was now merely the nominee of the Grenvilles, Cobhams and Lytteltons, who could make things very unpleasant for any Ministry which

refused them a share of the spoils. George, who by this time hated the whole gang of politicians, left them to do as they pleased : " It signifies," he said, " nothing to me, as my son, for whom I don't care a louse, will live long enough to ruin all." The news of Prince William's victory at Culloden reached London on April 25th, and there was a disgraceful scene of ' mafficking ' in the streets, which contrasted badly with the terror shown when the Highland army was at Derby in the previous December. For the last time the London mob, more Whig but not therefore less brutal than in 1716, enjoyed the spectacle of honourable gentlemen being cut up alive for loyalty to the ancient line of Kings and to an ancient political creed. But the sympathy of the educated classes, in spite of political indifferentism, was freely given at the trial of the loyalists in 1746, and

> Pitied by gentle minds Kilmarnock died;
> The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side.

Even this wretched Government, however, shaken as it was by legitimist risings, and defeated as it was in Flanders, could not wholly curb the natural propensities of English sailors to win naval victories and to take French prizes. Before the war closed, though there was no great naval action, the British Fleet had mysteriously doubled itself, while the Fleets of France and Spain had, less mysteriously, dwindled. Lord Anson, soon to prove a most efficient First Lord of the Admiralty, returned victorious from the Spanish Main, laden with untold booty. Hawke and Boscawen had begun their great careers, and Rodney was already a captain. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) was merely a truce between the two great Western Powers. Though it left most colonial and maritime questions in

the *status quo ante bellum*, and though we therefore restored Louisburg to France, we inflicted, in a land where prestige counts everything, a terrible blow to French prestige in India by getting back Madras. As for the right of Spanish coastguards to search our ships in America, which had been the original *casus belli*, the Treaty said not a word. It is even more strange that Louis XV. quietly gave up all the vast conquests that Saxe had made for him in Flanders.

The next six years are almost the quietest in Eighteenth Century history, and this at least says something for the conciliatory character, if not for the industry, of the brothers Pelham, though more perhaps for the wisdom of Lord Hardwicke. Dear old Lord Granville was readmitted to a nominal office in 1751, that of President of the Council, and retained the position till his death in '63. Except as a mediator he seldom gave advice, but when he gave it, it was always on the side of the honour of his country ; henceforth the politics that interested him most were those of the Gods and Heroes of Greece. The most exciting home events were an attempt to naturalize Jews ; an excellent improvement (Hardwicke's) in the Marriage Laws, by which it was made difficult for a couple to get married without their parents' will, or, as had often happened, their own ; and a reform of the Calendar, which many unmathematical people believed to have diminished their lives by eleven days.[1] Various nonentities came and went, and offices

[1] England now at last adopted the Gregorian Calendar, according to which the year began on January 1st instead of March 25th. The old Roman Calendar, which we were still using, had got eleven days wrong ; eleven of the days of September, 1752, were now struck out.

occasionally passed from Whig to Whig, but two deaths, those of Bolingbroke and Frederick, Prince of Wales, both in 1751, took all the stiffening out of the Opposition and the King seemed to have surrendered blindly to the Pelhams. Pitt remained Paymaster and quietly studied military questions; he gained great and deserved honour, as well as popularity, by refusing to take, in addition to his large salary, the vast perquisites which previous Paymasters had taken.

But, before the death of Henry Pelham, which in 1754 broke up the halcyon period, the clouds were gathering thickly on the horizon.

CHAPTER VI

THE SEA-QUEEN WAKES

She calls, and her ships of battle, dragons her seas have bred,
Glide out of Plymouth harbour and gather round Beachy Head :
She wakes ! and the clang of arming echoes through all the earth,
The ring of warriors' weapons, stern music of soldiers' mirth ;
In the world there may be Nations, and there gathers round every throne
The strength of Earth-born armies, but the Sea is England's own ;
As she ruled, she still shall rule it from Plymouth to Esquimalt,
As long as the winds are tameless, as long as the waves are salt.

A STRANGE Sea-Queen she has been sometimes, a very prosaic, mercantile Sovereign Lady ; at one time a busy bumboat woman—but anger her, and she is transformed into an armed mermaid. But it has always been so ; Mr. Ruskin, in his famous analogy of Tyre, Venice and England as the three successive Sea-Queens, ignores the fact that the hope of material gain is the one sure motive for maritime exploration and adventure, on which all Navies must be based.

The middle of the century witnessed a great awakening of the Nation in many departments of life. In the spheres of religion, of manufacture, of sea-power, a new spirit was abroad, and the Britain that was to beat Napoleon was beginning to take shape. She was about to gird up her loins for a renewal of the secular contest with Napoleon's predecessors, the old story of *littora littoribus contraria*. It was not to be a War of Succession

to this or that throne, or a war for the maintenance of some stupid German province, or even for the 'Balance of Power' in Europe; but a life and death struggle for mastery in the New World, in the Far East, and on the roads leading thereto. The Indian side of the business I must necessarily relegate to a separate chapter; the American, which loomed largest to contemporary eyes, needs some retrospect into the history of our Colonies, which we left as far back as 1660.

During the ensuing ninety years our settlements in North America had passed from infancy to vigorous and exceedingly independent youth, so independent indeed, that, each on its own lines, they resisted a well-meant attempt of James II. to fuse them into one federation and to appoint a single Governor over them. The English Parliament, when legislating on matters commercial, frequently treated them as a single unit and imposed, in the interest of the Mother Country, restrictions upon their trade; but it would not burn its fingers by interference in their internal concerns. The Colonial Legislatures were thus free to do much as they pleased, and they usually spent their time in quarrelling with their several Governors, especially when these asked them to vote money, even for defence against Spaniards, Dutch, Frenchmen or Red Indians. The seizure, during the wars of Charles II., of the Dutch territories, which became New York and New Jersey; the settlement of the two Carolinas, the creation in 1682 of Pennsylvania, as a Quaker province, with a Quaker Legislature (which thought it wicked to make war but not wicked to make money by selling guns to the enemy), and the carving out of the territory of Delaware in 1701, filled up the gap between New England and Virginia; finally

the foundation of Georgia by General Oglethorpe in 1732 completed the famous 'Thirteen Colonies,' which thus occupied the seaboard space between French Canada and Spanish Florida. The population was by no means exclusively British; Swedes, Dutch, 'persecuted Palatines' and other Germans were freely admitted. New York especially acquired a cosmopolitan character; neither now nor at any other time did it receive a charter or any definite 'British institutions,' although the latter grew up spontaneously in that Colony.

By the end of the Seventeenth Century the Colonists were already beginning to spread Westwards through the Alleghany Mountains, and they then began to find themselves confronted by rivals very different from the Red Indians. The occupation by France of the valley of the St. Lawrence, with its dependencies insular and peninsular, such as Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Acadia, was on the whole more intelligently conceived than the settlement of British America. The French Colony was administered as a whole, and was governed and well equipped from a military point of view; great statesmen such as Richelieu, Colbert and Seignelay devoted attention to it; great pioneers like Frontenac, La Salle and La Galissonière were its Governors; and these perhaps foresaw, as no English statesman did, that America would one day be a battle-ground between the two Nations. The despotic government was powerful enough to override mercantile and provincial jealousies; and, while British Colonists were often on the edge of rebelling, the population of Canada was always loyal to the French Crown. France also enforced better treatment of the Red Men, as she did

of her slaves in the West Indies, whereas no British Governor dared to interfere with the sacred right of a freeborn Briton to flog his own property, nor even to remonstrate when pious Dissenters proposed to exterminate the Red Men by selling them blankets infected with smallpox. In an age when Protestant missions to the heathen were all but unknown, the French Jesuits showed the same untiring zeal and devotion in the New World as in China. The gayer nature of the French people led them to drink, dance and intermarry with the natives —even to dress, as Frontenac once did, in their war-paint and feathers,—but the dour Briton thought shame to do such things, which he classed with the ritual of Popery, so appealing to the Indians, as 'monkey-tricks.' The result was that the French won the sympathy, and often the terrible help of the forest-children, as our people never did.[1]

But in spite of these advantages the population of Canada was of very slow growth. Where British America may have had (say 1713) half a million of Colonists, New France had not one-tenth of that number; and the cession of Acadia and Newfoundland to us in that year increased the disparity. The distaste for emigration remained, as it remains, rooted in the French people, and so Canada became a fur-trading and military settlement, but hardly an agricultural one. Even in the fur trade the Briton, better supplied from home, cut out the Frenchman; he had articles for sale (including the firewater of the Paleface, of which the sale to Indians was prohibited in New France) which

[1] But when all North America was ours the Red Men came to realize that only the British Government could protect them against the British Colonists.

his customers really coveted very much; and in America, if nowhere else, the axiom that 'trade follows the flag' was reversed.

But, if the lilies and the leopards were to go to war, the geographical situation of New France gave her three excellent 'jumping-off places.' In 1682 La Salle had made a wonderful journey of 5,000 miles from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi mouth, and had founded the settlement of New Orleans; from that date his idea of occupying the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and so of cramping the Westward advance of British America, was never absent from French minds. Again, France might strike at New York or Boston by the shorter route down the 'Little Lakes' and the river Hudson; and finally she might raid and keep in alarm the rich New England Colonies from the Acadian border. There was, however, no such war till 1689, and 'King William's War' (as they called it out there) was mostly fought on the Hudson and in Acadia, 'Queen Anne's War,' 1702–13, in much the same region.

These two wars fully opened the eyes of French statesmen to the preponderance in wealth and population of their British rivals; the cessions made at Utrecht had seriously weakened the outworks of Canada, and her Governors set themselves to strengthen the remainder of these by building in 1720 the great fortress of Louisburg on that Island of Cape Breton which guards the entrance to the St. Lawrence; while, before we had founded our last colony of Georgia, France had refounded La Salle's lost settlement at New Orleans, and given it the name of Louisiana. The possibility of a conjunction of French and Spanish interests in the New World was a further disquieting factor for us, and, in order

to realize this, we must take a brief glance at the West Indies. There Spain was in even greater preponderance over France than France was over Britain; with the exception of Jamaica, not yet fully developed, we held only Barbados, whose best harbour was an open roadstead, St. Kitts, Antigua and a few settlements in the Bahamas—in all a mere nothing compared to the French possessions, which comprised the great islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, with their splendid harbours, the Western half of San Domingo, ceded to France by Spain in 1697, Grenada and Marie Galante; and less than nothing compared to Spanish Cuba, Porto Rico and Trinidad. By Treaty, none too well observed, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Tobago were supposed to be 'neutral islands,' but France was already clutching at them before 1740. With the exception of Louisiana and of tiny British settlements on the coasts of Honduras and Guiana, Spain held the entire coast of Central and Southern America from the Gulf of Florida to Brazil, from the Southern border of Brazil to Cape Horn, and up again on the Pacific side to San Francisco. We had a perennial dispute with Spain about our right to cut mahogany in the forests of Honduras; and, as we saw in the last chapter, to this dispute was added, after 1730, a series of quarrels about our Treaty-trade with other Spanish Colonies.

Spain of course did nothing to develop or improve this glorious heritage. Her first two Bourbon kings were nearly as stupid as her Hapsburgs had been, although they had one or two able Ministers who spasmodically tried to revive the commercial and maritime life of the country. For the most part Spain simply sat down and lived on the colonial tribute of gold and silver.

'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!' as Captain Flint's parrot said; that was the crop raised on the soil of New Spain. Still, Spain was the old colonizing Power, and we were the interlopers. France, on the other hand, paid to her West Indies an attention even more intelligent than she paid to Canada, and, by the middle of the Eighteenth Century, San Domingo was the sugar-shop of the World. The best guarantee for British penetration into those regions was always the fact that France and Spain were if possible more jealous of each other than Spain was of England. Their two Governments might make Family Compacts, but Spaniards over there preferred the English as commercial clients. Not even the exploits of Drake or of Blake had ever quite upset the tacit understanding between the two peoples which dated from old Burgundian days or even earlier. The war of 1739–48 had interrupted this good feeling, but without making the Spaniards love their French allies. That war, on its French side, had been fought in Acadia (whose population remained wholly French in sympathy), and on all the borders, and had been signalized by the Colonial capture of Cape Breton; our Americans were very angry when at the Peace we ceded back the Island.

Over there that Peace was hardly even a truce. La Galissonière, Governor of Canada, had openly planned the absorption of the Ohio valley; and the Virginians were soon engaged in a race with his successor, Duquesne, for the occupation of the forest region lying between that valley and the border of Canada. Both sides ignored the fact that a 'Boundary Commission' was sitting in Europe to settle all frontier questions. The building and garrisoning in 1749, with a colony of veteran soldiers, of the town of Halifax as the Capital

of Nova Scotia (Acadia) was an Anglo-American revenge for the loss of Louisburg; five years later the French completed the strong post of Fort Duquesne in the disputed Ohio region; and so matters stood when King George's Prime Minister, Henry Pelham, died.

For his succession Henry Fox, William Pitt and William Murray were all candidates, but Pelham's brother Newcastle managed, through his vast parliamentary influence, to keep the place for himself, and pretended that, owing to the King's personal spite, he was unable to offer the Secretaryship of State to Pitt. Pitt, who had only £200 a year of his own, and who had just married, went into practical opposition without resigning the Paymastership. Fox became Secretary, and defended Newcastle's measures in the Commons. These included a Subsidy-Treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse for defence of Hanover in the event of a new war; and in the autumn of '55 there was added a similar Treaty with Russia, who promised to attack Frederick of Prussia if he threatened Hanover. But what Austria was doing no one except Frederick seems to have suspected. As a matter of fact Maria Theresa had been for three years knocking at the door of the King of France. Dominated by but one thought, that of revenge on 'the wicked man,' furious with England for having made her cede Silesia, sick to death with the burden of the unprofitable Netherlands, she was ready to overset any and every alliance. Louis at first turned a deaf ear, but he loathed Frederick, who had twice broken Treaties with him during the late war. Might not such an alliance as the Empress now offered him actually lead to a French acquisition of Belgium? If Austria cared nothing for

Belgium, what had Austria and France left to fight about? At any rate any one could see the advantage of detaching Austria from the English alliance. So Louis dallied, *more suo*, with Maria's idea until the autumn of '55, and long before that the tension in America had become acute.

Even Pelham had authorized our Colonists to 'repel force by force,' and, when the Virginians acted on that order, and, under a young man called George Washington, *ætat.* 21, were defeated in the year '54, it was impossible for Newcastle to leave them to their fate. In January, '55, he therefore sent out two British regiments under Braddock, a favourite officer of the Duke of Cumberland's; Braddock would show 'these provincials' how to fight. He also sent Admiral Boscawen to cruise in American waters, with orders to stop French reinforcements being shipped to Canada. Boscawen took several French ships, and this act, which we called reprisal and the French called piracy, led to open war. Still, in fear for Hanover and in greater fear for Belgium, Newcastle hoped to confine the war to the New World, and, being utterly ignorant of the new Austrian move, expected to isolate France upon the Continent. It was Frederick who first opened his eyes.

Meanwhile Braddock arrived in America and found 'these provincials' culpably indifferent to their own defence, and to the numerous wants of his Army such as waggons, horses, forage, food, things which a backwoodsman did not need, but which the British soldier thought he did need. However, at last Braddock began to lumber forward from the Virginian frontier into the primæval forest at the rate of about three miles a day. The story has been most finely told by Mr. Thackeray

in 'The Virginians.' Think of the gallant redcoat of that day, recently enlisted from the plough, choking in his tight stock, bursting in his tight breeches, loaded as to his knapsack with every useless incumbrance that a War Office could devise. We saw him at Dettingen hewing his way to safety against tremendous odds; but look at him again here in the dark forest, a hundred miles from his base (Braddock got very nearly to Fort Duquesne), in a column over a mile long, with pioneers in front actually cutting down trees to make a road; suddenly the woods echo with war-whoops, and from behind every rock and tree pours in a tremendous musketry fire. The word of command rings out; again and again we form front and pour our famous volleys into—nothing but trees. The three guns are unlimbered and crash into the trees as aimlessly. From General to Private we face the unseen hail as valiantly as such hail has ever been faced; but two-thirds of our officers and half our men are down, and at last we become a huddled group of fugitives, shot down from every side. Braddock was carried along in the retreat dying of his wounds, muttering 'better next time' and other like words. Washington, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, escaped by miracle; the Virginians suffered less than the British because they were more expert at taking cover. The effect of this rout was enormous; two English regiments[1] practically annihilated by one-fifth their number of French and a few hundred savages. All along the frontier a regular terror set in; French troops were heard of within two or three days' march of Philadelphia.

[1] The 44th and 48th. Both were full of recruits, and the only service the former had seen had been at Prestonpans in 1745.

But the Quaker parliament sitting there even then refused to vote supplies for the war! And, in spite of Boscawen and even of Sir Edward Hawke's Channel Fleet, France kept on pouring troops into America. Equally unsuccessful were two Colonial attacks on Ticonderoga, a French outpost on the Little Lakes, and on Fort Frontenac on the Great Lakes; only on the Acadian border Colonel Monckton, with a Colonial force, stiffened with some men of the 45th, captured a French outpost called Beauséjour, and began to export the old French population of Nova Scotia wholesale.

Now it seems to me that it was madness on the part of France to allow herself to be involved in a Continental war at this time, nor did she at first intend to do anything of the kind. Louis indeed had only unwillingly resolved to fight England even in America and at sea. But 'the wicked man,' best informed of European Sovereigns, had an inkling of what Austria was after, and he professed to discover a great conspiracy against himself. Saxony, Poland, Russia, Sweden and perhaps France were all to dance at Maria's bidding; he and his Prussia were to be partitioned. Frederick was startlingly free of conventional prejudices—even against Uncle George, to whom until now he had constantly applied most of the ugly names in his extensive vocabulary; and in January, '56, he suddenly astonished the said Uncle by offering to guarantee the safety of his Hanover against all and sundry. Newcastle and George had recently learned with horror that Austria, to whom they had applied, refused to do anything of the kind (Russia had indeed accepted and had actually 'touched' British guineas); and so this news of Frederick's seemed almost too good to be true, and a 'Convention of West-

minster' between Prussia and Great Britain was the result. But how much greater was their horror when Austria seized the opportunity to conclude in May a defensive Treaty with France! And how much greater still when Russia declared that her Treaty bound her to defend Hanover only against Frederick!

The peculiar danger of an Austro-French alliance lay, of course, in the great probability that Belgium would thereby become a French province, a contingency against which we had struggled since Edward III. The World seemed to reel under Newcastle's feet, and he went about wringing his hands. Pitt, who had been dismissed in November for denouncing the Russian Treaty, was now playing openly to the gallery, the Nation and the future. In truth the situation was serious enough. The Dutch hastened to declare an invincible neutrality. France was swallowing our Colonies, and preparing either for a seizure of Minorca or an invasion of England, perhaps for both. Pitt, after his dismissal, had introduced a National Defence Bill for the revival of a Militia, and the Duke had actually denounced 'the spirit of militarism' which this would provoke, and got the Bill rejected! As the panic spread in the early months of '56, and as Pitt fanned the flame, Newcastle's head began to feel loose on his shoulders. Now or never, then, was the chance for Pitt.

Hitherto we have been obliged to look upon this man as the incarnation of the spirit of unpatriotic faction, an adventurer forcing his way to place by spouting out torrents of words and by making himself a nuisance to every Government. He was an orator in the worst sense, all theatrical froth and bombast, a coiner of

striking phrases to catch the vulgar ear, and as destitute of logic as a modern tub-thumper; whenever he had crossed swords with Walpole or Carteret, they could always prove his logic to be at fault. His strongest weapon was his fine and pointed irony. But he was for ever on the stage, and dressed himself in the tragic buskin. Moreover he had hitherto been quite incapable of acting with any one else, or of accepting any compromise not of his own invention; he was grossly rude and overbearing to colleagues as well as opponents, and, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, he had by no means an infallible judgment of subordinates.[1] But, to counterbalance all this, Pitt had one or two gifts great enough to make him the man for his Country at this her supreme hour. His hands were clean of bribes. He could grasp the Map of the World, and the strategy necessary for Great Britain, diplomatic, naval and military, as a whole. He thoroughly understood the value of morale. He had unflinching courage, which only rose with danger, and a firm belief that, under his leadership, there was nothing that Great Britain could not accomplish. And, though no one had suspected that he possessed administrative talent or industry, he was immediately to prove himself, not only the most brilliant and daring, but also the most industrious of Ministers:—

ἄλτο δ' ἐπὶ μέγαν οὐδὸν ἔχων βιὸν ἠδὲ φαρέτρην.

[1] People generally speak as if Pitt had had, after 1757, a free hand to appoint to the commands in both Services; this is an exaggerated view; the King's preference for old generals often overrode the Minister's zeal for young ones. Some exceptional appointments, like Wolfe's, were of Pitt's personal choice, but more were of Anson's and Ligonier's. As an instance of what I said above, Pitt quite undervalued Hawke.

The fall of Minorca was to prove his opportunity. That fall was the result of gross incompetence at home. The garrison was insufficient, and had not been strengthened. Admiral Byng was sent out in March, with indefinite orders and in indifferent force; he found the French, under the Duc de Richelieu, already landed, engaged in a difficult siege of Fort St. Philip, the citadel of Port Mahon. It was valiantly defended by old General Blakeney with 2,000 men, and blockaded by a moderate French Fleet under La Galissonière. Byng, who had no troops to throw ashore, had only one thing to do, namely to fight La Galissonière till one or both Fleets sank. Instead of this he fought an indecisive action, professed fears for Gibraltar, and sailed away, leaving Minorca to its fate. Then Richelieu stormed Fort St. Philip, at a frightful cost of life. Byng was tried by Court Martial and shot, a victim to the incompetence of the English Ministry, and even of Lord Anson, who had scattered our Fleet in such small detachments that we were nowhere in adequate force. But Fox had resigned office in terror, and Newcastle was left alone to face Pitt, who voiced the righteous anger and fear of the Nation. The Duke's last supreme degradation was to send for twenty thousand Hessians and Hanoverians to garrison the coasts of Kent; "And you dared not," roared his terrible opponent, "arm your own citizens!" Bad news also poured in from India and worse from America, and at last in October the Duke threw up the sponge, and the King consented to take Pitt as Secretary of State, under the ægis of the respectable Duke of Devonshire as First Lord of the Treasury. Pitt's brother-in-law and evil genius, Lord Temple, went to the Admiralty in place of Anson.

For the first six months Pitt had against him not merely a hostile King and a hostile Commander-in-Chief (Cumberland, who hated him), but a hostile House of Commons, in which Newcastle, having lost the Executive power, now bribed and jobbed more disastrously than ever; and, long before the new Minister could inspire his subordinates with his own spirit, the Duke had made his Government impossible. Pitt reintroduced, however, his Militia Bill, which was carried in June, '57,[1] and he held out the hand to Frederick. Though he was at once accused of having, in order to curry favour with the King, eaten his words about Hanover (and indeed there was a fine mass of confused feeding in them), the truth is that he was really seeking to resume, with a different German ally, the Anglo-German policy of Carteret. He thoroughly realized that France's hands could be best tied by involving her in the Continental war. Frederick had, in fact, made this path clear for Pitt, for, two months after the fall of Minorca, he had suddenly invaded Saxony and seized its Capital and Army. Maria declared that this act pledged France to give effect in her favour to the defensive Treaty of May, for Saxony was her ally; Louis agreed, and sent a large French Army over the Rhine to seize Hanover. "Now," said Frederick to Pitt, "send back those Hanoverians and Hessians whom you hate so much, send your stupid Duke of Cumberland to command them, to Westphalia; keep a bold defensive

[1] Each county was assessed at a definite number of men, who were to serve for three years; if not enough Volunteers enlisted, ballot was to be employed among those eligible. The Lord-Lieutenant of each County commanded its forces. The Crown could thus call out a territorial army of 32,000 men.

front there against the French, and protect my right hand, while I polish off the Empress in Bohemia with my left. France will soon withdraw the Army, which now threatens your shores, to fight in Westphalia; you can keep her uneasy by frequent small descents on unexpectant French ports; thus we will play into each other's hands, and France will not be able to strike her hardest at either end of the line."

Frederick was, of course, a dangerous ally, for his habit was to desert his friends, make peace with his foes, and go off with a province in his pocket. But Pitt's foresight showed him that Frederick had got his back to the wall this time, and that the interests of England and Prussia really coincided on the lines which the Prussian King laid down. He therefore began to put the plan in force at once, as well as to send off reinforcements to America, two newly raised Highland regiments among them.[1] But suddenly Cumberland refused to go in command of the Hanoverian Army unless his father dismissed Pitt; poor old George, too, was clinging to some stupid notion that even now Hanover might be made 'neutral'; Newcastle jumped at the idea, and Pitt was actually dismissed in April, '57. Then for two months there was no Government in Britain except the shadow of the Duke of Devonshire. At every door at which Newcastle knocked the answer was, 'we cannot

[1] Fraser's and Montgomery's. It is generally said that Pitt was the first person to enlist Highlanders to serve King George; but, in fact, the Black Watch had been raised in 1739 and was now in America. This, however, had been raised from Whig Clans; the new regiments were Jacobite in origin; even this departure had been suggested before Pitt took office. By the end of the war twelve battalions of Highlanders had been added to the Army List.

face Pitt with an angry Nation behind him.' Old Granville, the most placable of men and most loyal of subjects, told Newcastle, "You are now served as you and your brother served me."

No greater condemnation of the Walpole-Pelham-Newcastle system of government by parliamentary jobbery can be imagined than the condition to which it had brought a high-spirited people in that fateful year '57; and, but for the fact that the France of Louis XV. was almost as unready, her government almost as chaotic, the Britain of George II. must have fallen. One false-hearted, nervous old man could paralyse the whole machine of State. Newcastle had not what are usually called great vices; he was industrious and benevolent, and, in private life, after a fashion honourable; but to control the votes of the House of Commons and the backstairs of the Court had become such a passion with him that he was not only ready to ruin his country, but did actually sacrifice most of his immense private fortune in the task. But at last, no other means of continuing this task occurring to him, he went in June to Pitt and said: "Let us two coalesce; leave me the bribery and the gifts of places, pensions, titles, ribands, bishoprics, boroughs; you lend me your terrible voice and your terrible ideas about saving the country." And Pitt, to whom also no other means of resuming *his* task occurred, agreed. King George might bark if he pleased, but he was now muzzled; and Pitt, although he never afterwards stooped to conciliate any one else, was clever enough to conciliate his King, who came rather to like wearing his muzzle.

Pitt thus came back at the end of June, '57, almost as dictator. Anson came back to the Admiralty, and,

though Hardwicke had resigned the Great Seal, Hardwicke was Anson's father-in-law, and much good counsel came to Pitt from both of them. Lord Granville supported him warmly. Legge, his old friend, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Temple took the Privy Seal, and Fox, Pitt's one rival in debate, became his Paymaster; Fox loved money and had no scruples as to perquisites. Cumberland was, of course, furious, but events soon put him out of action. For the war went from bad to worse. In May, '57, a fresh Treaty between Austria and France, an offensive one this time, was openly directed against Kings Frederick and George. Russia joined Austria, and her great Army lumbered towards Eastern Prussia. Sweden descended on Frederick's Northern coasts. Frederick had won a great battle at Prague in May, but a month later was defeated at Kollin and driven out of Bohemia. The French Army drove Cumberland and his Hanoverians over the Weser and smashed them at Hastenbeck in July; the Duke retreated and retreated till he reached the sea at Stade, where he might easily have held out. Instead of that he concluded with the French the Convention of Klosterseven, separating England's cause from Frederick's and receiving in return a promise that Hanover should be treated as neutral. Meanwhile a new South-German Army of Maria's friends was joined by another French contingent in Thuringia, and was marching against Frederick down the river Saale. In fact, five Armies were converging against the 'Protestant Hero,' as the illustrious infidel now began to be called in England.

But England, long in travail, had brought forth her man at last. Pitt even bettered Frederick's instructions,

He was no doubt often too hasty, and he was frightfully extravagant, but it was a time that would brook neither delays nor economies. No one will deny that he made great strategical mistakes; the whole of his policy of attacks on French coasts is open to question. As 'diversions' these descents were excellent; but they were *entrées* merely, and Pitt was occasionally in danger of mistaking them for the roast meat. At least on one occasion he offered to buy the alliance of Spain with the cession of Gibraltar, which he strangely undervalued. But the real merit of his offensive strategy was that he saw the World as a whole, and knew intuitively how pressure employed in a distant theatre of war, either by sea or land, would divert the danger from a near theatre, and *vice versa*. His first attack on Rochefort, an important Atlantic dockyard of France, was ill-executed and failed to do even serious damage; but the mere threat of it was enough to give the French in Hanover pause, and to cause a backward movement of their troops. King George had authorized Cumberland to conclude a Convention, but not such a Convention as that of Klosterseven; at Pitt's suggestion he readily disavowed it, and asked Frederick to send one of his best generals to take over and strengthen Cumberland's beaten Army. Frederick sent his very best man, Ferdinand of Brunswick, 'the greatest leader of British troops,' says Mr. Fortescue, 'between Marlborough and Wellington.' Result, Frederick was able to deal in November and December two smashing blows, the first at Rossbach on the Saale at the French and South-Germans, the second at Leuthen in Silesia at the Austrians; while Richelieu, the French commander, sat inactive and uneasy in Hanover. In the beginning of

'58 Pitt sent a small English Squadron under Admiral Holmes up the river Ems to Emden, to create a further panic in Richelieu's left rear. To Frederick himself he sent a welcome subsidy of £600,000, and paid the same four years in succession.[1] Cumberland was at once disgraced for Klosterseven, and the Command-in-Chief given to Ligonier, an excellent old soldier of Huguenot descent, who had distinguished himself in Flanders against Saxe. The Navy and the war-budget were placed on a gigantic footing, though the dockyards could never turn out ships fast enough to satisfy the imperious Minister.

In America the turn of the tide was coming. The English commander, Lord Loudoun, had failed in '57 to execute an attack which he had planned on Louisburg, and the great French General, Montcalm, had been able to push his outposts to the Southern end of the Little Lakes and had taken Fort William Henry; his Indian allies had, without his sanction, massacred the British who evacuated that fort. But it was a French offensive for the last time. Pitt grasped the importance of conciliating the Colonists, who had been disgusted with the overbearing manners as well as the incompetence of British officers, while these had rightly complained of the stinginess and frauds of the Provincial Legislatures and contractors. Pitt resolved to pay for everything from home, except the mere wages of the Colonial troops, and the result was that he was able to

[1] Frederick could do more with a shilling than the Austrians could with a pound. His finances were simple; he never borrowed, and levied few taxes, but the Prussian Crown owned and carefully cultivated huge tracts of land. The rents and profits of these were stored in strongboxes in the royal cellars year after year as a reserve against war time.

raise twenty thousand of these. And no reinforcements were to be allowed to escape from French harbours if he could help it. In February, '58, Admirals Osborne and Saunders beat the Toulon Fleet off Carthagena. In the same month Boscawen, with twenty sail, escorted Amherst with a large British force to the siege of Louisburg, and in April Hawke chased a detachment of the Brest Fleet into Rochefort and sealed the entry of that port.

To understand the American business of '58, '59, '60 we must look at the map and remember that we are now at last on the offensive. Our right is first to tackle Louisburg, and then, if possible in the same year, Quebec; our left is to creep round by various routes to Fort Duquesne, and then on to the Great Lakes; our centre is to force—hardest task of all—the valley of the Little Lakes; and the three columns, if all victorious, will converge on Montreal. That this was accomplished in three campaigns is a marvellous tribute to the fighting and enduring qualities of the British soldier, to the skilful organization of the great General Amherst, to the watchfulness and resource of the Admirals who kept the high-road from Britain open and safe, and to the genius of William Pitt, who planned the whole in London. The French defence was as able and as valiant as anything in French history, but before the end of '58 Canada knew that she must rely on herself alone. Louis could spare her no reinforcements, even if they could have got through, and one large convoy of stores (very early in '59) was all he managed to send.

Boscawen's voyage lasted eleven weeks, and young Brigadier Wolfe was gnawing his sword-hilt with im

patience. Louisburg had ample time to entrench itself to the teeth. The landing, on an open beach in an Atlantic surf under a murderous fire from six French ships and the guns of the fortress, was a terrible task. The defence of the Citadel was protracted till the end of July, and, when it fell, Wolfe urged Amherst to start at once against Quebec. But the wise strategist decided rather to reinforce our centre, where General Abercromby had just experienced a fearful repulse and slaughter at the hands of Montcalm, before the fort of Ticonderoga (July 10th). On our left, however, Bradstreet had pushed through the wilderness to the Great Lakes, had captured Fort Frontenac, and was building a fleet of small boats on Lake Ontario; while a detachment of Highlanders and Colonials under Forbes had seized the dreaded Fort Duquesne. Among the new soldiers sent out had been Lord Howe, who was killed at Ticonderoga; to him is due the credit of having taken lessons from the enemy and the Indians in the art of forest warfare; he stripped his men of their ridiculous tight coats, and filled their knapsacks with food instead of pipeclay and clothes-brushes. Bradstreet, Forbes, Monckton, Murray and many others were quick to learn and enforce the same lesson, and so matters looked hopeful for the coming year.

In the European theatre of the war the profit and loss were about equal. If Frederick beat a large Russian Army at Zorndorff, he was badly beaten by the Austrians at Hochkirch; yet ever the indomitable man stood somewhere as near as possible to his centre, facing now this way, now that, as the blows were aimed at him from East, South or North. Ferdinand guarded him well on the West, drove the French out of Hanover,

London; John Murray, Albemarle St.

FINLAND
Kronstadt
ST. PETERSBURG
Reval
Riga
Dwina
Tilsit
Dantzic
Eylau
Friedland
Vienna
PRUSSIA
Vistula
POLAND
SILESIA
Austerlitz
Wagram
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
Drave
Save
Danube
Dniester
Dnieper
Volga
MOSCOW
RUSSIA
TURKEY
CONSTANTINOPLE
Corfu
Ionian Is.
GREECE
BALTIC SEA
SEA
20°
25°
30°
35°
40°
55°
50°
45°
40°
35°

out of Westphalia, over Rhine, and won a great battle on the left bank of that river at Crefeld. On getting the news of this, Pitt, who had promised Ferdinand two thousand British troops, sent him six thousand, and took his whole Army into British pay. He also kept the French coasts in continual alarm by descents, either executed or threatened, at St. Malo, Cherbourg, Havre and again St. Malo. None of these raids, one of which was beaten back with heavy loss, effected anything permanent, but, as a whole, they wrought dreadful havoc on French docks and shipping, and almost wholly paralysed France's left hand. Old Lord Anson himself actually took command of a Squadron and went and dared the Brest Fleet to come out and fight him. In West African waters, Senegal and Goree, two important French slave-trade stations, were taken by English ships. In the West Indies our first big expedition was beaten off at Martinique, but seized the hardly less important Guadeloupe; the mere commerce-protection we had to do in those waters occupied twelve ships of the line and twenty frigates. In India Clive had turned the tide of defeat, with the great victory of Plassey, the year before.

Newcastle was already shivering in the grasp of his terrible colleague; he wanted to sue for peace, desert Frederick and offer Louisburg back in exchange for Minorca! In this attitude he was occasionally backed up by British merchants, for in a maritime war the Nation with the larger commerce generally suffers the heavier commercial loss, and the French were past masters in the art of privateering. The fear of invasion was never absent from the Duke's narrow mind, nor was it a wholly unreasonable fear. The French War

Minister, Belleisle, and the Chief Minister, Choiseul, kept that threat ever alive, and the more they were beaten in America and India the more they recurred to it. Although by the end of '58 France had not one-third of our number of warships afloat, yet a big storm or a small victory might easily give her control of the Channel for ten days; she contemplated no lasting occupation of Britain, but only a great raid, which would paralyse us at the heart by shattering our credit. She hoped, too, to use the Neutral Fleets—Swedes, Spaniards, Dutch—for this purpose; these Nations were already very cross with us for the way in which we searched their ships. Neutrals always suffer commercial loss, if, like the Dutch, they insist on carrying 'contraband of war' and on running blockades. But, in spite of these fears, Pitt had already fired King George with the prospect of conquering all Canada; and George was able at least to see how well he was protecting Hanover. As for invasion, Pitt boldly—perhaps too boldly—took the risk year after year, and the results justified him. Moreover he took care that Hawke's great Plymouth Fleet should never be far away.[1]

For the year '59 our greatest objective was the rock fortress of Quebec, the key of the St. Lawrence. Twenty-two of the line under Admiral Saunders and Admiral Holmes, the bravest of the brave, had made rendezvous at Louisburg the year before. James Wolfe, *ætat.* thirty-two, was in command of the troops, 8,500 strong, with Monckton, Townshend and Murray as his Brigadiers. One of the pilots of the Fleet was a master

[1] Indeed the truest defence was to keep Hawke outside the Frenchman's own front door at Brest.

mariner, once a draper's apprentice, and the name of him was James Cook. The French removed all buoys and marks from the fairway of their great river, which narrows from eighty miles at its mouth to one mile opposite Quebec, four hundred miles up-stream; but James Cook and his kind, sounding-lead in hand and eyes ever on the V of the tide-way, found it 'not a bit worse than the Thames.' What Montcalm had never contemplated was that Holmes would drive his ships, not only up to, but past the Narrows, right under the guns of Quebec, and up to Cap Rouge eight miles above the city. He tried fireships, but the English Jacks went to meet them and towed them ashore with roars of laughter. 'Well, let Holmes raid to Montreal if he likes; that won't take the rock of Quebec'; so argued the Marquis Montcalm; he had indeed more reason to fear Amherst than Wolfe, and had to send a detachment under Lévis to strengthen the garrison of Montreal. As Amherst advanced from our centre up the Little Lakes, the French commander, Bourlamaque, successively evacuated Ticonderoga and Crownpoint, and fell back to the fortress of Noix at the North end of Lake Champlain. Further he could not at present be driven, and Montcalm knew the value of Fabian strategy. Few as his troops were, perhaps 4,000 French regulars and twice as many useful Canadian militia, he held the whole Northern shore of the St. Lawrence down to the river Montmorency, seven miles below Quebec. Wolfe entrenched himself below that river on the same bank, and also occupied the whole Southern shore and a great island. His guns were able to do some, but not much damage to the Citadel, and to wreck the lower town; and Holmes, sailing up and down and

threatening landings above the city, kept the French troops, both at Quebec and Cap Rouge, continually 'on the trot,' wearied them and often cut off their supplies. But every attack on Montcalm's main position just below Quebec was simply so much waste of English life; the French were entrenched to the teeth. Before August was out Wolfe was dying of fever, and his Army, one battalion of which had suffered murder in a frontal attack on July 31st, was wasting by his side. Early in September the three Brigadiers and the two Admirals took the almost desperate decision to attempt a surprise landing above the city. Wolfe, too ill to attend the council, cordially agreed, and, having agreed, rallied for one more week of glorious life. Saunders with the main Fleet was to wait below, and on the 12th make a strong feint on Montcalm's main position; Holmes was to ferry 5,000 carefully concealed troops from the Southern shore to some point on the Northern. So in darkness and silence the English leaders slipped up and down with the tide, looking for such a point, for several successive nights; and, after a long search, Wolfe fixed on the cove now called after his name, a landing-stage almost under the city walls, whence a goat-path led up for two hundred feet to the plateau called the 'Plains of Abraham.' Even Holmes, to whom fell the task of the actual landing, and all the Brigadiers declared it to be an impossible place, but no other could be found. Wolfe took the full responsibility, and was loyally obeyed:—

Τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεύς·
. . . . . πόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
Δῶκε, σόον δ' ἀνένευσε μάχης ἐξ ἀπονέεσθαι.[1]

[1] Il. xvi. 249.

The men could only scramble up by catching at the bushes and in single file; but an hour after dawn on the 13th, 4,500 British soldiers and one light gun stood on a level plain within a mile of the walls of Quebec. Montcalm, who had thrown his main strength to oppose the feint of Saunders, now made his one and gallant and fatal mistake; barely 5,000 strong he rushed to the attack, and within an hour was carried into his city desperately wounded from a lost battle. The action was short and sharp: the two most effective volleys ever delivered—at thirty-five yards!—shivered the leading French lines, and claymore and bayonet did the rest. Wolfe, as we all learned in our nurseries, was hit early, but lived long enough to learn that 'they run.' Monckton was severely wounded, but our whole loss was not over 800 men.

Even so Quebec need not have surrendered. Had Montcalm lived, and had Vaudreuil not marched away his main force in a panic for the defence of Montreal, it would not have done so. And if it had held out, the British position would have been pretty desperate. There were troops at Cap Rouge, not eight miles away, who could easily have helped to enclose us between two fires. But Ramsay, who was left in Quebec, made little attempt to defend it; the Canadian militia streamed away after Vaudreuil, and on the 18th the white flag was run up on the Citadel.

'Wolfe was mad,' says your modern 'humanitarian'; 'a brutal, boastful savage, reckless of his own and his men's lives, who attempted the impossible and blundered into a triumph.' That was not what his contemporaries thought of him; it used to be lovingly told in his Army how, as they stole down in the boats to the gallant feat,

he repeated, to keep his tingling nerves quiet, the whole of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' and said he would rather have written that poem than take Quebec. And even George II., not famous either for tenderness or humour, said, "Mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite some of my other generals."

Perhaps the crisis was yet to come. The dramatic scene of Wolfe's victory and death has eclipsed the story of the splendid defence of our new conquest by Murray. For Amherst could not get through those last few miles from the South; Montreal blocked all relief from the West; and our Fleet had to sail away in October before the ice should come. The remnants of Wolfe's Army were gathered into a half-burned, half-breached town; and the gods of a Canadian winter laugh at the puny efforts of entrenching-tools. Supplies were very short, and medical comforts and warm clothing there were none. By March Murray had not 2,500 men fit for duty—the rest were down with frostbite and scurvy. In April, Lévis, from the yet unshaken base of Montreal, attacked Quebec vigorously, and Murray's splendid sally was beaten off with heavy loss. He was at his last gasp when, on May 9th, 1760, a British frigate forced its way through the loosening pack-ice with the news of speedy relief, and Lévis marched sullenly away. Even in that dreadful winter of suffering the first links of affection between Catholic Canada and Protestant England had been forged by the tender care with which the dear French nuns of Quebec nursed our sick men.

As the peril of Canada became acute all through '59, the French Government turned more keenly than ever to the war in Germany and to fresh plans of invasion. Ferdinand, soon after his victory at Crefeld, had been

obliged to retire over Rhine again, and, until August, '59, he remained on the defensive, much overmatched in numbers, in Westphalia. Ferdinand was a man who could make one army do the work of two ; and in August the splendid courage of six British Infantry regiments, especially the Twelfth and the Twentieth, and the admirable handling of the British Artillery, gave him the great victory of Minden. Lord George Sackville, however, refused to use the British Cavalry, as he was repeatedly ordered to do ; why some one didn't shoot him dead on the field I have never been able to make out, but he was court-martialled and dismissed the Service when he got home. But not even Minden could save Frederick from a fearful reverse at the hands of Austrians and Russians at Kunersdorf, and, before the year was out, Prussia had lost 12,000 more men at Maxen. During the last months of '59 and the first half of '60, it looked as if Frederick and his Army must be annihilated.

But these victories of her Allies profited ruined and exhausted France but little ; unless she could strike at the heart of England, and that quickly, she had better make peace. Once more, therefore, she roused herself for a grand combination of her Brest and Toulon Fleets, and got ready a large number of troopships at Rochefort. Admiral de la Clue got out of Toulon and even out of the Straits, but Boscawen caught him before he had got very far and smashed him to pieces off Lagos. Captain Duff sat doggedly outside Rochefort, and Hawke ranged to and fro, according to the weather, between Plymouth and Belleisle, with an eye ever on Brest. At last, on November 14th, in a lull between two gales, Admiral Conflans cleared Brest harbour, and flew to drive off

Duff and release the Rochefort transports. After him flew Hawke from the Devon coast. After Hawke flew Saunders, who on his way back from Quebec had heard the great news off Scilly. Hawke was not only the greatest of living Admirals, but, so far as personal feelings went, he was a desperate man. All the brunt of the Channel defence throughout the war had fallen to his lot, all the weary blockade-routine, and the winter gales which drove him back to Plymouth month after month, with leaking hulls and strained tackle, to be patched up in a week, and then back to Brest half healed to begin his watch again. At every turn fortune had robbed his patient tactics of all the glory due to them; and he knew that Pitt strangely undervalued his zeal and skill. Now the chance of his life was come, and so he played a game that perhaps no one else would have dared to play, and hurled his Fleet upon Conflans at the entrance of Quiberon Bay on a dark night, in a winter gale, on a lee shore. Conflans never dreamed that any one would follow him in such weather upon such a coast, and indeed Hawke piled up two of his own vessels. But of Conflans' Fleet six were either taken, sunk or wrecked, and the remainder fled up the little river Vilaine on the top of an exceptionally high tide; it might be months before they would be able to get out again. This was on November 20th; the Brest and Toulon Fleets were both as good as gone, and so ended the great year '59, the 'Year of Victories.'

Throughout the winter Choiseul kept on attempting to induce Pitt to desert Frederick. Pitt answered by fresh and fresh reinforcements to Ferdinand's Army. Ferdinand therefore, in 1760, was able not only to hold his own, though against nearly double his number, but

to detach troops to help Frederick, and once more to strike, though only in a short raid, across the Rhine. At Warburg in Westphalia that gallant English soldier John Manners, Marquis of Granby, who had been robbed by Sackville of the glory which would have been his at Minden, led the British Cavalry to a victory which contributed principally to Ferdinand's success; and in every succeeding engagement till the close of the war Granby's own regiment (the Blues) earned immortal honour. Frederick, for his part, made headway again, and, though very hard up both for men and money, beat Austrians and Russians at Liegnitz in Silesia, and Austrians again at Torgau in Saxony. In the East Indies it was also a great year; the year of the ἀριστεῖα of Admiral Pocock at sea and Sir Eyre Coote on land, of the battle of Wandewash and (January, 1761) of the fall of Pondicherry. Pitt would fain have struck at the French East Indian base, the Mauritius, but was obliged to employ nearer home the expedition he had designed for that purpose. And in America the end came. Amherst, with admirable prudence, left the direct advance from our centre to Brigadier Haviland, who finally took the position at Noix, while with his own forces he felt round to the left till he got in touch with Bradstreet on the Great Lakes; then the two of them began to negotiate successfully the descent of the St. Lawrence, rapids and all, towards Montreal. Bourlamaque and Bougainville resisted Haviland's and Amherst's advancing columns with great tenacity, but were overpowered in every action. Murray with his war-worn remnant marched out of Quebec towards his colleagues, and, early in September, the three columns converged under the walls of Montreal. Vaudreuil, with barely 3,000 to

oppose to sixfold that number, felt that enough had been done for honour, and capitulated for the whole of New France on September 8th, 1760. To Amherst his due, which no one until Mr. Fortescue has really given him; the conquest of Canada was his work; and the difficulties of transport, of commissariat, of conciliation, must indeed have been overwhelming. Yet without a few *Wolves* even this excellent organizer of victory might have failed. Six weeks after the fall of Montreal died King George II., *ætat.* 77.

Other people were dying too; in January '61 died the gallant French War Minister, Belleisle, heart and soul of all invasion-plans, who had once been prisoner in England, and knew something about the fruits of government by Walpole, Pelham and Co. But even more important for Britain was the death in 1759 of the peaceable King Ferdinand VI. of Spain, for he was succeeded by his half-brother, Carlos III., a fine, rough, spirited character, who hated England bitterly, and who did something and tried to do more to revive the great traditions and the prosperity of his noble people. Now all sorts of nonsense has been written about the foresight of Pitt and the blindness of his colleagues in regard to the certain attitude of this new king. Any one could foresee that it needed little to impel Spain, already growling at our treatment of her neutral ships, to take serious thought for her own American possessions in full view of a Britain drunk with glory and self-confidence; a man who doesn't look out his hose-pipe when his neighbour's house is ablaze is a fool. The point on which Pitt differed from *all* his colleagues, except Lord Temple, as well as from the new King and the new favourite, John, Earl of Bute, was in wishing to spring upon Spain

before he could prove that any Treaty had been signed between her and France, and even without declaration of war. Here he had even Lord Granville against him, and here his imperious temper and reckless language in the Cabinet gave away his own cause.

At first he merely took the very sensible step of diverting his expedition designed against Mauritius to the seizure of the island of Belleisle, off the West coast of France. It might prove a most convenient exchange for Minorca, or might even be fortified into a new Minorca to bridle Brest. Its capture was one of the splendid feats of the war, for it is a natural rock fortress, and art had made it even stronger; Keppel, Lambart and Craufurd were the heroes of the siege, June, 1761. In that same month Dominica, West Indies, was seized by Lord Rollo, and preparations for a fresh attack on Martinique began. But Choiseul had been for some months suggesting a peace conference, and he now began to slide in suggestions about the 'mediation of the King of Spain'; next, even after these fresh losses, he began to speak of the 'grievances of the King of Spain.' From this time (say July), no one doubted that the two Bourbon Powers were acting in concert in some shape or other. But Choiseul, astutest of diplomatists, knew something of what naturalists would call the 'life-history' of English Ministries, and of the pendulum of English opinion. No doubt he was also well informed of the temper of the new Court of England; knew, for instance, that Newcastle went whispering about the 'fear of exciting all Powers against Britain' and about 'no country being able to stand such expenditure much longer';[1]

[1] There were then 200,000 soldiers in British pay if you count the German Auxiliaries with Ferdinand.

that the Duke of Bedford and Lord Bute, originally Pitt's friends, were 'shocked' at his colossal notions of British greatness—it was so easy to shock an Eighteenth Century Peer—and that they were justly alienated by his overbearing and theatrical manner.

A 'Family Compact,' closer than any previous Treaty, and a Special Convention for immediate use were signed in deep secrecy between Spain and France on August 15th. Spain would declare war on England on May 1st, '62, if England had not made peace earlier. Now Pitt knew nothing of the details or of the dates of this Treaty; in fact, there is no evidence that he knew anything which his colleagues did not know. But in September intercepted despatches clearly revealed that Spain was really only waiting to strike till her Plate Fleet, due in October or November, should get to Cadiz, and till her West Indies could be decently warned and reinforced. And, though Anson, Granville and Ligonier were against him, I think Pitt was right in wishing to strike at once, not in order to capture the stupid Plate ships, but to precipitate a Peace by bringing Spain at once to her knees. But he was wrong in making no attempt to manage his colleagues, who were quite willing to make preparations for the inevitable Spanish war; he allowed his inordinate pride to get the better of his patriotism, and resigned his office on October 6th.

His last plans, however, had been so well and truly laid that Martinique, which proved almost as tough a job as Belleisle, fell to Rodney at the opening of 1762, and then Grenada, Tobago, St. Lucia and Marie Galante. Spain, having got her pieces of eight safe home, laid, in December, 1761, an embargo on British ships, and war was declared in the first days of the new year. Spain

meant, among other things, to hammer our old and faithful ally, Portugal, into submission at once, and so to close the harbour of Lisbon to us. France would then overwhelm Ferdinand—1761 had been a bad year for him till July, when he won a battle at Vellinghausen, since which time he had been again on the defensive between two French Armies each larger than his own—and surely some one could be found in Eastern Europe capable of dealing the *coup de grâce* at that man Frederick. Finally, up should spring the Neutral Navies upon the same side, and then let the Sea-Queen look to her crown! A Squadron of seven sail actually broke blockade again at Brest before the end of 1761, and was off to the West Indies to combine with the Spaniards for an attack on Jamaica.

But oh, perverse fate of the gallant French sailors! They arrived to find Martinique in Rodney's hands, to learn that, on news of their approach, Rodney had flown, without orders, to the rescue of Jamaica, and that their junction with the Spaniards was impossible. And oh, perverse fate of their Austrian allies! On January 5th, 1762, died Frederick's bitter foe, the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia; her successor, Peter III., was Frederick's warmest friend; one day the whole Russian Army was threatening Frederick's very existence, the next day it was under his command. As for Ferdinand, odds of two to one seemed to make little impression on him; one knows not which to admire most, the man's skilful strategy, his unfailing patience and tact, or the splendid valour which he inspired into his soldiers on every day of action. Meanwhile, in April, Anson sent Admiral Pocock with a powerful Fleet and large Army against Havana, the virgin capital of Cuba, the richest

city in the New World; and from Madras another force was sent to the Philippine Islands, to reduce Manila, the great Spanish mart in the the Far East; these were Anson's last tasks, and he died a few days before the siege of Havana began. Pitt's successors were wooden-minded Secretaries, Bute, Egremont, George Grenville, but they had only to take his plans out of a drawer, and so they readily made use of them. They did their best, however, to spoil one of them, for they let Cumberland (who now ominously reappeared and 'advised' his nephew George III.) nominate to the command of the troops for Havana an Earl of Albemarle after his own heart. And so, when Pocock had felt his way with astonishing skill and audacity along the uncharted channel between the Bahamas and the North shore of Cuba, where no ship-of-war had ever sailed before (a biscuit-toss between reef and reef in some places), and had thereby taken the city of Havana by utter surprise, this worthy soldier refused all attempts to storm, though the rotten old walls were not guarded by three thousand men, and sat down to 'open the trenches' to slow music in a July sun, and in exactly the wrong place. The Spaniard Velasco made a defence worthy of the greatest days of his Nation, and Albemarle gave him plenty of time to strengthen himself. The waste of English life was awful, and not till August 14th did the city yield. Velasco died of his wounds received in the last breach. The booty was enormous, and included twelve fine Spanish ships in the inner harbour. In October, on the other side of the world, Manila fell also; while the Spanish attempt on Portugal, which had seemed certain of success, had collapsed five months before, because six thousand British troops, with a good German Count

of Lippe-Bückeburg as commander, had stiffened the Portuguese Army, and three English ships, which were all Admiral Saunders could spare from blockade of the Straits, had sufficed to frighten the Spaniards away from Lisbon.

As the story draws to a close, it is humorous to see that Newcastle was soon intriguing against Bute as eagerly as he had intrigued against Pitt. Bute, at least, knew what he meant—peace at any price; and he withdrew in the spring of '62 the annual subsidy from Frederick. Newcastle, who had shivered at the idea of paying it, shivered at the audacity of withdrawing it. To his intense astonishment, Bute coolly dismissed him, and got himself made First Lord of the Treasury. He called in Fox to be Leader of the Commons, and to bribe that body into accepting any terms of peace it might please him to suggest. He wanted to desert Frederick and Ferdinand in some striking manner, regardless of the fact that it was the latter's victory at Willemsthal in June that led Choiseul to consider seriously the granting of peace.

For now it was the victor who sued and the thrice vanquished who granted terms. Frederick's Russian friendship did not outlive his Russian friend, who, after six months' reign, was murdered by his wife, Katharine, in July. That lady became Katharine II., and recalled her troops from the Prussian Army; but they stayed just long enough to enable Frederick to make good his footing in Silesia once more; for him, too, peace was not far off. Ferdinand ended up in October with a last victory at Cassel, in which Granby played a distinguished part. As soon as Bute heard of the fall of Havana he proposed to France and Spain to restore it

to the latter, if Spain would give England the barren swamp of Florida instead; and on these terms the preliminaries were signed in November, the news from Manila coming too late to affect them. The final Peace dates from February 10th, 1763. By it France ceded to the British Crown all Canada, the Eastern half of Louisiana, the Islands of St. Vincent, Tobago and Grenada, the fort of Senegal in West Africa; she also restored Minorca, not to Spain but to Great Britain; but she recovered her really important West Indies, Martinique, Guadeloupe and Marie Galante, while the other West Indian islands, which we had taken, again became neutral: she recovered Belleisle; she received, as fishing stations, two little Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off the coast of Newfoundland; she dismantled the fortifications of Dunkirk; and, though she recovered from us her three principal East Indian stations, she promised never to fortify them again. To Spain she ceded the other (Western) half of Louisiana; and Spain, who recovered Havana and Manila, ceded to us merely Florida.

So the whole coast of North America from the Pole to the mouth of the Mississippi became British. And, in spite of the scuttle with which it had been purchased, and the low political views of the negotiator, this Peace of Paris was, like that of Utrecht, a 'great Treaty'; the greatest statesman of the period, Lord Granville, said so with his dying breath, and even quoted Homer to show his right to be interested in it. If Pitt denounced it, and even appealed against it, with some show of fairness, to popular passion, it was mainly because he could cry that we were deserting Frederick, which to some extent was true, though not as true as

Frederick declared it to be. To Englishmen Frederick was more than ever the 'Protestant hero,' and in that capacity still swings, visible to all men, over many an English public-house.[1] On similar signs swings, at Dorking and elsewhere, 'the Marquis of Granby.' As for Ferdinand, 'the men that fought at Minden' showed the same mutinous unwillingness to leave his Army as the men that fought at Malplaquet had shown to leave Eugene's. John, Earl of Bute, on the other hand, dared hardly appear in the streets; the mob rejoiced to consume, in one bonfire with a Jack Boot, a lady's petticoat, in allusion to the fact that the handsome Scot was supposed to be too fond of George III.'s amiable mother. All this was a bad omen for the new reign. The epitaph on the old one was spoken seven years later by Edmund Burke.[2]

One of the half-forgotten lessons of the war is 'never despise the French Navy.'[3] At the Peace England had

[1] Perhaps this is a recollection of childhood; recently I have noticed that the sign of the 'King of Prussia' usually resembles the late Emperor William I.

[2] "George II. carried the glory, the power, the commerce of England to an height unknown even to this renowned Nation in the times of its greatest prosperity; and he left his succession resting on the true and only foundation of all national and all regal greatness; affection at home, reputation abroad, trust in Allies, terror in rival Nations. The most ardent lover of his country cannot wish for Great Britain an happier fate than to continue as she was then left."—BURKE, 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents.'

[3] "We may laugh at 'em," said my Father, "and call 'em Johnny Crapows, but they are a right brave nation, if they ar'n't good seamen; but that I reckons the fault of their lingo, for it's too noisy to carry on duty well with, and so they never will be sailors till they larn English."—CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S 'Poor Jack,' p. 31.

at least 110 great ships in full commission and in perfect fighting trim, such a Navy as the world had never seen. But France, with not half that number, and seldom during the whole war with much above half the existing English number, had never entirely relaxed her efforts: 'She kept the command of the sea in dispute till the very end.' When she made peace her great Minister Choiseul industriously set to work to increase her naval strength; while the Sea-Queen hung up her crown in Westminster Abbey and went to sleep again, or allowed dirty political party squabbles to fritter away her strength.

CHAPTER VII

'AN END OF AN AULD SANG'

(SCOTLAND, 1660–1745)

THE return of King Charles was welcomed by all Scotsmen, except a few fanatics, with universal joy. Yet the Protectorate had had its merits; if it had enforced upon Scotland a sham Parliamentary Union, it had given her free trade with England, and, in the teeth of the shrieking Covenanters, it had silenced the Assembly of the Kirk and insisted on the 'deadly and damnable sin of toleration.'

Charles repealed the Union and restored the Scots Parliament, but his English Parliament took away the free trade, and excluded Scots from the benefit of the Navigation Act. The settlement of the religious question, which was the thorniest of all, satisfied very few; and the result was that Scotland was miserable. The fact is that she had been miserable ever since 1603. From 1603 to 1638 she had suffered all the evils of Home Rule in its worst form, and yet had been treated as a half alien Dependency; then she had asserted herself by arms, and had been conquered at last only owing to her own fierce internal dissensions. She had been cut off, since the Reformation, from her old civilizing intercourse with France, and Holland had only recently

begun to take the place of France as the refuge in which exiles could imbibe new political ideas.

Yet she had learned something from the Civil Wars. She could not help seeing that the Houses at Westminster were a very different thing from her own single chamber of Parliament, 'in which they sat a' thegither, cheek by choul, and didna need to hae the same blethers twice ower again,' but which used, in spite of this advantage, to delegate its powers to a Committee called the 'Lords of the Articles,' virtually nominated by the Crown. Moreover, she saw England getting richer and richer, and herself condemned to hopeless poverty for want of a market. And so, though the religious question loomed large to contemporaries, and has been allowed in history to overshadow all others, we must remember that constitutional and commercial grievances loomed large too, and could never get a perfectly satisfactory settlement. I will return to them by and by, but meanwhile we had better follow the beaten track and discuss the events that led to the so-called 'Killing times.'

We must remember *ab initio* two things: (1) That the Kirk—reserving that name for the Presbyterian Kirk alone—was divided in itself, into moderates or 'Resolutioners' and fanatics or 'Protesters.' Both alike were strong Calvinists in doctrine, and clung to the 'Westminster Confession' of 1647; but it was the latter alone who demanded the enforcement of the Covenant, upon pain of death, on every subject of King Charles. (2) That in 1660 the Episcopalian Church of Charles I. had been reduced to a mere 'suffering remnant,' numerically not greater than the still more suffering Catholic Church.

For the first two years, indeed, the Earl of Middleton,

once a Covenanter but subsequently a Royalist, who had commanded the cavalry at Worcester fight, did attempt, in the teeth of Scottish sentiment, a restoration of Episcopacy pure and simple; but the real settlement dates from 1663, when Lauderdale, a far more shrewd statesman, got the ear of the King and tried to bring about a fusion of the Episcopalian 'remnant' with the Moderates of the Kirk; and, if we cry out upon the failure of the experiment, and regret that it was begun two years too late, we must still admit that it was an honest attempt to find a *via media*. But the *via media* was vitiated by the political circumstances in which it was tried, and by those of the two years preceding it; it was Royalists who had to be restored and indemnified, and many Royalists had been Episcopalians. The bloody savagery of Argyll towards every Royalist and every personal enemy had gone hand in hand with the 'rabbling' of Episcopalian clergy by the Covenanting mob. Could Scotland—the last home of the family feud in civilized Europe—be expected to exact no vengeance for these things? I think, on the whole, the vengeance was very moderate, but it was unfortunate that the religious settlement was mixed up in men's minds with the political and personal vengeance; they appeared to be part and parcel of the same thing, and the sufferers by the political vengeance were given the air of religious martyrs. Argyll, who had given Montrose no trial, got a fair trial and was beheaded. Johnstone of Warristoun and two ministers—one Guthrie, who was openly calling out, in his 'Causes of God's Wrath,' for civil war—were hanged. The Scots Parliament repealed *en bloc* all civil and religious Acts passed since 1639, passed a moderate Act of Supremacy, imposed

on all holders of office an oath of 'non-resistance,' and re-established an Episcopal Church. But it did not burn, as the English Parliament burned, the Covenant by the hands of the hangman, it did not impose Laud's or any other Prayer Book, and there was no difference in doctrine or ritual between the 'Kirk' and this new 'Church,' except that the 'curates' or 'piskies,' as their opponents called the new ministers, got into the habit of using the Lord's Prayer and the *Gloria Patri*. All alike prayed and preached extempore in black gowns, administered the Sacrament to sitting communicants, held Kirk Sessions and Synods, and enforced morality (?) by making naughty people stand on the stool of repentance to be preached at.

What, then, was all the subsequent fuss about? Not about ritual, not about doctrine, not even, I think, because the Church was now governed by fourteen Bishops; but because the General Assembly of the Kirk was taken away, and, with it, the power, which the Kirk had so fearfully abused, of excommunication. In other words, it was about Erastianism—the 'black Erastianism'; the State had imposed forms upon the Church. The Covenanters did not want toleration, they spurned it when it was hurled at them by three successive 'Declarations of Indulgence'; they desired to tyrannize over men's souls (and bodies) with a tyranny compared to which Laud's had been a mild paternal chastisement. It is perfectly clear that nothing short of supremacy over every department of State, over every act of family and individual life, would have satisfied those who now cried out against the new settlement. Now no reasonable Government could permit this; and, when time after time their prophets rose in rebellion for this

cause, no Government could have refused to suppress them.

So manifest did these things become that, in spite of the fact that the shaping of the Episcopal Church fell into bad hands, in spite of the blunders and cruelty of many who had the task of suppressing revolts, cruelty sometimes involving flagrant violations of civil liberty, the loyalty of five-sixths of Scotland to King Charles was never in the least shaken, and its loyalty to King James VII. only ended when he began to introduce Popery with a high hand. Nay more, a large majority of the Nation had before 1689 rallied to the very moderate Episcopal Church. Thus it was a minority, and mainly a political minority, which triumphed with the substitution of Presbyterianism for Episcopacy in 1690. And, as we have seen in England during the struggle of 1679–89, High Church and Low Church becoming 'Tory' and 'Whig,' so in Scotland Whig and Tory ultimately became but names for Presbyterian-Hanoverian and Episcopalian-Jacobite. The last dying embers of the family feud came in to aid this; a Cameron or a Macdonald, an Ogilvy or a Graham, was bound to be a Tory just because a Campbell, a Mackay, or a Dalrymple was sure to be a Whig. All that is changed now, but perhaps in the hearts of some of us the old song still finds an echo:—

> To see gude corn upon the rigs,
> And a gallows built to hang the Whigs,
> And the Right restored where the Right should be,
> Oh! that is the thing that would wanton me.

Alas! there are no Whigs left to hang; and, if there were, there are few Tories of convictions strong enough to pull at the tow; the Right has passed away unre-

storable, and the green rigs of many a Scottish county are blackened slag-heaps or covered with roaring furnaces.

But the shaping of the Church did fall into bad hands. Only one Bishop of Charles I.'s time survived; thirteen Sees and five-sixths of the manses had to be filled with moderate Presbyterians who accepted Episcopacy. James Sharp, minister of Crail, an astute man, had been sent to negotiate at Breda and London on behalf of the Kirk. Convinced (by whatever arguments) that the maintenance of the Kirk was hopeless, he returned to Scotland as Archbishop of St. Andrews. To the 'godly' he at once became a compound of Lucifer and Laud, of Judas and Strafford, to slay whom became the first duty of every champion of the broken Covenant. He was, indeed, selfish, grasping and vulgar, and he cringed to the Royalist nobles, who despised him and told him so. Only one of the Restoration bishops, Robert Leighton, was specially famous for learning or piety, and oddly enough he was the son of that ferocious Alexander Leighton whom Laud had whipped for denouncing Bishops as "knobs and wens of bunchy Popish flesh." Could Leighton have ruled at St. Andrews the subsequent history of Scotland might have been different; and yet Leighton, after all, was a Saint rather than a Statesman.

At first some three hundred Covenanting ministers refused to conform to the new Establishment. This number was gradually reduced by successive Declarations of Indulgence to less than a hundred, and all who finally refused were 'outed,'[1] and their lot was very hard.

[1] Remember that in England two thousand were 'outed' in 1662.

Persecution of such there undoubtedly was, and by very rough hands, for they rebelled, and suppression of rebellion easily develops into persecution. The 'Martyrs of the Covenant,' who had, in the hour of their triumph, been zealous even unto slaying, though their numbers and sufferings have been ludicrously exaggerated by Whig tradition, are a real fact, and one which we can never sufficiently regret. But the persecution was never consistent. The main agents were the Scottish Privy Council and Sharpe's 'Court of High Commission,' established in 1664 for the purpose of enforcing conformity. The Privy Council was constantly hampered by contradictory instructions from London, and perhaps sometimes exceeded these instructions. Charles, much as he had hated the old Kirk, was all for toleration except in cases of rebellion. Clarendon hated the whole 'nation of vermin,' as he called the Scots, and other English Ministers were profoundly indifferent. The persecutors in the Council were the very men who, then and afterwards, were defending the independence of Scotland against Clarendon and his kind. Further, we must not forget that every symptom of moderation, every grant of indulgence, was treated by the Covenanters (as such things always are treated by Radicals) as a confession of weakness; that the Dutch were constantly intriguing with the malcontents, that they fomented the rising of 1666 and tried to foment another in 1672; that Holland swarmed with plotters and exiles from Scotland; finally, that the Covenanters, when they had once taken up arms, established a perfect reign of terror, not only in Galloway but in all the five South-Western shires, in which district alone there was discontent. No curate's house or person was safe in

that remote country; and the 'prophets,' Welsh, Cargill, Peden, Cameron, constantly travelled about exciting the peasantry to the work of 'rabbling,' and denouncing the King and his Ministers by every evil name known to Old Testament history.

The leading director of the Scottish Privy Council from 1663–78 was John Maitland, Earl, and soon Duke of Lauderdale, once the delegate of the Presbyterians in the Westminster Assembly. He had been the King's personal friend ever since '49, and, in '50–'51, had saved him from many humiliations at the hands of Argyll. From Worcester till the Restoration he had been in prison; of coarse talk and immoral life, he was yet a finished scholar and linguist and a wit among the wits at Whitehall. If Sharp was an apostate, Lauderdale was a mocking apostate, 'ready to take a cartload of oaths.' For Bishops as such he cared not a jot, and made them feel it. For Scotland he cared a good deal, and resisted stoutly all Anglicizing measures. Rivals he had in plenty, but till the day of his death, 1682, he retained the King's favour, though he took no part in affairs after '79. Just about the date of Lauderdale's retirement we meet other two whom Whig tradition has raised to a Satanic eminence, the accomplished scholar and lawyer Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, the founder of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, 'the bluidy advocate Mackenyie, who for his worldly wit and wisdom had been to the rest as a God'; and John Graham of Claverhouse, of royal blood and also of kin to the great Marquis of Montrose. Claverhouse had fought under William of Orange and saved his life at Seneff;[1] he, too, was a man

[1] There has been a controversy over this fact; certainly Claverhouse was in William's service at the time.

of carnal learning, odious to the godly, who regretted that they could never prove him to be addicted to wine and women as most of the Tories were supposed to be. Behind these leading figures come the lesser lights, whom Scott, in the weirdest of all his tales, has gathered round the infernal table—'the fierce Middleton, the dissolute Rothes . . . Dalyell with his bald head and a beard to his girdle' (he had served in Russia and let his beard grow ever since Charles I.'s death) . . . 'and wild Bonshaw that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung,' etc., etc.

The Acts which made persecution law were of course Acts of the Scottish Parliament: but we must remember that the Crown, through the Lords of the Articles, decided what Bills should and what should not be brought in and read, and also that from 1673 to 1681 no Parliament met. The Act of 1663 forbidding 'outed' ministers to hold 'Conventicles,' re-enacted in 1670 with the death penalty attached to it, is the mainspring of the persecution. Now a Conventicle, *i.e.* an assembly for public worship in some place other than a parish church, sounds a very harmless thing; but a Scottish Conventicle of the reign of Charles II. or James VII. came to mean an assembly of many hundreds of armed peasants, with their wives, gathered from perhaps thirty or forty parishes, on some remote Galloway moor, listening from sunrise to sunset to some Ephraim Macbriar or Habakkuk Mucklewrath, as he lifted up hands that had born fetters in testimony for the broken Covenant, which had been the marriage garment of the Bride of Christ, and denounced as bloody Doegs and Agags not only King and Council, but every Christian who did not rise in rebellion against them.

The listeners might, indeed, as Cuddie Headrigg did, 'catch a gude fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-hags for four hours at a yoking'; but they caught flame in their hearts, and were ready for any deed of violence. It was such meetings as these which inspired the first outbreak in the Glenkens in 1666, when a band of insurgents occupied Dumfries, grew to the number of 2,000 before they got to Lanark, but were routed at Rullion Green by General Dalyell; thirty-five persons were executed, and many more imprisoned in uncomfortable places like the Bass Rock.

The Government answered on the one hand with a much stiffer Act of Supremacy over the Church, and on the other with the first Declaration of Indulgence, of which one hundred and twenty of the less extreme Covenanters took advantage. An 'indulged' minister was not asked to be reordained, to own the lawfulness of Episcopacy, or even to renounce the Covenant; he was merely to allow the Bishop to admit him to his church, and to give security that he would pray for the King and hold his tongue on politics. The remnant who refused this naturally became fiercer than ever; 'Laodiceans,' 'Achitophels,' 'Esaus,' 'dumb dogs who bark not,' were the least words that the carnal compliers with the 'Black Indulgence' got from the field preachers. Many of the Bishops, even the better ones, liked the Indulgence very little; it seemed an abandonment of principle, as indeed it was; and, so hard is it for any Scot to be an Erastian, they liked the new Act of Supremacy even less. Lauderdale, with horrid glee, actually kicked out a remonstrating Archbishop of Glasgow and put Leighton in his place. Leighton went to the most Covenanting diocese in

Scotland and tried, in the true spirit of an Apostle, to evangelize it; but his health broke down in the effort, and he retired to end his days in Sussex. When he was gone, 1675, the search for Conventicles became more stringent. Soldiers were quartered on Galloway lairds, who, though seldom extreme Covenanters, felt for their tenants with the kindly feeling of those days. In '77 Lauderdale actually sent several thousand Highlanders into that district at free quarter, and it shows how utterly contemptuous he was of the feelings of his opponents. No act of personal violence is proved against these amiable savages, but when they went home again early in '78, they naturally turned their hereditary skill in cattle-driving to its best account. All that bad year there were two conflicting reigns of terror in Galloway; and in May, '79, when the fanatics at last, after many attempts, 'got' the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the storm burst.

The Covenanting standard, blue and red, with 'No quarter to the enemies of the Covenant' on it, was raised by Sharp's red-hand murderers at Rutherglen near Glasgow, and thousands rallied to it. Claverhouse, who was Conventicle-hunting in that region, got more than he bargained for, some two hundred of his men being put to flight at Drumclog. Glasgow fell, and Edinburgh began to feel uncomfortable. Happily the insurgents spent so much time in quoting texts for and against the lawfulness of religious murder and other high points of Covenant theology, that the Government was able to get troops from England under the Duke of Monmouth. Still the insurgents were nearly three to one when they at last marched to meet Monmouth at Bothwell Brigg, between Glasgow and Hamilton. They there threw

away an impregnably strong position, and made no fight at all; most of their horse escaped, but their foot were cut down in hundreds in the pursuit. The vengeance of the Government even then was mild; some seven were hanged and some 250 banished or imprisoned.

Richard Cameron—hence the title 'Cameronians,' applied to extreme Covenanters down to the middle of the Eighteenth Century—and Donald Cargill kept the flame of resistance alight till they too were caught and killed; they had just published, at Queensferry and at Sanquhar, declarations excommunicating the King and the Duke of York and 'delivering them over to Satan.' But only one of Sharp's murderers could ever be caught; and, immediately after Bothwell Brigg, Government published a fresh Declaration of Indulgence, allowing Nonconformists to preach in private houses provided they abstained from doing so in the fields.

Let me suggest to the reader to keep in mind the contemporary thread of English politics—the year of Bothwell Brigg is the year of the first 'Exclusion Bill' fuss, a fuss that brought with it the first two visits, 1680 and 1681, of the Duke of York, now openly a Papist, to Scotland. It says much for the peacefulness and loyalty of the North (always excepting those terrible fellows in Galloway) that, when James' life was hardly safe in England, he could be so very well received, as he was, by all classes in Edinburgh. He held a Parliament in 1681, and perhaps the absurd Test Act that it passed was a compromise between his wishes and those of loyal Protestant Episcopal Scotland. All persons holding civil office or ecclesiastical preferment were to swear (*a*) that they held

the confession of faith of 1560 (*i.e.* of John Knox), (*b*) that they upheld the royal supremacy over the Church (shade of John Knox!), (*c*) that they renounced the Covenant and the doctrine of resistance. This was really much the worst thing that the Scots Parliament did between 1660 and 1689. So much did the best of the Episcopal clergy dislike it that eighty of them resigned their livings; and naturally it did the Government no good with the other side.

Now stepped forward the Earl of Argyll, son of 'Gillespie Grumach'; as Lord Lorne he had fought by Charles' side at Worcester, he had been the friend of Lauderdale and a persecutor of Covenanters; and he now protested against the Test; he would take 'part of it, not all.' Suddenly his enemies fell upon him—the family feud blazed up again, and foolish James fanned it; rivers of blood lay between the House of Campbell and the Houses of Ogilvy and Graham. Argyll was indicted for treason, condemned on ludicrous evidence, and fled to Holland. King Charles did not approve of this, and would certainly have pardoned Argyll had he not fled. An abler man than Argyll was driven in 1683 into Dutch exile, Sir James Dalrymple of Stair, the great Whig lawyer, over whose family hung already the curse of the Bride of Lammermoor and was to hang the curse of Glencoe. And so on Dutch soil the seeds of resistance began to germinate; in England it was the year of the Rye House Plot. Plots were, in fact, in the air in both countries, and the Scots Privy Council occasionally seized and tortured an agent,[1] among them

[1] Torture was still legal in Scotland and was occasionally used by both parties till 1709, when an Act of the United Parliament abolished it.

good William Carstairs, afterwards leader of the Moderate Presbyterians and Whig Principal of Edinburgh University. When Renwick, a young 'Cameronian' minister lately come from Holland, posted up all over the West a declaration calling on God's people to rise and slay the enemies of God, 'especially the bloody soldiers and viperous Bishops and curates,' the Council replied with a fierce edict, by which all who refused to abjure Renwick's declaration were to be shot at sight. It is then that the true 'killing times' begin, and that the cruelties attributed to Claverhouse did, or did not take place. That Claverhouse shot at sight rebels found with arms concealed in their homes, if they refused to take the Test, is undoubted: the famous John Brown, shot before his wife's eyes, was such a rebel. There is a well-known story of two women being drowned at Wigton, which is possibly true, although grave doubts have been thrown upon it; two women had, however, been hanged in Edinburgh in 1681. Even if the 'killing time' be extended from Rullion Green to the Revolution (1666–89), the total number of authenticated 'Martyrs' does not exceed the number of Jacobites executed by the English Government in the single year 1746.

James visited Scotland again in 1684, and, though good Queen Mary Beatrice was, no doubt, a welcome change as head of Edinburgh society from Lauderdale's wicked wife, the Tory Ministers who continued Lauderdale's policy were not much to boast of—the most notorious being James Drummond, Earl of Perth, who turned Papist to please his master.

That fatal master became King as James VII. in February, 1685, and his Scots Parliament was as loyal

as his English. But in the North, as in the South, Ἄτη had blinded him. His loyal Parliament passed fresh laws against Conventiclers and those who harboured them, threatening with death all who 'rabbled' conforming ministers, but refused to pass any serious measure for the relief of Catholics; and on this and this alone the King's heart was set. Argyll's rising in 1685 was little more than the last rumbling of the old Rye House Plot, several of the agents of which, as well as some of Sharp's murderers, were among the poor three hundred who accompanied the Earl to Scotland. Argyll in fact was no politician; his previous life had been excessively unstable, and he could not command even the allegiance of all his own Campbells. Worse than this, he had refused all combination with Monmouth, though both his and Monmouth's movements were financed and equipped in Holland. He tried the Orkneys, whence warning was sent to the Government, then tried the Clyde, and, after wandering aimlessly about, was captured in disguise and beheaded without fresh trial on the old charge.

James meanwhile was rushing headlong to his ruin; he filled his Privy Council with Papists, issued a general Declaration of Indulgence to all Nonconformists, put Jesuits into Holyrood Chapel, deprived a Bishop and an Archbishop for remonstrating against this desecration, and generally showed himself stark mad. Whatever the Bishops might think, these proceedings were too much for the Scottish laity; gentle and simple alike preferred almost anything to Popery. The last 'Martyr of the Covenant,' Renwick, hanged in the Grassmarket in February, 1688, met with a sympathy that the Edinburgh mob had shown to no others of that gang. And,

when William landed in Torbay, although no outbreak took place till James had fled, Scotland was more ripe for revolt than England. In vain Lord Balcarres offered to raise in Scotland a loyal militia to overawe the North of England; James, or Perth for him, preferred to send Claverhouse and his 3,000 regular troops to join his Army in the South, and this left Scotland without a single royal soldier. The Scots Privy Council was powerless, the Edinburgh mob rose in December, sacked Holyrood, and slaughtered its defenders. Galloway was already aflame, and, before the end of November, two hundred Episcopalian ministers were fleeing for their lives. Claverhouse (just created Viscount Dundee) and Balcarres had met James in London, and implored him to throw himself upon the loyalty of Scotland, but either it was too late or the hero of Solebay had become a coward. When he had fled to France, a party of Scots Peers, led by Hamilton, asked William to call a Scottish, as he had called an English Convention. In this body, which met in Edinburgh under the anti-papist reign of terror, few Jacobites had anything to say; indeed, there was nothing for any one to say for James. The great Tory nobles, Hamilton, Atholl, Queensberry, were beginning to slip over to the Whig side, though a few cannon-shot from the Duke of Gordon, who held the Castle, might have stiffened their backs. The younger Dalrymple pulled the Whig wires with the utmost skill, and Dundee, who would never recognize a Whig King, concluded that there was nothing to be done but to raise the Highlands for his graceless, spiritless master. He rode out of Edinburgh with a handful of horse, and, when he was gone, there entered Mackay with four regiments of Scots-Dutch, who proceeded further to

seize Stirling Castle. Then the few Jacobites who remained in the Convention melted away, and the brave, if 'bluidy' Mackenzie was one of the only four who voted against the motion by which James was declared to have forfeited the Crown, April 4th, 1689. A week later William and Mary were proclaimed at the Cross.

Meanwhile the poor despised Scottish Bishops, who had writhed under the Erastian tyranny of Lauderdale almost as much as the Covenanters whom they were supposed to be persecuting, showed themselves to be of sterner stuff than the lay nobles. The Bishop of Edinburgh went as their deputy to London, to express their unfaltering loyalty to King James and to concert measures with Sancroft and the other English Bishops. Sancroft had little to recommend but 'passive obedience'; more worldly advisers told the good man to save his Church by recognizing William. William would, in fact, fain have saved the Episcopal Church, which had now on its side, as he knew, a large majority of the upper classes of Scotland. But, without a shadow of hesitation, the Fathers of that Church elected to go out into the wilderness and become Non-Jurors. And Non-Jurors they practically remained till long after the '"Forty-five." It was a bitter proof to William, and one of the first, that he could only be King of a faction. And so into the 'Claim of Right,' drawn up by the Scots Convention in imitation of the English 'Declaration of Right,' a clause had to be inserted that 'Prelacy is and has been an insupportable grievance to this Nation'; and the Convention added that all ministers must take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary or vacate their manses. In July, '89, an Act of the Convention,

now turned into a Parliament, laid down that the Sovereigns were to settle Church Government 'in the way most agreeable to the interests of the people of Scotland'; had a plebiscite been fairly taken, this 'way' would have been found to be moderate Episcopacy.

Among the humours of the situation we may note that the Presbyterians here gave themselves away, for once, to that wicked man Erastus. They actually asked the State to prescribe a Church for them; in other words, the religious revolution was a mere Whig triumph, a triumph of the trading classes in the burghs over the landed gentry, while the mass of the nobles stood lukewarm or aloof; religious passions had avowedly become mere political ones.

Meanwhile, in March, '89, Dundee in the Highlands received a commission from James, and rewards were offered for his head. Mackay and he marched and countermarched against each other, while beating up recruits, and each was badly enough supported by the master for whom he was fighting. At last their Armies met just South of Blair Castle, which bars the Great North Road, in the fierce battle of Killiecrankie, where, with the loss of their heroic leader and nearly one-third of their force, the Jacobites obtained a barren triumph. In the rest of the campaign Mackay, a shrewd and brave veteran, had the best of it, and the desperate valour of the newly raised 'Cameronian' regiment under Cleland drove the Highland Army back from the unfortified village of Dunkeld; this practically ended the war. The disarmament of the 'insurgents,' most of whom had dispersed after Dundee's fall, was a more difficult matter. William, it must be remembered, had still on

his hands the unfinished Irish campaign, and a huge war with France, and so was able to pay very little attention to Scotland; the only agents whom he could trust were bitter Whigs, like the Dalrymples, thirsting for Tory blood, while he was obliged to pretend to trust noblemen whom he knew to be intriguing with his rival. Mackay did his best; he built at the foot of Ben Nevis a fortress, whose site still bears the name of the King who was a Whig against his will, and posted a regiment there to keep order. Something was tried through Lord Breadalbane in the way of 'satisfying with money' Chiefs who would 'come in' to the Government, but without much success; finally the plan was adopted of fixing a date (January 1st, 1692) before which all Chiefs must take the oath of allegiance, or——.

The alternative was 'letters of fire and sword,' a policy difficult to execute in a wild country with the few troops Government could command. But John Dalrymple, son of Sir James, now Viscount Stair, was in William's confidence, and he unquestionably intended to use the proclamation against the Clans most obnoxious to himself, and was very much disappointed when he learned that, hopeless of finding a successor to Dundee, the leading clansmen were rapidly taking the oath. At the end of 1691 but two Macdonalds remained unsworn, Glengarry, who was holding out in arms, and old Glencoe, head of a small Clan in an isolated valley, which could easily be barred at either end. John Dalrymple's spirits rose when he learned that, in consequence of deep snow, Glencoe had reached Inverary, in order to swear allegiance, too late to obtain the benefit of the proclamation (January 6th). Ten days later William in Flanders signed, perhaps unread, an order for the

extermination of Glencoe and all his tribe. Dalrymple at once sent word to the Governor of Fort William to execute this order. The letter which he wrote is extant, and was sold by public auction a few weeks before these words were written. It is a bloody letter; all under seventy years of age are to be slain. The Campbell (of Glenlyon) to whom the job was entrusted made it worse by entering the glen in peaceful guise, asking and receiving hospitality from his intended victims. At 5 a.m. on February 13th he gave the order to fall on. Even then, seeing that we had become a little more humane since Argyll's great days, and that there was no Covenanting minister present to urge on 'the bonny wark,' only some thirty persons were killed; the rest, including Glencoe's son, escaped. William, with the weight of Europe on his invalid shoulders, thought little of it, and the news only leaked out gradually; there was no Milton to cry 'Avenge, oh Lord!' The Scottish Parliament, however, demanded an inquiry, and a report was afterwards drawn up which exonerated the King, but demanded the punishment of Dalrymple and several subordinates. It seems to me that William acted honourably in refusing to do more than dismiss Dalrymple from office, for he thus tacitly took the blame to his taciturn self. The verdict of posterity has not acquitted and cannot acquit him.

The Church settlement was, after all, a more serious matter, and William gave way far too readily to the victorious political faction. His chief adviser was William Carstairs, who had suffered torture for the cause without losing all his moderation, but who found himself quite unable to procure any toleration for Episcopacy, when once the General Assembly of the

Kirk had been allowed to meet. The Scottish Parliament, indeed, was now intent upon another set of grievances, and left the details of the religious settlement to the Assembly itself. But it repealed the Supremacy Act of 1669, though not that of 1661; it abolished patronage, it declared the Westminster Confession to be the faith of Scotland, and it restored to their parishes some sixty of the survivors of 1661, henceforward called 'the Antediluvians.' But it made no mention of the Covenant, and it took away all civil penalties from excommunication.

It was cruel to entrust these 'Antediluvians,' who at once dominated the General Assembly, with the final settlement. They were burning for vengeance, and barely tolerated the seventy-six survivors of the 'Indulged' ministers who sat beside them. Many moderates from among the 'piskies' would have come in, but every one who had been ordained by a Bishop was contemptuously rejected. The result was that, in order to fill the vacant parishes, candidates very slenderly qualified with learning had to be ordained. Learning was, in fact, disestablished and dethroned for a whole generation; nearly all the University Professors were 'outed.' Moreover, whole districts in the North and East of Scotland absolutely refused to submit to the change; newly appointed Presbyterian ministers were kept by force from taking possession, and flocks rallied round their Episcopalian ministers in devout though unseemly riots. Twenty years later there were still one hundred and sixty-five 'piskies' in possession of their manses in defiance of the law. An 'Oath of Assurance' imposed by Parliament on all ministers in 1693, to the effect that William and Mary were

King and Queen *de jure* as well as *de facto*, did not add to the peace of Kirk or State; while, on the other side, there was a fierce Cameronian remnant refusing all oaths to any King or Kirk which did not impose the Covenant on every living soul. In short, the only good thing done in the reign was the re-enactment in 1696 of a law of Charles I., to the effect that a school and schoolmaster were to be maintained by the heritors in every parish in Scotland.

We must now go back and trace briefly the causes other than religious which had made and were making Scotland unhappy. The commercial grievances dated from the exclusion of Scotland from the benefits of the English Navigation Act, if not from the Union of the Crowns itself. The Scots Parliament did, indeed, pass a Navigation Act of its own at the beginning of the reign, and did impose heavy duties upon certain imports from England and Ireland; but, in the face of English jealousy, it had little means of enforcing its wishes, and the Scottish Kings were plainly told by their English Parliaments that Scottish competition would not be tolerated. Moreover, the Parliament at Edinburgh was not in any real sense free, being dominated by the Crown Committee of 'Lords of the Articles.' It was, perhaps, this condition of affairs which led Charles II. to push on, in spite of Lauderdale's secret resistance, a scheme for a United Parliament; and when this failed (1669), to touch with the sceptre a great Scottish Act of 1681, heavily protecting a great number of nascent Scottish manufactures. By the date of the Revolution the constitutional spirit of the poor and proud country was definitely awake, and achieved a great triumph when, in 1690, after a year's debate, the Lords of the

Articles were for ever abolished. Scotland had at last got some real means of making its wishes known; and the Government at once found itself face to face with a highly discontented Nation. William's Commissioners, who presided in Scottish Parliaments, had a sore task, for, though most of the honest Jacobites were in prison and remained there, there were few of the leading nobles who did not have an intrigue with the exiled Court. Not all of these were necessarily 'such a parcel of rogues in a Nation' as Burns afterwards thought them to be. Some of them said to themselves, 'Well, if we've got to be Whigs, we may at least be rich, as riches and Whiggery seem to go together.' And this attitude was stimulated by the six years of starvation, 1696–1702, from which the country suffered. So great was then the famine that the Privy Council was obliged, like any French Revolutionist, to fix a maximum price for wheat and oatmeal; the 'Causes of God's Wrath' were indeed manifest, and Cameronian ranters did not spare to refer to them.

It was, as we know, an age of speculation, an age in which people believed they could create markets and manufactures by Acts of Parliament, an age of paper money. The Bank of Scotland was founded in 1695. An East India Company was established in the next year, for pushing the products of Scottish industries wherever an opening could be found, and such capital as there was in Scotland was largely invested in its shares. William Paterson, a Lowland Scot, who had already projected the Bank of England, conceived the idea of including in the enterprises of this Company the foundation of a Scottish Colony at Darien, on the Isthmus of Panama. There was, as there still is, a fine

vagueness about the name 'Panama'; it smelt of gold and Spaniards. Our French friends have in recent years invented the verb *panamiser* (= to get up a swindle). Something like a quarter of a million, perhaps then half the available capital of Scotland, was sunk in the job. Scotsmen forgot that they had no fine manufactures to send to India or to Panama, no merchant ships to send them in, no Fleet to protect any merchant ships they might hire; above all, they forgot the intense jealousy of their Southern neighbours. And William, whose heart was either among his Dutch tulip-beds or in the first line of some desperate battle in Flanders, carelessly promised to suspend the English Navigation Act for ten years and to protect with the English Fleet all Scottish ships engaged in foreign trade—and that at the very time when it was most important to his European policy to conciliate the Spaniards by every means in his power. Of course the English Parliament laughed in his face, and asked him for what purpose he supposed himself to have become King of England? He was obliged to eat his words, and English and Spaniards joined hands to burst the pitiful bubble. Three expeditions, each duly accompanied by Presbyterian Ministers, Elders and stools of repentance, sailed to Darien in 1698–9, laden with heavy serges, tweeds, Kilmarnock bonnets, and other articles suitable to the bitter climate of tropical America; those who landed endured fearful sufferings, starvation, Spanish prisons, internal dissensions, and found barely even a pirate to trade with. The result was the temporary ruin of the nascent Scottish Commerce.

From the failure of this scheme it became plain to all reflective Scots that but two courses were open to their

country: separation from, or a commercial and political Union with England. Let us pause for a moment and see what Scotland had to ask and to offer in the latter case if England were to divert her from wilfully seeking her own salvation.

She was a country with a population of about a million—say one-fifth of that of England; with a Revenue one-thirty-fifth, with Customs one-forty-eighth those of England; with a currency of about half a million, whose standard pound, shilling and penny stood to the English pound, shilling and penny as twelve stands to one;[1] with an agriculture entirely mediæval and communal. Meat was half the price of wheat-bread, for the Highlanders did at least produce, sell and then steal back some sort of scraggy black cattle; these, like the sheep, were always cooped up in winter. There were a few little struggling manufactures of linen and woollen goods on the East coast. There was no timber trade, for in the Lowlands there were no trees; and there were no ships. Rents, wages and prices had been stationary or going back for half a century. If the Scottish system of Jurisprudence was superior to, it was also profoundly alien from the English. The Scottish nobility, famous for its turbulence and its treachery, had just stepped into possession of a Parliamentary system which it intended to work for its own benefit. The Scottish Kirk, though not legally independent of the State, was in spirit wholly bent on dominating the State, and was utterly hostile to all progress, all intellect, all free thought; it lived by denouncing the form of Church government established in England, and by persecuting those of its countrymen

[1] A 'Pound Scots' = $\frac{1}{12}$ of an English pound sterling.

who adhered to the English form. Finally, there was a numerous, powerful and recently beaten faction, both in Church and State, burning for revenge. And a Scotland thus ruined and soured by a century of neglect, civil war, faction and poverty, had to ask of England a Union on terms of equality!

You may well say, 'But what had Scotland to threaten if her terms were refused?' Well, she held one strong card. All her past greatness had lain in open hostility to England, and in the old French Alliance. Could she once find internal union again, even the England of Marlborough would never be able to conquer her. When in 1701 James II. and VII. preceded his son-in-law King William to the grave, Louis XIV., at the height of his power, the acknowledged head of European civilization, 'behaved like a gentleman,'[1] and recognized the child of misfortune as James III. and VIII. Just in proportion as that recognition offended the national spirit of Englishmen, it appealed to that of Scotsmen. For the English Act of Settlement of 1700, providing that after the death of Anne 'a wee, wee German lairdie should clap down in our gude man's chair,' had been passed without consulting Scotland at all.

England, then girding itself to avenge Louis' insult to itself in the biggest war it had waged since the Fifteenth Century, would be willing to pay almost any price to avert a French-Jacobite landing in Scotland. So William's last and Anne's first acts were to recommend to the English Parliament an incorporating Union with Scotland.

Commissioners to treat of this were in fact nominated

[1] But see above, p. 107.

in Anne's first month. But the Scottish Nation, Whig and Tory alike, took fire at once. Anne had very naturally suggested that, as Presbyterians were tolerated in England, 'piskies' might receive equal treatment in the North, and this was quite enough to set the Kirk 'blawin' and 'bleezin.' Could the Jacobites have utilized this irregular energy? Some attempts they indeed made, one as late as the autumn of 1706, to unite with the Cameronian remnant in the name of King James; armed Highlanders were observed dropping by twos and threes into Edinburgh. But they had no leader. Their figurehead, the fourth Duke of Hamilton, was a liar and coward who betrayed every cause. Lockhart of Carnwath, the only honest Jacobite who served on the final Commission of Union, was not of sufficient weight in the State. The ablest living Scot, Mr. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, with his deep learning, his Odyssean experience of men and cities, and his lofty patriotism, was an aristocratic Republican of the old Roman type. On the other side stood the 'first Tory who turned Whig' at the Revolution, the Duke of Queensberry, pliant and able, unscrupulous and courteous; he was the real engineer of the Union; then there was the Chancellor Seafield, a turncoat too and a cynic, but a man of real ability and utter fearlessness; best of all, there was young John of Lorne, who became in 1703 second Duke of Argyll, Jeanie Deans' Duke, a brave soldier, a convinced and honourable Whig and yet a true patriot. Carstairs could be trusted, if not to muzzle the Kirk at least to prevent it from biting too hard.

Yet when the last Scottish Parliament met in May, 1703, it seemed as if the forces of disruption would win, and the next four years were full of stormy contradictions

in Church and State, during which the Edinburgh mob broke the windows of Unionists and threw stones at Ministers with a good deal of spontaneous patriotism. Acts were introduced called 'Acts of Security': our Successor on the death of Queen Anne shall not be the same as the English Successor, unless we get full security for our Parliament, Religion, Trade, Colonies (!) and Sovereignty. 'Limitations' of the prerogative of the said Successor were also introduced by Mr. Fletcher. England put on the screw by Bills excluding all Scottish products and making all Scots 'aliens' in England. The final set of Commissioners to draw up a Treaty of Union, thirty-one on each side, was nominated in 1705, Scotland consenting by a bare majority of two votes. Marlborough's victorious career quickened the steps of these gentlemen, and in April, 1706, they had come to an agreement on the main principles, viz. free trade and a single Parliament. The details took time, but in the details it is England on the whole that gives and Scotland that receives. In the adjustment of taxation Scotland is to be exempted from many English taxes, because she ought to bear no share in paying the interest of the English National Debt. Our bankrupt East India Company is bought out, and a sum of money paid in compensation to holders of Darien stock. Our share in the United Parliament is to be greater than our wealth, though less than our population would warrant, to wit forty-five Commoners and sixteen Peers—the latter elected for each Parliament by all the Peers of Scotland. Our Laws and our Law-courts we are to retain, without appeal to English Law-courts. Our Saltire, commonly called St. Andrew's Cross, is to be quartered on the flag of

'Great Britain,' and to be borne after Anne's death by the Princess Sophia and her heirs being Protestants.

The terrible question of Religion was not mentioned in the draft of the Treaty presented in October, 1706, to the Scottish Parliament, which promptly insisted that complete security for the supremacy of the Kirk should be inserted not only in the Treaty but in the coronation oath also. Storm after storm rang through the walls of the old Parliament House, to the accompaniment of crashing windows and yelling mobs up and down the High Street and the Canongate; but Queensberry's tact and majority were equal to it all, and, when the Treaty of Union had been touched with the sceptre on January 16th, 1707, Lord Seafield locked the door of the House as he left it, with the bitter jest, "There's an end of an auld sang."

"Deil rax their thrapples that reft us o' 't," as Andrew Fairservice remarks; and fancy loves to linger over the 'Riding of the Scots Parliament' in procession up the stately street (cleaned for the occasion) from Holyrood House. May not a political philosopher also pause, and ask whether something in the nature of a Federal Union might not have been tried? It is the fashion to dismiss such schemes as 'whimsies,' partly because 'Home Rule' in the vulgar modern sense is merely the cry of self-seeking demagogues, partly no doubt because of the astonishing success of the United Parliament up to 1832 in making Great Britain the foremost Nation in the World. But is not the supremacy of a single House of Parliament just now the greatest of political dangers? Might not a Federal Council, which would *ex natura rerum* ultimately have included Ireland and the Colonies, have been equally successful as Empire-builder? Might

not a Federal Constitution have ultimately given us the very thing of which we now stand most in need, a bulwark against the unchecked supremacy of the uneducated classes?

That the Union should be unpopular in Edinburgh goes without saying; that Glasgow, then a town of 12,000 inhabitants, went solid against, it only seems surprising because we are apt to forget that it was not till thirty years after the measure that Glasgow seriously took part in the Colonial trade. There and everywhere else in Scotland the first results were the deaths of the infant industries, which had been so highly protected by the Act of 1681. In fact only the cattle trade benefited from the first; Rob Roy began to combine with his natural profession of cattle thief that of a drover.

Louis XIV., who had been very hard hit at Ramillies in May, 1706, had missed his best chance, but the Jacobites kept him stirring all the next year, and in the spring of 1708 a small French Fleet, with King Jamie on board, sailed from Dunkirk: but when it appeared off the East coast of Scotland there was Admiral Byng waiting for it, and it never even attempted a landing. Yet hatred of the Union grew apace. In the last half of Anne's reign many of the prophecies of Scottish patriots were fulfilled. The barbarous English law of treason was extended to Scotland, and 'traitors' might now be (and were) removed for trial into England. Legal toleration was established for such of the 'piskies' (they were very few) as would abjure King James and pray for Queen Anne; the patronage of Scottish livings, abolished 1649, restored 1661, abolished 1690, was now again restored to the lay proprietors: which of the two latter measures inflamed the wrath of the Kirk the more,

it would be hard to say. An attempt of 1713 to extend, in the teeth of the words of the Union-Treaty, the malt-tax to Scotland[1] almost produced a civil war; it did produce a motion in the House of Lords for the repeal of the Union, moved by Argyll himself, and supported by all Scottish Peers and many English Whig Peers, who wanted to tease a Tory Government. This motion was lost by only four votes.

'Repeal of the Union' was the most popular cry in Scotland for nearly a generation after its passing. But if the only hope of this lies in accepting a Papist King? Then, Heaven help us, our hearts will indeed be torn in half!

King Jamie was by this time twenty-five years of age, and the very worst possible head to conceive or to carry out a 'state-stroke.' His virtues, which were many, told more fatally against him than his vices, which vanish under the historical microscope. He has had hard measure in history and in fiction—nowhere harder or more unjust than in 'Esmond.' He was brave in battle, as he proved abundantly, on the French side, in Marlborough's wars; he was the soul of honour both in private life and in public, utterly refusing to barter his faith for three kingdoms, refusing even to hold out any diplomatic hope that he would do so—an attitude which exasperated even his most faithful friends. Yet he was quite free from intolerance; he promised full toleration for the several versions of the Christian religion to which his subjects professed to be attached; he kept Protestants in high favour at his exiled Court, and, when the Pope re-

[1] This was actually done in 1725, and the disastrous result was the substitution of whisky for ale as the national drink.

monstrated with him for doing so, told that gentleman that he was a King and not an Apostle; he even gave his son a Protestant tutor. In an age of immoral kings his life was pure. But against all this you must set the fact that he entirely lacked both enterprise and resolution, that the slightest mishap discouraged him; he was the 'child of misfortune,' and misfortune had entered into his soul. Though fairly well educated, he was not clever, and, while his kindness of heart led him to go on trusting men whom he should have known for traitors, his knowledge that there was treachery about him sometimes made him untrustful of those to whom he should have given his confidence.

But when Anne died, a year before old Louis, an insurrection on behalf of James was certain, in Scotland if not in England. On paper the ''Fifteen,' as this insurrection is always called, had better chances than its descendant thirty years later. It had, however, many subsidiary faults and one radical one; it ought to have been the ''Fourteen.' Anne's last Minister, Bolingbroke, had actually been preparing in the last week of the Queen's life for a peaceable succession of James, and James ought to have been in Scotland before George (who didn't hurry) had time to lumber across into England. But the movement was deferred for a whole year. Even then the chances were not bad. The Regent of France was not unfavourable; the warlike King of Sweden, Charles XII., had his own reasons for being cross with King George, and so had the King of Spain; one of the greatest living soldiers, the Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, was James' half-brother; one of the most astute politicians, Bolingbroke, had just fled from England and had become his Secretary. Ormond, who

succeeded Marlborough as Commander-in-Chief in England, 1712, was an avowed Jacobite and had begun to promote officers of his own opinions; true, Marlborough had again on Anne's death replaced Ormond, but he was personally a waverer and had no influence, even of a military kind, in the councils of King George. There were not 15,000 troops with the colours in Britain, and of these not 2,000 in Scotland, it being the singular habit of John Bull at the close of all his great wars to disband his best soldiers as if they would never be needed again; it was now to become his still more singular habit to buy Dutch or German troops to defend his Island for him.

The councils of the Jacobites were, however, fatally divided: James distrusted Berwick; Bolingbroke got drunk and blabbed secrets; Ormond, finding himself suspected, fled too soon to France. If on the military side the Hanoverian Government was incapable, on the civil side it was preternaturally acute: the Whig Earl of Stair had his spies all over Europe; the Whig soldier Stanhope was one of the best Secretaries of State England ever had, and the Whig Duke of Argyll, honoured and loved in Scotland as few Whigs were and fewer deserved to be, was himself worth an Army. Swift seizure was made of the notorious English Jacobites, who certainly let themselves be seized very tamely: and

> The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,

where (as is well known) 'Tories own no argument but force.' A price of £100,000 was set on the head of the 'Pretender' (not a measure commonly employed in civilized countries), and Stair with great *sang-froid* set

paid murderers upon James' track both before and after the outbreak.

It was John Erskine, Earl of Mar, a man who had been and was to be again of doubtful fidelity, who on September 6th, without waiting for express orders, set up the standard of King James at Braemar, where he soon found himself at the head of eight thousand Highlanders gleg for a fight. He had with him fifteen of the leading Peers and Chiefs of great Clans in Scotland, and practically all the fighting force of Camerons, Macdonalds and Stewarts. The Frasers, the largest of the fighting Clans, were led the other way by the astute Simon, Lord Lovat, who aspired to keep the balance in the North, and who now seized Inverness and declared for King George. Why did not King Jamie come? It was a fatal mistake to wait for supplies from France, Sweden or Spain; these countries would only be likely to declare themselves for him after a success, not before one. Meanwhile Argyll hurried to Stirling, took command of the few Government troops he could find, and garrisoned with them the line of the Forth from Stirling to Edinburgh. Mar ought instantly to have forced this line at the ford just above Stirling; instead of which he concentrated at Perth and occupied the East coast from Aberdeen to Fife, feebly squealing for his King and for gunpowder—as if Highlanders needed powder—without taking any steps to make the latter commodity. Mr. Forster and Lord Derwentwater rose for the Cause in Northumberland and joined hands with Lord Kenmure who did the same in Galloway. Mar detached some 2,000 men under Mackintosh to join them; between them the Jacobite Armies outnumbered Argyll by four to one, and ought instantly to have converged and crushed

him. Instead of this, Forster marched Southwards into Lancashire, dawdled his time away at Preston, and then capitulated to an inferior force under General Carpenter on November 12th. On the same day Mar, who had at last advanced, met Argyll at Sheriffmuir on Allan Water, where

> Some say that we wan and some say that they wan,
> And some say that nane wan at a', man.

Each right wing, in fact, chased the opposing left from the field, and Mar's right (his Highlanders) performed their task in four minutes. But then Mar fell tamely back on Perth, and so left the real victory with Argyll. The Duke, now largely reinforced (Dutch mostly), began to push his opponent into the sea; he was censured in London for doing it too slowly, the truth being that, great and humane man as he was, he wished to give time for the rising to fizzle out, and to give the gentlemen engaged a chance to escape to the Continent. Hopes of this were, however, much spoiled when James, too late for all but honour, landed at Peterhead on December 22nd. The King's melancholy resignation only added trouble to the hearts of his adherents, already turned to water by the incapacity of their leader; James "cared not," says an eye-witness, "to come abroad among our soldiers or to see us handle our arms" —he who had charged at Oudenarde and Malplaquet in Louis' finest Household Cavalry! In less than six weeks he had to embark again at Montrose, being barely a day ahead of the Whigs, who were steadily reoccupying the coast towns. The remnants of Mar's Army, long ago thinned by incessant desertions, were hunted into fastnesses of Highlands and Islands by General Cadogan

and the Dutch; most of the Chiefs eventually escaped abroad or made their peace. James took Mar with him, retired to Avignon, and finally took up his quarters at Rome. His last thought on Scottish soil seems to have been bitter regret that his troops had been obliged to destroy some crops and burn some cottages on their retreat, and his last act was to send some of his slender stock of money to relieve the sufferers. Some thirty English and Scottish prisoners were executed in Lancashire and in London—for no Scottish jury could have been trusted to convict them. Like the Tory courtiers in James II.'s reign, Whig courtiers had 'grants' made to them of prisoners, so that they might get ransoms from them, and those prisoners who could not pay were transported. Of the six Peers impeached in London, Derwentwater and Kenmure alone were beheaded, Nithsdale escaping in his wife's dress the day before that fixed for his execution. Bribery was rife in London, especially bribery to Hanoverian 'ladies.' Lord Nairn, after eighteen months' imprisonment, emerged a ruined man, and noted in his diary, "Paid to lawyers and b——s £1,500." The most startling result of the rising was a fierce Act against the Episcopalians in Scotland, for they had been almost to a man for King James.

The Cause was, however, by no means dead. Though France was for the next fifteen years practically an ally of England, the Scottish Jacobites were soon singing

> Here's to the King o' Swede,
> Fresh laurels crown his head,
> Shame fa' ev'ry sneaking blade
> That winna do 't again.

The death of Charles XII. at the end of 1718 having shattered hopes from Sweden, they turned to Spain: James actually visited Madrid, and in 1719 a few Spanish troops were landed on the Inverness-shire coast, together with George Keith, Earl Marischal, the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord Seaforth and Lord George Murray; they rallied a few clansmen and fought a battle, of about one thousand a side, in Glenshiel, and were defeated by General Wightman. More attainders naturally followed; it had served to keep the flame alight in the Highlands, and that was all.

But Walpole's criminal indifference to the honour and fortune of England allowed the Navy and Army to rot and dwindle for twenty years; he did, indeed, send Marshal Wade into the Highlands to make a couple of hundred miles of road and to build forts which he omitted to garrison. Wade, a slow but shrewd man, reported a circumstance which ought to have disquieted King George, namely that the rents of the exiles of the 'Fifteen and the 'Nineteen were being regularly collected and sent to their rightful owners abroad. Every one, in fact, knew perfectly well that the next time England was drawn into a European spuilzie of any sort, the Jacobites would rise for the White Rose.

Meanwhile the White Rose had married in 1719 a Polish lady, whose nerves and groundless jealousies embittered all his middle life: Prince Charles was born in 1720 and Prince Henry 1725. The former grew up a tall, athletic, very naughty boy, badly educated and indifferent to religion, but quite a clean liver. Jacobites who were presented to him at Rome began to see that here was a young man made to their hands: and

certainly, from his early boyhood, the Prince had the Cause in his head to the exclusion of everything else; he went into training until he should be called upon to lead it. When he was sixteen the Porteous Riot—really an outbreak against the English Excise Laws—shook Scotland from end to end, and the 'sorrowfu' Union' was, perhaps for the last time, publicly referred to as the spring of all our woes. In the next year John Murray of Broughton visited Rome, and became a close intimate of the Prince: from 1741 he was organizing a regular Association of Jacobites in each district of Scotland. Negotiations were also begun with the well-affected in England, who however avoided committing themselves on paper. From the opening of '43 Louis XV. was warmly favourable; he was going to war with England in Flanders and Germany, but, before he committed himself to a landing, he naturally waited to see on what help he could rely in the Island of Great Britain. In the spring of '44 he thought the prospects favourable enough to embark 10,000 troops at Dunkirk, with Marshal Saxe, the best soldier in Europe, at their head. They waited for escort from the Brest Fleet, which sailed up Channel to Dungeness; there it met Admiral Norris with twenty-five sail of the line, and before a shot could be exchanged, a storm drove the French again to the Westward. The transports at Dunkirk were therefore useless, and Louis abandoned his plan of invasion.

On board that Dunkirk Fleet was Prince Charles. He had slipped away North without telling his father, and had travelled through France. James, though much perturbed at this 'start,' had sent a Commission of Regency after him. Louis had received him well, and

had promised his assistance. Murray, who must have known better, kept feeding him with hopes of risings, and travelled to and fro between Scotland and France. For a year and a half after the bitter disappointment of the Dunkirk Fleet Charles stayed in Paris or in Northern France in hopes of some fresh turn of the wheel. At last he declared that he would go alone and throw himself on the loyalty of Scotland. Two adventurous Irishmen, Sheridan and Kelly, joined him: Tullibardine, deprived of his succession to the Atholl Dukedom for his share in the 'Nineteen, also came to him; and in June, '45, we find him negotiating, on borrowed money, with a Mr. Walsh of Nantes for two ships and some broadswords, powder and muskets. The battle of Fontenoy had just been fought.

On July 23rd the piper of the Laird of Barra was walking along the rocks of Isle Eriska, at the tail of the Long Island, when he was hailed by an old acquaintance in a boat which had just put off from a small French ship. Such appearances were not rare, and probably suggested to Donald's mind a keg or two of smuggled brandy. He came aboard and piloted the vessel into the little harbour of Eriska. Among those who landed was a tall youth in a plain black coat, a plain shirt, not very clean, and a fair round wig; obviously a young clergyman who had heard much of the Highlanders and wished to converse with them. His speech had an Irish accent, but he quickly picked up a few words of the Gaelic, especially the words used in drinking of healths. On the next day the great man of Uist—a Macdonald, of course—came to see and converse with the young cleric, and advised him to go home, to which the cleric replied, "I am come home, Sir, and

I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me."

Now the Chiefs whom Murray had 'organized' during the last four years had all rightly stipulated for substantial French aid as the one condition of a rising, and they were therefore very much astonished when they found that Charles, who crossed to the mainland near Arisaig on the 25th, had only brought seven gentlemen with him. All were in fact shocked at the rashness of the enterprise, but the adhesion of the noble Cameron of Lochiel decided the rest. We don't hear of any 'fiery cross dipped in the blood of a newly slain goat' being sent round to summon the Clans, but the news travelled with lightning rapidity and we can imagine the joy with which it was received in many a Highland home, how the pipers would strike up 'Cock o' the North,' and how

> Some gat them swords and some gat nane,
> And some were dancing mad their lane,
> And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
> That night at Amulree.

The bulk of the fighting Clans, Macdonalds, Camerons and Stewarts of Appin came in at once; these formed the best part of Charles' Army, and were with him throughout the campaign. The rendezvous was fixed for August 19th at Glenfinnan, and a good omen was acknowledged when some Macdonalds cut off two companies of Whig foot on their way to Fort Augustus, and brought them in triumph to see the Royal Standard raised.

The Government had information of the start from France, and put out the usual proclamation of a reward for the 'Pretender's' head (one-third the value of his

father's—a mere trifle of £30,000), and King George in his speech to Parliament talked of it as an 'unnatural' rebellion. As a matter of fact it was the most natural consequence of the Government's own neglect of its forces, as well as of its contemptuous treatment of Scotland. There were not 12,000 troops in Britain, of which Sir John Cope had 4,000 in Scotland, all, except one regiment, untried in war. After a short delay to collect provisions Cope started North from Stirling with 1,500 foot, intending for Fort Augustus. But Charles had the 'wind at his back,' his men marched two miles for one of Cope's, and they beset the Pass of Corryarrick, the critical place on the Great North Road. Cope avoided the shock and turned aside to secure Inverness and Aberdeen, whence he might, if necessary, ship his troops round for the defence of Edinburgh.

It soon became obvious that this would be necessary. Charles pushed on by Perth, picking up Atholl men, Macphersons, Robertsons, with the Duke of Perth and his brother Lord John, and Tullibardine's brother Lord George Murray. Lord George was at once made Lieutenant-General, and, being a man of real ability, who had fought in the 'Fifteen and the 'Nineteen, he became practically Commander-in-Chief. But he had been pardoned after the latter fight, and till the very latest moment he had been in council with Cope. This made the Prince entertain a distrust of him which too often became visible. Lord George, however, having decided to join, was absolutely loyal; he thoroughly understood Highlanders, and was one of the best claymores in his own Army.

Right on they went by Dunblane to the ford of Frew, waded the Forth and shook their plaids at Stirling

Castle, which fired a few random shots at them. The two regiments of Dragoons, which Cope had left to guard the Forth, fell back before them in ever increasing panic. By September 17th Charles was outside Edinburgh, which was unfortified except for an old wall; he sent a summons to the town, and, while the bit Baillie bodies were trying to raise Whig Volunteers and sending procrastinating deputations till Cope should arrive, Lochiel with five hundred Camerons quietly walked in at the Netherbow, marched up the High Street, and grounded arms at the Cross. 'Johnnie Cope' had just landed at Dunbar and been joined by the flying Dragoons, September 18th.

He marched Westwards along the coast road with 2,300 men and six guns, and the Highland Army, perhaps two hundred men stronger, flew to meet him. Murray utterly outgeneralled Cope at Prestonpans, some twelve miles East of Edinburgh, forcing him to change front twice in succession, and finding his own way through a very nasty marsh quite unperceived at 4 a.m. on 21st. As the sun rose through the mist the Highlanders gave one volley and fell on with the claymore. Cope's six guns were fired once and killed one man; then the Gunners fled, then the Dragoons; the Infantry had little time left them to fly. As for the Volunteers, 'they were na worth a louse, man,' says Mr. Alick Skirving, who saw the field covered with loose heads and hands (the sword wounds inflicted by the claymore made an unusual and unpleasing impression on troops accustomed to be killed by decent bullets). It was all over in ten minutes, with 400 killed and 1,000 prisoners, and Cope led the shameful race to Berwick. Charles was for following him up at once, for, though

troops from Flanders were hurried over as quickly as possible, only old Marshal Wade, with some 4,000 at Newcastle, lay between him and London. But he was overruled and fell back on Edinburgh, where his little Army rapidly grew to 6,000 men.

Then followed that mad six weeks of glory and apprehension, during which Edinburgh knew itself for a Capital again, and the ladies, Jacobites to the soles of their dainty feet, danced minuets in Holyrood House, while the portraits of a hundred and fifty kings (painted for King James VII. by a Dutchman at £1 13*s.* 4*d.* per king) looked down on waving tartans and white cockades. The 'Highland Savages' were the best behaved of troops: no single act of cruelty is proved against them, either then or during the whole campaign; and the Prince, as men complained, gave all his prisoners too easy parole and attended to the enemy's wounded before his own. A sort of French Ambassador, M. d'Éguilles, came to the Court, and the Lowland Jacobite Peers and lairds—alas! but a handful now—came too. There was old Balmerino, whose ancestors had accompanied James VI. to England; there were Nairn and Nithsdale, whose fathers had escaped as by miracle after the 'Fifteen; Kenmure, whose father had not escaped; Pitsligo, Ogilvy, Kilmarnock; the brave but cantankerous Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss; Lord Lewis Gordon of the house of Huntly; Tullibardine, one of the 'Seven men of Moidart' and rightful Duke of Atholl; good James Drummond, rightful Duke of Perth; Oliphant of Gask, the most dashing cavalier, and Ker of Graden, the heartiest fellow and best scout in the Army. Before the end of October a few Frasers had come in; but

the head of that Clan, the old rogue Lovat, who might have cut off Cope from Inverness last August, was still sitting on the fence—

> Suspensus, ut felis futurum
> Despiciat simuletque saltum.

But oh! what quarrels in the little Council! the rivalry of the most loyal Chieftains *inter se* often thwarted the best-laid schemes. Charles, they said, trusted only his French and Irish friends; he certainly mistrusted Murray, who was rough in tongue, and yet he constantly let Murray overrule him. He was, in fact, under no illusions, and he soon began to see that a political cause was utterly wanting to him; he could enlist all hearts but few reasons, and therefore few Lowland recruits. He might put out proclamations denouncing the National Debt and promising repeal of the Union, but it was about ten years too late for that, for the Union was at last beginning to bear solid commercial fruit. In the absence, then, of a political cause, he must trust to the sword alone, and that sword the Highland claymore; and this is why he was so right in desiring always to go forward to London at the highest possible speed. The proof of his helplessness was seen in his weak blockade of Edinburgh Castle (September 29th to October 5th), the Governor of which said, in fact, that if Auld Reekie didn't send up daily supplies to his beleaguered garrison, he would lay Auld Reekie in ashes (which he could have done in twenty-four hours), and Charles had to allow the supplies to be sent!

And France was more intent on following up her conquests in Belgium than on risking her troops in Britain. Saxe made far too little effort to prevent

'Billy' Cumberland from shipping a great part of the Anglo-Dutch Army across the North Sea. Cumberland landed on the 19th; whoever else might be in a panic he wasn't, nor on the other hand did he make light of the affair. He made extensive and suitable preparations, which very nearly broke down from the apathy of the English people, who would neither rise for King James nor defend King George,[1] and from the utter absence, then as always, of proper defences against invasion. Wade, however, was strongly reinforced; Cumberland himself would march to meet the Prince, and attempts were made to raise a fresh Army to defend London.

For Charles had now overruled his Council into invading England, and on October 31st he started. His own view, almost certainly right, was to go by the East road and overwhelm Wade before his reinforcements reached him; but Lord George carried the day for the familiar Western route (of 1648 and 1651). He made, however, a feint at Wade which sufficed to keep him immobile, while the Highland Army, six thousand strong, sped swiftly by Moffat, Carlisle, Preston, Wigan, Manchester, always expecting English Jacobites to rise. At Manchester alone were recruited some two hundred men under Francis Towneley. Men and women came out and stared at the 'plaid-men' (from whom they caught the itch, for cleanliness was not among the Highland virtues), but few cried 'God bless them!' When they reached Macclesfield they learned that

[1] Some Whig nobles, *e.g.* the gallant Marquis of Granby, made efforts, not without success, to raise regiments. The City started a fund to provide the troops with blankets and gloves, and the Quakers offered them flannel waistcoats.

Cumberland, with 8,000 men, was in front at Lichfield, and Wade lumbering down to Doncaster on their flank. They did not know that it had become almost impossible to raise recruits for these Armies, though King George was offering £6 per man to any one who would join his Guards. Even then Murray outgeneralled the Duke by a feint to the West, and got between him and London; the Duke made frantic efforts to regain the road, but only succeeded in foundering his horse. When he reached Derby, but six or seven marches (126 miles) lay between Charles and his goal; there was a panic in London and a run on the Bank.

Then, December 6th, the victors suddenly threw up the sponge, and, after fighting almost alone against his Council a long winter's day, Charles consented to a retreat. All strategic considerations, said Murray, all common prudence pointed in that direction; it was but *reculer pour mieux sauter*. But this Army had not succeeded but by throwing prudence and strategic considerations to the winds. And now they were in excellent heart, well fed and even paid (the common story that the Highlanders had deserted in crowds during the march is now disproved);[1] they were five thousand strong to a mere trifle of thirty thousand, most of whom were already behind them. Besides, actual numbers of enemies mattered little; they were practically certain to wipe before them anything except really well-served Artillery, and of that the English had as yet little ready; London was (and still is) unfortified, and King George at Kensington was packing his portmanteau.

[1] Say they dropped on the way, at the outside, from speed, desertion or sickness, a sixth of their number; that was a very unusually small proportion in the Eighteenth Century.

"But," said Lord George, "once back in Scotland we shall double our numbers; France is really preparing to send aid": "Where," said Lord George, "are your English Jacobites? Who cries 'God save King James!'?" "Or who cries 'King George'?" the Prince might have asked in return. "Rather than go back," he said, "I would be twenty feet underground." But go back they did.

Up till now there had been the makings of greatness in this young Prince; from that hour they vanished. He who was wont to be the first astir in the morning, sleeping little, faring of the hardest, and ever on foot in the van, now became a laggard and indifferent, silent, suspicious and grumpy. Flashes of the old fire came out often enough, at Stirling, at Falkirk, on the morning of Culloden, and in his long wanderings after that battle; but gradually the night fell, and the hero of romance became in middle life an intriguer and a drunkard, in old age a dotard and a wife-beater.

That, however, was as yet far away. Eleven days after Derby his rear-guard killed at Clifton near Penrith a hundred of Cumberland's pursuing horse; his men cheerily waded Esk bank-high in winter flood; a garrison, doomed to axe and rope, was left at Carlisle as a proof that a return was intended. Neither Wade nor Hawley, who succeeded to Wade's command, made any attempt to bar the retreat, nor did Handyside, who now held Edinburgh for King George, try to hinder Charles' occupation of Whiggish Glasgow. And the reinforcements did come till the Army reached the number of nine thousand men; the whole Clan Fraser came in, as old Lovat had at last got down off the fence on the right side, and with them a lot of Drummonds

and Gordons. Even some Irish-French came, with an absurd person who called himself an engineer, and who tempted Charles to besiege Stirling Castle. When Hawley advanced to the relief of that Castle, Lord George swept his Dragoons with great loss from the field of Falkirk, as he had swept them from Prestonpans, and took many prisoners. But on February 1st a decision only less fatal than that at Derby was taken, again utterly against the Prince's will, to retreat to the Highlands; apart from the moral effect of such a retreat, it was a mere courting of starvation.

Cumberland, who had been in the South for a few weeks, came North again at the end of February and restored discipline in Hawley's terrified Army. He brought five thousand Hessian mercenaries to hold the line of the Forth, he occupied the whole East coast and was fed from the Fleet as he moved towards Aberdeen; and there he lay all March, training his Infantry to face the Highland broadsword. Lord Loudoun was busy raising the Whig Clans for King George. Charles chased Loudoun and the Macleods in wild panic out of Inverness and seized Fort Augustus, but failed at Fort William and at Blair Castle. When in April Cumberland with 18 pieces of heavy Artillery and 8,000 men,[1] began to move along the shore of the Moray Firth towards Nairn, the Highlanders, already starving, were scattered in a wide circle round Inverness searching for food, and about one-third of them had been despatched to meet a French convoy on the Pentland Firth.

So not more than five thousand men were present for the fatal 16th at Culloden. The ground on which they

[1] Including some 500 of the Whig Clans, mostly Campbells.

fought, the day on which to fight, were not of Lord George's choosing, and the battle was one of starvation *versus* a full belly. The Macdonalds were posted out of their accustomed place, and got sulky; the Artillery tore long lines in the other Clans before they could charge; yet even so they charged through the guns, sabred the gunners, broke through the Duke's first line, and their leaders reached his second before they were shot down. Cumberland gave little quarter, either now or in his subsequent 'pacification' of the Highlands; he shot or burned all the wounded, all who were found with arms. He was about the same age as Prince Charles, and his brutalities are, thank God, without parallel in the history of the British Army. One cherishes a hope that the worst of these cruelties were committed not by honest English ploughboys, but by the countrymen of King George, Hessians purchased from their 'natural' Prince at five pounds per year per Hessian.[1]

Did Charles leave the field too soon? Who knows? Certainly he gave the fatal order, after the battle, 'Let every man seek his safety as best he can.' A fatal order indeed, for, though we had lost 1,000 out of 5,000 we had hit the Hanoverians pretty hard in return.[2] Culloden was no Naseby, and the spirit of the fighting Clans had not been broken by the loss of one battle; on the 18th nearly 4,000 rallied at Ruthven under Lord George, Tullibardine, Perth, Ogilvy and the sore wounded Lochiel. But the Prince had fled; none as yet heard whither.

[1] Probably also by the Highlanders of the Whig Clans, Campbells and Macleods, who had the old scores of Montrose's days to pay off.

[2] The 4th and the 37th Regiments suffered the worst.

Every one knows how he wandered and lurked in caves and bothies to and fro between the Islands and the Western mainland for five wonderful months. Every one has heard of Flora Macdonald of Milton, and the tall spinning-woman called 'Betty Burke from Ireland' whom Miss Flora brought with her to Kingsburgh's house in Skye on June 29th: 'a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife' Betty seemed to be. Betty-Charles in fact bore, during those five months, a good deal more than his father's uncle had borne during his flight from Worcester, and honestly confessed that he had learned during his skulking to take a hearty dram when he could get it; unfortunately drams were easier to come at in the Highlands than bannocks or beef, and the habit remained with the Prince in climates where he needed it less. Thirty thousand pounds (sterling, not Scots) was the price upon his head; this was well known to a population of 200,000 persons, habitually living on the verge of starvation. One-thousandth part of that price would have been wealth untold to ninety-nine in every hundred of that population. His secret and his whereabouts must have become known to, and his hairbreadth escapes must have been aided by well over a hundred of these poor people; they must have been suspected by many hundreds more. Every pass was beset, every cave smoked out, every corrie and hilltop scoured by red-coats burning for the reward; flogging and torture were freely applied to every one who was supposed to have an inkling of the secret. But the loyalty of Scotland was proof against all trials; Donald remained as dumb as Ailsa Craig. The Prince was hiding in a hole on the side of Ben Alder when he learned, on September 13th,

that a St. Malo privateer was in Loch-na-nuagh; a week later he was aboard of her, and on the 29th he landed at Roscoff in Brittany. Forty-two years of exile and degradation lay yet before him. The present writer was carried in his infancy to see an old lady, then hard upon a hundred years, who had kissed his hand in Florence or in Rome. The story of the 'Forty-five has been the theme alike of the loftiest romance and the most pitiful drivel; but, when the plain facts are put down, it is hard to say that the reality does not vie in interest with any romance that could be written.

And so it was all over, and the heading and hanging began—mostly at Carlisle and London, with all the ghastly accompaniments of the English punishment for treason; and the name of Murray of Broughton, once Prince Charles' right hand, became for ever infamous as that of a perjured traitor who turned King's evidence. This time the Government would make a full end; Balmerino, Kilmarnock, old Lovat (who really only got his deserts) and Francis Towneley were the most distinguished sufferers; there were about eighty victims in all. Few pardons were granted, and few forfeited estates ever restored. Highland dress was proscribed and the heritable jurisdictions were abolished. This was a really good job; these 'Courts of Regality,' over a hundred in number, had put the poor tenants too often at the mercy of their Chiefs; we all know the story of the woman who said to her husband, "Come awa' and be hangit doucely, and dinna anger the Laird." And the Highlands were depopulated.

And 'it was far better'? Oh yes! it was 'far better' (because it came to pass) that Britain should be governed by a German boor than that we should 'suffer

Popery and arbitrary power and wear wooden shoes'; we should, of course, have suffered and worn these things if King Jamie, the most gentle, tolerant, honourable soul who ever threw away a crown, had been restored. It never seems to occur to any one who argues thus that it is an insult to the British aristocracy and to the all-powerful British Parliament to suggest that, in full Eighteenth Century, it could not have kept in order any King who ever strutted. King George was an infinitely more 'arbitrary' man than King James; he damned and cursed his Ministers to their faces; he stole his father's will in order to cheat his sister of a legacy, and he treated his son with infamous cruelty. He would have entirely subordinated English to German interests; but Parliament kept him and every other King in order as soon as it put its foot down.

With the close of the 'Rebellion' Scottish history is finally merged in British. The Episcopal Church was, by Acts of 1746, 1748, practically proscribed; though few of its ministers had taken overt part for the Prince, all had been at heart on his side; the only two who followed his Army were executed. Some Non-Jurors kept a feeble flame alive till the death of Prince Henry, who died a Roman Cardinal, in 1807; all had been steadily coming to use the English Liturgy, or a Prayer Book closely resembling it, since the death of Anne. Yet the Kirk, whose triumph seemed more complete than ever, reaped little fruit from it. Secessions had begun, largely in protest against patronage, as early as 1737; they were multiplying rapidly, and all were in the conservative direction, all were made because the Kirk was becoming too moderate, too reasonable; because ministers were ceasing to hold forth for a

hundred successive sabbaths[1] on the same text, as the old practice had been; because the tyranny of the Elders in Kirk Session was being relaxed. While the Seceders stood for the pure old Kirk of dogmatic Calvinism and the Covenant, the change in the spirit of those who remained went on apace, and the last half of the Eighteenth Century was intellectually and socially the golden age of Presbyterian Scotland, in which she produced her really great men—Principal Robertson, Blair, Alexander Carlyle, Beattie, Reid, Dr. John Erskine, men to whom dogma meant little and lofty morality much. It would no longer happen to any printer, who printed a work of any of these men, to come across 'God's Wrath' so frequently as to exhaust his fount of the letter 'W' and be at last obliged to print 'God's VVrath.' The last capital sentence for witchcraft was executed in 1727, and the Acts against that 'crime' were repealed in the year of the Porteous Riot. Education, it is true, was still backward, and the Act of 1696 was a dead letter in many remote districts; the salaries of parish schoolmasters were infinitesimal. But the passion of all classes for education was strong and growing. Most burghs had grammar schools, where excellent Latin was taught; the Universities, which taught no Latin except by lecturing in it, monopolized Greek. Social life was, and long remained, curiously simple; the friendship between rich and poor dwelling on the land, or in flats in the same house in cities, was maintained until the Industrial Revolution at the close of the century. Crime was remarkable by its absence; there were no

[1] Five years of Sabbaths on the same text is believed to be the record.'

highwaymen—indeed they would have earned a poor living. Years passed without an execution in Edinburgh; there was seldom a week without one in London. By Scots law seventeen crimes were death-worthy, by English one hundred and sixty-four. People hardly ever locked their doors, even in towns. Poverty and beggary were before every one's eyes, but pauperism was all but unknown; the first rate for it was raised in Glasgow in 1770, elsewhere not till about 1800; in England, where wages were double, every fifth man was a pauper. The reason of the difference lies in the kindly feeling between all classes which was such a marked characteristic of old Scottish life.

From the accession of George III. material prosperity increased too rapidly not to foreshadow some change in these beautiful conditions. The development of agriculture, forestry and commerce went on with giant strides. Banks were established in country towns. Rich East India merchants and Glasgow-Virginia traders bought land and cultivated it scientifically, and Scottish farming and gardening began to be held up as an example in England. Linen, woollen and thread manufactures flourished apace, the famous Carron ironworks, where grew the 'carronades' for Nelson's fleets, were opened in 1760, the Forth and Clyde Canal was opened in 1778. A few years before this James Watt had patented a noisy machine which he called a 'Steam-Engine'; it was a more successful one than Prince Rupert's. In such a society as this Adam Smith, the father of Free Trade, wrote his 'Inquiry into the Causes of the Wealth of Nations,' and into such a society Robert Burns and Walter Scott were born. At the end of the century Glasgow counted 90,000 souls; the population of the

IRELAND
Dublin
Liverpool
Manchester
Sheffield
Lincoln
Nottingham
Derby
Leicester
Norwich
Yarmouth
Lynn
Peterborough
Stilton
Newmarket
Cambridge
Ipswich
Aldborough
Southwold
Colchester
Chelmsford
Birmingham
Stourbridge
Ludlow
Worcester
Stratford
Gloucester
Burford
Woodstock
Oxford
Aylesbury
Ware
Hertford
Hatfield
Stevenage
Hitchin
Baldock
Royston
Bedford
Newport Pagnell
Buckingham
Wycombe
Marlow
Henley
Reading
Newbury
Basingstoke
Andover
Winchester
Petworth
Guildford
Dorking
Kingston
Croydon
Canterbury
Ramsgate
Margate
Sandwich
Dover
Shornecliffe
Dungeness
Rye
Hastings
Eastbourne
Brighton
Lewes
Arundel
Chichester
Portsmouth
Isle of Wight
Newport
Ventnor
Yarmouth
Cowes
Southampton
Salisbury
Salisbury Plain
Old Sarum
Wincanton
Sherborne
Yeovil
Crewkerne
Taunton
Bridgwater
Bristol
Bath
Chippenham
Devizes
Warminster
Frome
Shepton Mallet
Wells
Glastonbury
Axbridge
Weston-super-Mare
Cheddar
Clifton
Exeter
Topsham
Exmouth
Dawlish
Teignmouth
Torquay
Newton Abbot
Totnes
Dartmouth
Brixham
Plymouth
Stonehouse
Saltash
Launceston
Bodmin
Truro
Falmouth
Helston
Penzance
Redruth
Camborne
St Ives
Scilly Isles
Portland
Lyme Regis
Bridport
Abbotsbury
Weymouth
Dorchester
Sherborne
Shaftesbury
Blandford
Wimborne
Christchurch
Ringwood
Lymington
Fordingbridge
Romsey
Alton
Farnham
Godalming
Reigate
Epsom
Kingston
Richmond
Hounslow
Uxbridge
Windsor
Eton
Slough
Maidenhead
Henley
Wallingford
Abingdon
Faringdon
Cirencester
Tetbury
Malmesbury
Chippenham
Calne
Marlborough
Hungerford
Newbury
Whitchurch
Basingstoke
Odiham
Alton
Petersfield
Midhurst
Horsham
Dorking
Guildford
Godalming
Haslemere
Tunbridge Wells
Maidstone
Ashford
Canterbury
Whitstable
Faversham
Sittingbourne
Rochester
Chatham
Gravesend
Dartford
Erith
Woolwich
Greenwich
Deptford
Lambeth
Westminster
Chelsea
Hammersmith
Kensington
Hampstead
Highgate
Islington
Hackney
Stratford
Barking
Romford
Brentwood
Ongar
Epping
Harlow
Bishop's Stortford
Hertford
Ware
Hoddesdon
Waltham Cross
Enfield
Barnet
Edgware
Harrow
Uxbridge
Staines
Chertsey
Weybridge
Kingston
Epsom
Reigate
Redhill
Godstone
Oxted
Westerham
Sevenoaks
Tonbridge
Tenterden
Hythe
Folkestone
Dover
Deal
Sandwich
Ramsgate
Margate
Herne Bay

whole kingdom of Scotland was one and a half millions, and the revenue had risen in a hundred years from £160,000 to £8,160,000.

Much, however, was going to pass away; the frugal, stern life, the homely 'Lallan' tongue (the purest Teutonic dialect in the world), would vanish as riches and intercourse with other Nations increased. The new landlords in the Highlands grew sheep and beasts rather than men, and the men had to go. Sergeant More Macalpin, returning covered with glory from forty years' service in George III.'s wars, was very apt to find, on his return to his native glen, 'the fires quenched on thirty hearths, and of the cottage of his fathers but a few rude stones.' He turned his eyes longingly towards Canada, whither all of his race seemed to have gone; he even started on the journey, but, as we know, he never got farther than Gandercleuch; and there, on many a Sabbath morning, we may believe that his heart, and sister Janet's beside him, swelled to the noble words of the Second Paraphrase:—

> Our vows, our prayers we now present
> Before Thy throne of Grace,
> God of our Fathers, be the God
> Of their succeeding race!

CHAPTER VIII

THE LOSS OF AMERICA

KING GEORGE'S III.'s character has gained, perhaps, some favour in history from the fact of his coming between his shocking old grandfather and his quite unspeakable son. But the fact remains that, except where politics were concerned, George III. was an honest man; unfortunately this is, in the case of a King, a big exception. Speaking and thinking wholly in English, with a passion for violent exercise, George had in private life something in him of the typical John Bull; his tastes were simple, economical, domesticated, and he was sincerely pious and religious; he loved, and to some extent understood farming, and he liked to make a good bargain over his pigs; he loved hunting, and, even when he became blind, loved long rides about Windsor Park with a groom and a leading-rein; he loved patronizing the poor, and he loved laying down the law to every one he met. In public, unless vehemently excited, he had some natural dignity; in private life none whatever. Unfortunately, both in public and private, he was often vehemently excited, and then he became rude or sullen. The history of his illnesses is obscure, but it is certain that his excitability often bordered on mental derangement; on at least two occasions, perhaps on four, temporary insanity fol-

lowed, and in 1811 he became finally insane. But always he had the oddest manners, the most absurd habits of inquisitiveness, of rapid talk and repetition of his words, with a 'hey? hey?' or 'what? what? what?' at the end of each sentence.

His mother, fearing corruption for his morals, had kept him very close to her side, and his education had been much neglected; he could speak French and German, but knew nothing of the classics, of literature, history or art, though after a fashion he tried to patronize them all; Handel's music he knew and loved, but it was his only elevated taste; one is glad to think that he could solace himself with this when he was old, blind and insane. Once on the throne he set himself to be an industrious King, in which capacity his natural stupidity made him pay absurd attention to trifles; he wrote with his own hand numerous and very ungrammatical letters to his Ministers on matters that would better have been left to them. Yet in the course of his long reign he picked up a very considerable knowledge of mankind, and often, especially in matters concerning the Army, astonished the said Ministers by sensible suggestions and criticisms. He believed his own distinguishing characteristic to be firmness; others said that it was obstinacy. His personal bravery was undoubted, and was splendidly shown on the several occasions on which his life was attempted by fanatics. And when, in June, 1780, all his Ministers and magistrates quailed before a 'No Popery' riot, which put London for three days in the hands of a fierce mob, the King saved his Capital by calling out the troops and bidding them shoot.

He was just twenty-two at his accession. He and

his Queen Charlotte, a Princess of Mecklenburg, whom he married in 1761, set a noble example of purity at Court, but they brought up their children both stupidly and sternly; the family circle at Windsor or Kew or Buckingham House was so dull, the rooms so bitterly cold and so Spartan in furniture, the family dinners so invariably consisted of roast mutton and rice pudding, the family prayers were so awfully regular, that nearly all the seven of their sons who attained maturity escaped whenever they could, got drunk and ran after actresses. And both father and mother were cruelly unforgiving.

When we turn to the *Rex politicus* we find a very different picture; the stupidity remains visible, but the honesty has disappeared. It is commonly said that George proposed to himself the laudable end of breaking up the system of government by parties, and that he very largely succeeded. The truth is rather that he set himself to break up the most powerful party in the State, that of the Whigs, which was already breaking itself up into sections and family groups; and he expected to succeed to the influence possessed in Parliament and in the country by that party. In fact, he set himself to be a party leader and to create a party for himself. In this latter aim he had for about eleven years, 1770–81, some measure of success, and a kind of new Tory party came into existence;[1] but the net result was that after his effort was spent, parties came back worse

[1] It must be remembered that until, and indeed long after the French Revolution had begun, all sections of English political leaders still called themselves Whigs; the name 'Tory' was revived, as a stigma for the party of the Government, about the year 1794. But historians generally now speak of the 'King's friends' of 1770–82 as Tories, of North as a Tory, and, almost always, of the younger Pitt, from 1793 onwards, as a Tory.

than ever, have been getting worse ever since and do get visibly worse every day. The means by which the King proposed to attain his end were the same means by which Walpole and Newcastle had purchased for themselves majorities in Parliament and the good things of office—to wit, distribution of patronage in Church and State, in Army, Navy, Civil Service and Court, even direct bribery in hard cash; all of which means it is bad enough for a Newcastle, but unspeakably bad for a King to use. George III. did, in fact, at the very time when the better part of the aristocracy was revolting against this system, stereotype and rivet it upon the necks of Englishmen; for the Opposition, having nothing else to fight him with, fought him with his own weapons. The only difference between then and now is that party leaders now bribe with other people's money instead of with their own. George spent in jobbery of this sort all his own Civil List (which accounts for the homely diet of his family as well as for the fact that his tradesmen usually went unpaid), and as much more as Parliament, which he repeatedly asked to pay large debts for him, would grant; and so, in spite of his frugality, he was one of the most expensive Kings in history.

What contemporaries in the first twenty years of the reign saw, and saw often with a good deal of sympathy, was a dogged effort of the King to get Ministers to his mind, and to choose them independently of party connections. The disinterested part of the Nation was decidedly with the King against the great Whig houses. Not that the great Whig houses had governed altogether badly, but that they were becoming ridiculous; there were Russell Whigs, Grenville Whigs, Wentworth Whigs,

Pelham Whigs and Cavendish Whigs; just so many family groups. Each said, "I can't take office without my Friends"—with a big F. People looked at Mr. Pitt and said, 'Ah! he was the man, he was independent of family connections.' It was true indeed that Pitt hated Newcastle and the old Whig family groups; but he too had a family group of his own, the Grenville group, headed by Earl Temple. Whenever he was offered power, Pitt was obliged, like every one else, to say, "I won't come in without my Friends; if your Majesty won't 'make room' for them, I must involve myself in my virtue." What the Nation often, and the King at first failed to see, was that his choice of Ministers must be determined by the willingness of Parliament to support them; the King turned to man after man, to group after group in vain, until at last he began to see that he must buy a majority in the Houses to support the man of his choice; and from about '67, when the idea seems to have been suggested to him by Henry Fox, he set himself to do this. But, even when he had got some sort of majority, and had got the Minister to his mind, he never seems to have been able to trust him, and continually intrigued against him or bullied him into acting against his own judgment. Lord Shelburne said that he 'excelled in the art of obtaining men's confidences and then availing himself of his knowledge to sow dissensions between them.' In the last resort he could always threaten to go mad if his wishes were thwarted. So, as for his methods, they were as detestable and as mean as they could be.

But as for his ends? his political opinions? and his prejudices? One is bound to confess that, good or bad, these were based upon the opinions and prejudices of

the bulk of his English subjects. He and the Nation wanted to coerce America; we cannot wholly blame either for losing it instead. He and the Nation were against a licentious press, against mob rule, against 'Wilkes and Liberty,' against a sweeping Parliamentary reform; we cannot wholly blame either for having thereby called Radicalism into existence; he and the Nation were against justice to Roman Catholics; but neither was clever enough to foresee that the refusal of this would make Irish disloyalty permanent. And occasionally he and the Nation were most gloriously right. A weaker King and a weaker Nation might easily have coerced their aristocracy into making a degrading Peace with the French Revolution.

Complex as the ministerial and parliamentary history of the reign is, the great outstanding features of it are simple and few. In the first twenty-three years come the loss of America and the last war with Old France; in the next ten the epoch of financial reform; while, of the remaining twenty-seven, twenty-two are occupied with the struggle against New France and the Spirit of Revolution. Through the whole sixty years that other Revolution is going on which was to change England from a self-supporting agricultural country into the workshop of the modern World. Of politicians and their intrigues I shall say as little as possible, except in so far as they affect these great subjects.

We have seen, in discussing the close of the Seven Years' War, at the end of a previous chapter, how Pitt had gone off in the sulks and how Newcastle had been contemptuously dismissed. Bute, the 'favourite' who succeeded to the Treasury, was a failure, and resigned in April '63, and so George's first serious Minister was

Pitt's brother-in-law, George Grenville, a conceited, industrious, solemn fellow, without a spark of imagination, but a sound financier. The King probably thought that Grenville would prove a tool, but found that he had got, instead, a master who gave him long lectures on his duty. Grenville and the other Ministers managed to put themselves technically in the wrong, in the year '63, by issuing a warrant of doubtful legality against a very clever and unscrupulous libeller called John Wilkes, Member for Aylesbury, who was a friend of Pitt's ally, Lord Temple. Wilkes denounced Lord Bute, the Ministry and the Peace in a newspaper called the *North Briton*. The King took up the question hotly, and insisted on the prosecution of the libeller. At first it was mainly a couple of legal questions that were involved—whether the publication of a seditious libel is a 'breach of the peace,' or merely 'an act tending to a breach of the peace,' and whether a 'general warrant,' *i.e.* a warrant to arrest an unnamed person or persons, is legal. But from a pamphleteer Wilkes, who caught the ear of the Opposition, rapidly developed into a demagogue, a champion of unlimited press-licence and a 'martyr for liberty'; all this probably somewhat against his own natural inclinations, for, though a man of profligate life, he had some of the instincts both of statesmanship and patriotism in him. Successive Houses of Commons, each more and more under George's influence, persecuted and expelled Wilkes; and their legal right to do this was more than doubtful.[1] In '74 they gave up the struggle

[1] The House had perhaps the legal right to expel a Member; but it went further and passed resolutions declaring Wilkes incapable of being re-elected.

and Wilkes was allowed to sit for Middlesex, and in '82 all the proceedings of the House against him were expunged from its journals. The only real importance of the quarrel, apart from the legal questions involved, is that the excitement of the populace in his favour, culminating in '68 in very serious riots, was one of the symptoms of the birth of modern Radicalism. In the height of the Wilkes fever, London was in a condition of fearful disorder; strikers assembled in Palace Yard and threatened members of both Houses, and there were furious fights between sailors and coal-heavers on the river. "Mr. Green's house," says Horace Walpole, "was besieged by the coal-heavers for nine hours, but he killed eighteen of them." From this time onward attempts to coerce the Houses by 'monster petitions' and by mob violence have never wholly ceased.

But the real interest of Grenville's Ministry is the beginning of the quarrel with the Colonies of North America. The prosperity of these thirteen 'Plantations,' now that they were freed from the fear of the French, naturally increased at a great rate; and the almost virgin field of Canada was just freshly open to their 'pushfulness.' And the richer they grew, the more absurd appeared the restrictions which the Navigation Acts laid on their trade. Grenville, however, was resolved to enforce these restrictions, and in particular to put down the extensive system of smuggling to foreign countries on which the New Englanders, especially those of Boston, were growing so rich. He also considered, and in this he was by no means singular, that the Colonists ought to be made to contribute, if not to the expenses of the late war, which had been fought argely on their

behalf, at least to the cost of their own defence in future. Accordingly he proposed to raise in British America a small sum of £100,000 by a tax on contracts called a 'Stamp Act.' There was nothing new in a proposal to tax America; Walpole had rejected it; the great lawyer Hardwicke had said long ago that he believed it to be legal; the greatest living lawyer, Mansfield refused to give any legal opinion on it. Some of the Colonial Charters mentioned self-taxation as a special right; others did not. The able young Lord Shelburne, at the head of the Board of Trade in 1763, had been occupied with schemes for raising some contribution from the Colonies; but there was no special Secretary of State for the Colonies until 1768.[1]

The Colonists would probably have refused and rebelled in whatever form the proposition was put to them. They never pretended to be grateful to the Mother Country, and they had never been really loyal to her. "Forty years ago," wrote John Wesley in 1780, "when my brother was in Boston, the general language there was, 'We must throw off the yoke of England; we shall never be a free people till we do so.'" If they had been left alone Americans might have gone on grumbling and absorbed in their own interests; their politicians might have continued to breathe their lungs in petty quarrels with their Governors until some new grievance gave them their handle. But at the first grievance they would have been up in arms. As for a permanent garrison of British soldiers, which Grenville wished to maintain in America, the Colonists would none of it; it would be used, they thought, to put down

[1] In 1782 this office was again abolished, and was not recreated until 1801. In the interim it was annexed to the War Office.

smuggling, and to strengthen the very weak hands of the Government. The proposed tax, they cried, violated the 'first principle' of government, which is 'no taxation without representation.' Now this is certainly not thus a 'principle' of the British or of any other government, still less is it a 'Law of Nature'; it is, however, a very good working basis of politics, and any glaring violation of it is sure to raise an outcry. But there were plenty of so-called Whigs, both in the Old and New Worlds, who were beginning, unlike their ancestors of the Seventeenth Century, to appeal broadcast to 'principles of government' rather than to Common Law rights. Yet if any real principle was involved it was that enunciated, in the very crisis of the rebellion, by Adam Smith, that Colonies ought to contribute to the revenue of the Mother Country, and ought not to be retained if they don't.

The majority of the Americans had certainly no wish to break the tie of Union; but a majority whose loyalty is wholly inert is always at the mercy of a minority which speaks and acts with decision. The baleful skill with which the leaders of the revolt played their cards has seldom been equalled. The most disgusting hypocrite of the lot is perhaps Benjamin Franklin, the Pennsylvania printer, who, with loyalty ever on his lips, patiently undermined in both Worlds the cause of the loyalists and of the Government, seduced Chatham, whom he visited in '74, with his glib phrases about the 'old Whigs of 1688' and the like; swore that his countrymen had no thought of separation at the very time that Congress was in the making; and, finally, negotiated the Treaty with France. The rant and froth about Natural Rights were left to Patrick Henry and

Jefferson ; the Machiavellian intrigues to Samuel Adams. Every molehill of maladministration was magnified into a mountain, and artfully shown off on a broad background of ' principle.'

The Stamp Act, passed in '64, was not to become law till '65, and the year of suspense let loose the flood of opposition in both Worlds. George was already in bitter quarrel with Grenville over a Regency Bill, and was trying to get rid of him ; the great French Minister, Choiseul, was watching England ' going to pieces in anarchy,' and praying that the anarchy might continue till the French Fleet should be rebuilt. The Assembly of Massachusetts led the way in remonstrances against the Act, and the smuggling populace of Boston led the way in riots and sacking of Custom-houses. The Assembly of Virginia, more temperate but not more loyal, proceeded to organize ' constitutional resistance,' in the shape of a Central Assembly at New York, to which nine of the Colonies sent members, for the despatch of petitions to the British Government. They did not, we observe, ask for representation in the British Parliament, which would have been the true solution of the difficulty ; indeed it is not strange that they did not, for their politicians would have been drowned and isolated in that Assembly. But it is strange that British statesmanship paid so little attention to this plan, which was known to be in the air even before it was definitely proposed by Adam Smith, for it was a plan which would have made the Britain of our own days the centre of a world-wide Federated Empire, without the farce of ' self-governing Colonies,' which are in reality bound to her only by the weakest tie of sentiment—a tie incapable of standing

the strain of conflicting interests for any serious length of time.

Dis aliter visum. Pitt, who had already in most unworthy fashion denounced the Peace of 1763, went back at once to the factious attitude of his earlier years and thundered out a lot of splendid froth about 'chains' and 'slavery'; but refused to take office when George dismissed Grenville. In despair the King turned to the Wentworth section of the Whigs, under the tame and stupid Lord Rockingham, who was perhaps bullied and perhaps frightened into repealing the Stamp Act, while passing an Act declaratory of the 'right' of King and Parliament to tax the Colonies. This was doing the maximum of mischief with the minimum of good. To the King this 'Old-Whig' Ministry was merely a stop-gap; it included the detested and now quite effete Newcastle (who didn't die till '68), the honest and shrewd Duke of Grafton, whose real insight was rendered useless by fatal indecision of character, and the highly honourable soldier, General Conway, as Leader in the Commons. But all the time the King was intriguing against them and trying to set them at variance one with the other; all the time he was making overtures to Pitt, at last (July, '66) successfully. Rockingham and Newcastle were dismissed; Grafton became nominal head of a Ministry in which Pitt, as Earl of Chatham, took the Privy Seal and was intended to take the real lead. The King had been alternately repelled by and drawn towards Pitt, but on the whole rightly believed the latter to be as much averse to Newcastleism as himself. He also thought that Pitt would find some means of conciliating America, but in this he was deceived. The new Ministry included Grafton, Shel-

burne and the great lawyer Camden, all of them, to some extent, political pupils of Pitt, and a brilliant but rash Chancellor of the Exchequer called Charles Townshend.

Now it is true that the Colonists erected statues and named cities after Pitt and professed to adore him; true also that his lofty imperialistic imagination would have prevented him from passing a Stamp Act or any such folly. But, when it came to finding remedies for the existing tension, he was as much at sea as any one else. In his speeches he went very near to denying the Sovereignty of the Mother Country; and he did actually deny the right to tax. But, on the other hand, his utter ignorance of law, logic and economic principles led him to maintain, in the same breath, the right to impose Customs-duties and to regulate American trade. The Whigs were on sounder ground when, by the mouth of their great political philosopher, Burke, who had entered Parliament as a protégé of Rockingham, they upheld the right, but denied the expediency of all taxation. Once in office Chatham seems to have neglected American affairs altogether, and to have devoted his attention to grand schemes, such as the assumption of the sovereignty of India by the Crown and the further humiliation of his old French enemies by a triple alliance with Prussia and Russia. When the latter scheme was spoiled by the cold astuteness of Frederick the Great, who had had enough of alliances with English party governments, Chatham simply took the gout and sulked. In fact, except in the crisis of a great war, this man was never fitted for office at all; he flouted his colleagues, even when they were his devoted friends, quite as much as he had flouted Newcastle; he would be sole Minister

or nothing. So he became nothing, and wouldn't even answer letters. George kept him till '68 because of the magic of his name, and poor Grafton bore the brunt of the work without any authority over his colleagues. The King got hold of Townshend, or Townshend got hold of The King, and, as '66 had been a bad financial year, they proposed a whole row of new and irritating little taxes on America. Grafton, who had opposed these taxes in the Cabinet, ostentatiously dissociated himself in Parliament from such measures; but the growing party of 'King's friends' rallied to them and they were carried. The flame of agitation in America blazed up again, and the Assembly of Massachusetts sent a circular letter to all the other Colonies. The Governor dissolved it, but, like the Scottish Assembly of 1638, it continued to sit, and this was an act of flat rebellion. Soldiers were drafted into Boston, and, in March, '70, after enduring for eighteen months every imaginable insult and cruelty from the lawless mob, they shot in one of the daily riots no less than three persons. Boston gravely put on mourning and called it a 'massacre.' Meanwhile, Townshend had died in the autumn of '67, and Chatham had resigned a year later, the Wilkes riots, both in and out of Parliament, being then at their height; gout and depression vanished as soon as Chatham was relieved of responsibility, and the House of Lords soon rang with his thunders on the old theme of chains and slavery. Well might Choiseul congratulate himself on the endemic anarchy of Britain. His Fleet was nearly ready. He grabbed at Corsica in '69, in the teeth of British protests, just in time to enable Napoleon Bonaparte to be born a French subject; and in the autumn of '70 he was

preparing to support the claims of Spain to oust Great Britain from the Falkland Isles, far away by Cape Horn. Chatham, reckless of consequences, cried out for war; but for the moment we were saved from war by the timidity of Louis XV., who dismissed his great Minister and erected peace-at-any-price into a system for the remainder of his reign.

Grafton resigned in January, '70, and Frederick, Lord North, a descendant of Charles II.'s Tory Chancellor, was promoted from the Exchequer to the Treasury. He held office for just over twelve eventful years; a man of charming wit and unfailing tact and temper, perfectly disinterested and fearless, and perfectly indifferent to popularity, but continually yielding his own judgment to that of King George, and to that of the now compact body of 'King's friends,' who formed his best supporters in Parliament; and it must be at once admitted that he had also at his back the bulk of the Nation. But the best cards in his hand were supplied by the unscrupulous violence of the Opposition; America, Wilkes, the City of London, the East India Company, Chatham, Burke, Shelburne, Rockingham, Old Whigs and New Whigs, all but a few of the Russell section—were soon in full cry at his heels, and their factious music disgusted all sober persons. Fox thought North 'the most accomplished speaker that ever sat in Parliament,' and the Minister had the happy gift of going to sleep during the long, dull speeches of his opponents, and of waking up to answer them from notes taken by an Under Secretary. He 'faced the music' session after session with great courage, and we may set down to his credit in home affairs the first 'Relief Bills' in the direction of religious toleration for the

Roman Catholics (1778), and a further measure in favour of Protestant dissenters (1779). North was also the first Minister to profit by the lessons of Adam Smith, and he began the readjustment of the basis of taxation by his Inhabited House duty (1778), his Stamp Duty and his tax on men-servants.

But the American business was beyond him altogether; personally he disbelieved in coercion, and would rather have let the Colonies go than fight a Civil War; but the King and the bulk of the Nation thought otherwise. North began by taking off all Colonial taxes except one on tea; had he removed that too, it is just possible the fire might have died down; the years '70–'73 were comparatively calm in America, though Adams and Chatham, on their respective sides of the Atlantic, assiduously blew the flame. But in '73 came North's 'Quebec Act,' which was designed to extend the boundaries of Canada to the whole 'hinterland' of the Ohio and to the upper waters of the Mississippi; a territory which the Colonists of New York and Pennsylvania already considered, and with some justice, to be their natural ground for expansion.[1] And, in the same year, the East India Company was allowed to export its tea direct to America. This, which was really a benefit to the Colonists (for they got the tea ninepence a pound cheaper than if it had paid duty in England), was seized on by Adams as a 'mean attempt to bribe us into paying the tea tax here.' In Boston harbour the Indiamen were boarded, and the tea thrown into the sea (December, 1773). North answered by Bills closing the Port of

[1] North's Act was also denounced because it protected the Catholic religion in Canada.

Boston, revoking the Charter of the Colony, and empowering its Governor to send the rioters for trial to England. The American leaders forthwith summoned all the Colonies to send delegates to a central Congress in New York; this met in September, '74, and at once attempted, though in vain, to incite the Canadians to join in open revolt. Agreements were largely signed throughout America against the importation of British goods; and, but for the fact that the very men who signed them had taken care to 'dry up' the British market first, by buying enough woollens and iron goods to last for many years, our trade would have suffered a very severe blow by these agreements.

From that hour dated the suppression of free thought in America. A Radical has been well defined as a person who talks most loudly about the rights of the Sovereign People but is always most violent in preventing the majority of the said people from exercising those rights. The large majority of the people of America did not want separation, and did want British goods; the Radical leaders would compel them to get the former and go without the latter. No loyalist who dared to express his opinions was safe from having his house burned and his naked body tarred and feathered. All through the struggle, and for ever after it, the American leaders showed their true nature by steadily refusing compensation to the sufferers by these outrages. Both in '74 and '75 strongly conciliatory measures were brought forward in Parliament, North himself carrying a motion that any Colony which would agree to make a voluntary contribution to the defence of the Empire should be for ever exempt from taxation. The Congress

utterly refused to listen even to this; it was, in fact, busy collecting arms and powder. North, though he had the country behind him, as the large Government majority returned at the elections of '74 had proved, and though he had been plainly told by General Gage, who was in command at Boston, that 20,000 men was the very lowest figure he would require, shrank till the last moment from any step towards war. Not until the beginning of '75 did he reluctantly send out Sir William Howe with seven battalions, to reinforce our slender garrison at Boston. Before Howe arrived the first blood had been shed, and our first repulse at the hands of the American Militia had been suffered at Lexington (April, '75).

Howe, when he landed, found that a fresh Congress, in session at Philadelphia, was assuming Sovereign authority, calling on Ireland to 'throw off the yoke' of England and enacting coercive measures against any Colony that refused to join in the struggle. Under Howe were John Burgoyne and Henry Clinton; all three had served with distinction in the late war, but Howe was a bad selection for the Commandership-in-Chief. The only way to end a Civil War is to fight it out like any other war; but Howe, like some of the Parliamentary Generals in 1643–4, seems to have dreaded 'beating the enemy too much,' and he had too much political sympathy with the Colonial cause. North had, in fact, none of the capacity of Pitt for choosing men; his appointment of Lord Sandwich to the Admiralty, and his infinitely worse appointment of Lord George Germaine (once, as Lord George Sackville, too well known at Minden) to the Colonial Secretaryship, would alone be enough to prove this. The man whom Congress

selected for Commander-in-Chief of the American Army was of a different temper from these persons. George Washington was no theorist, no ardent Whig (the rebels still called themselves 'Whigs of 1688'), but simply a patriotic gentleman of good Virginian family who considered the Colonists to be right in resisting by force. He had the unselfish temper and the personal bravery of a hero of romance; and to these he added a patience and a tact quite marvellous in the face of endless difficulties and disappointments.

When he arrived at Boston in July, '75, the war had already begun in earnest; Howe had been thrice repulsed in an attempt to clear a height that dominated the city (Bunker's Hill), and had only succeeded when the ammunition of the American riflemen was exhausted. Early in '76 Howe was obliged to evacuate Boston and to fall back on Halifax, whither he was followed by streams of loyalists and British officials flying for their lives. But on the other hand, an American attempt to invade Canada in considerable force under Benedict Arnold had been repulsed from the walls of Quebec by a mere handful of British sailors and French gentlemen, to the immortal honour of General Carleton.

Meanwhile the 'third Continental Congress' at Philadelphia issued the Declaration of Independence of the 'United States of America' on July 4th, '76. Discussions tending in this direction had been going on in pamphlets, pulpits, Assemblies and Congresses, ever since the Stamp Act; and in the main they turned upon four points: (1) What is the origin of the 'Rights' of a People? (2) Do we Americans derive our rights from 'Nature,' or from the Common Law of England,

or from the original Charters granted to the Colonies? (3) If these Rights are violated, have we the corollary Right to renounce our allegiance to the Crown? (4) Have these Rights been violated? In the Declaration we decide in favour of a 'Natural' origin of our Rights, fortified by some assistance from Common Law; we decide unhesitatingly that King George has violated these Rights in eighteen specified points; and we invoke the action of the Convention of 1689 to justify our Right of Resistance. On these grounds we renounce King George and proceed to pull down his statues. We do not mention his repeated attempts at conciliation, nor the savage acts of the recent reign of terror against loyalists and officials in Boston or elsewhere. The publication of this Document made war on a serious scale inevitable. Let us consider the respective chances of success on the British and American sides.

The peace establishment of our Army was in 1776 somewhat under 50,000 men, inclusive of garrisons in Ireland, West Indies, Gibraltar and Minorca; that of the Navy, about 20,000 sailors. In time of war it was reckoned that we could just about double the Army and rather more than treble the Navy.[1] We could also hire considerable numbers of Hessian troops. But to this last, as well as to the increase of our native Army, the Opposition in Parliament continually raised the old cry about an 'engine of despotism.' Even really intelligent Whigs, like Horace Walpole, surprise us by writing in their private letters, that they have no doubt that King George intends to

[1] As a matter of fact, by the end of the war, the number of Seamen and Marines in the Service had increased sixfold, from 18,000 to 110,000.

abolish the liberties of England by means of a Standing Army—in fact, that the liberties of England are already as good as abolished; whereas the truth is that, if these liberties were in any serious danger, it was from Horace's friends in Parliament rather than from poor stupid George. Recruits might also be raised, and were raised, among the loyalist Americans, and did good service; but, on the whole, we never had at any epoch of the war much above 40,000 British soldiers across the Atlantic; brave men, led by officers decidedly superior, on the whole, to the American leaders. Clinton, Rawdon and Burgoyne were all men of real military merit, and Cornwallis afterwards proved himself a man of talent; their plans of campaign, though constantly thwarted by the incompetent Colonial Secretary, who was continually sending them self-contradictory instructions, were well drawn; *e.g.* Howe's plan of holding the line of the Hudson, and so cutting off New England from the Centre and the South, was perfectly sound. But the lessons taught in the late war by the elder Howe, by Forbes and by Bradstreet, were wholly thrown away on the British War Office; Thomas Atkins was still an amorphous lobster, loaded with all the horrible rigidities of an intolerable uniform, and only a few independent companies, raised in the South during the later years of the struggle, were brave enough to insist on clothing themselves sensibly. Finally, the British Army, with all its valour, was the constant butt of one of the fiercest campaigns of factious opposition ever heard in Parliament. Even Chatham and Burke went, and as far as one can see entirely from party and selfish motives, quite beyond the bounds of legitimate criticism, while young Charles Fox, son of the arch-

jobber, Henry Fox, and himself once a Tory and follower of North's, spouted sheer treason and rejoiced over every drop of British blood that was spilt like any modern Irish M.P. Fox, 'a short, gross, fat man, with something Jewish in his looks,' was the ablest debater of his own or any other day. "Burke's mind," says John Courtenay, "was electric, and on the least friction poured out a stream of intellectual light; but he took fire by his own motion, and was often consumed by his own splendour," and hence the bad taste which disfigured many of his speeches. Is it to the credit of the Whigs that they adopted for their ordinary party colours the 'buff and blue,' which was the uniform of the American rebels?

America was hardly better equipped for the struggle. Her two best generals were, in fact, General Space and General Time; it took three months to get question and answer across the Atlantic. Her three millions of people were scattered over an area so vast that no European Army could conquer them, and still less could one hold them if conquered: their bases of resistance were everywhere; our basis of attack was on the sea alone; if for a moment the control of that was lost our Armies must be cut off in detail. That was what eventually happened. Of the American generals, Arnold, the ablest, turned traitor, Lee was at heart a traitor, Gates was wholly incompetent, Nathaniel Greene alone was a considerable strategist; all perpetually intrigued against Washington. The heart of the Colonists was not in the struggle at all; the thirteen States had no bond of union, and wished for none. Congress did not show itself worthy of the authority it assumed; it was an assembly of selfish jobbers and ranters, and would

neither feed, clothe nor pay its Army properly; it was profoundly jealous of the great man whom it had placed in command of its troops; it would not allow him to enlist men for the whole period of the war lest 'a military spirit' should spring up. Each State, moreover, raised a little Army of its own for local defence, and the chief aim of each was to keep the main American Army far from its borders. When that Army was victorious the local Militia swarmed to its aid; when it was likely to be defeated the local Militia dispersed. To the Colonial side belongs the discredit of first calling upon the Red Men to come to aid (April, '75), and the pious missionaries of New England were the agents in the job; but in July England followed suit, and the employment of the savages was soon quite avowed on each side. The British reaped the greater benefit therefrom (and therefore the greater obloquy in history) because the Indians knew well that it was the British Government alone that had tried to protect them against the Colonists. Probably at no time did the whole American forces seriously outnumber the British, though they were nearly always in greater force at strategic points. The danger really was lest the revolt should collapse of itself, and it was very nearly doing so in the last moment of the war when victory was at hand.

Now it seems to me that the British Government might well have listened to Chatham upon one point. That mighty hooked nose of his was for ever snuffing the tainted gale that blew from Paris; that France was about to take advantage of our extremity was to him a certainty. If she should do so the whole plan of campaign in America would have to be modified, and our true policy would then have been to confine ourselves to a naval blockade

of the Colonial coast and to the occupation of one or two strategic points on that coast. But in grasp of foreign politics North, and in the direction of warfare Germaine, were Ministers of, let us say, almost Gladstonian incompetence; and they not only turned an entirely blind eye to France, but proposed to involve the British Army in at least three separate sets of operations in America. The main effort was to be made, and rightly, on the line of the Hudson river, which was to be occupied both from New York and from Canada; but at the same time naval expeditions were to be sent to raid the coast towns, and, before either of these had borne fruit, the Southern Colonies were to be occupied in great force. Howe indeed began well, and compelled Washington, early in the autumn of '76, to evacuate New York; this accomplished, he ought to have thought only of effecting his junction with Burgoyne, who was to come down the Hudson from Canada as quickly as possible. Instead of keeping his eyes on this, Howe spread himself widely into New Jersey, and began to threaten Pennsylvania, with the idea of frightening away the members of Congress. Washington hung all the winter on his flank in New Jersey, and in December defeated his left at Trenton; and it was not till the following August that Howe succeeded, after beating him at the Brandywine river, in occupying Philadelphia. Meanwhile Burgoyne had started from Canada in July, '77, and recaptured Ticonderoga, Gates and Arnold slowly retreating before him. Lo and behold! when he got into American territory, there was no Howe to meet him. In such circumstances Burgoyne, harassed by clouds of Militia at every step and accompanied by a preposterous baggage-train, could barely make fifty miles

a month; when he reached Saratoga he found his communications cut behind him. On October 6th he decided to retreat; ten days later he surrendered with 4,800 starving men.

The effect of this disaster was far greater in Europe than in America, and it was greatest of all in France. Louis XV. had been dead over three years; and French society, released from his leaden weight, was all alive with the anticipation of a golden age. The dull and amiable young King was a cypher, but Vergennes, the last statesman of Old France, was at his elbow, a man with a talent for Coalitions. The charming Queen was for ever asking news of 'our good Americans,' 'our dear Republicans,' and dancing on a volcano, beneath which the grim dwarfs were even then forging republican blades for that queenly neck. The darling of Paris society, Beaumarchais, in the intervals of writing comic opera, was going round, hat in hand, for subscriptions for the dear Republicans; and these, with arms and volunteers, were being secretly smuggled across the Atlantic. In June, '76, Silas Deane arrived in Paris as an agent of Congress, and, though officially refused, was secretly given 200 cannon and 25,000 stands of arms. In December Franklin himself arrived, and became the lion of the hour. "What a spectacle!" as Mr. Carlyle says, "the sons of the Saxon puritans, sleek Silas, sleek Benjamin, here on such errand among the light children of Heathenism, Monarchy, Sentimentalism and the Scarlet Woman!" All through '77 English ships were sporadically picking up contraband French cargoes on their way to America: in July Vergennes demanded their restoration, and began to man his ships at Toulon and Brest; and, at the news of Saratoga, France hastened to conclude (February, '78)

a Treaty of Commerce and a defensive Alliance with the United States of America. If England shall declare war on France, this Alliance shall become offensive. America shall in future live on French manufactures instead of on English ('a splendid stroke for us,' thought the woollen weavers of Rouen and the silk weavers of Lyons—they little knew the wily Yankee !).[1] America shall not touch the French West Indies ; but France shall touch as many of the English West Indies as she can get. There shall be no truce or peace with Britain without consent of both parties to this contract. In the same year France published to Europe a Declaration in favour of the rights of Neutral Powers trading at sea. Why should England, because she happens to have a big Navy, stop you Dutchmen, you Swedes, Russians, Prussians, from trading where you please even if you do carry gunpowder to Boston ? Why should she call ship-timber, pitch and even corn 'contraband of war' ? And to Spain Vergennes said, 'Come ! quick ! let the house of Bourbon present a solid front to the insolent Islanders.' And, in '79, Spain, who perhaps might have remembered that her own vast Colonies were not without commercial grievances against her, and that those who live in glass houses would do well to refrain from stone-throwing, lumbered into war ;

[1] After the Peace of 1783 Adam Smith's predictions were largely verified. He had strongly denounced the *monopoly* of the Colonial trade which Britain reserved to herself, and said that, without that monopoly, we should probably retain all the American trade ; and so it proved. No Commercial Treaty was concluded between Britain and America till 1794, and the Treaty of 1778 with France was not actually annulled till 1800, but after 1783 it was a dead letter. The Americans naturally turned to their old correspondents in Bristol and London and bought British goods as before the war.

and in 1780 Holland followed suit, and the Northern Courts signed a document called the Armed Neutrality, declaring that they agreed with Vergennes and would no longer permit Great Britain to search their ships at sea.[1]

Sick as the old Sea-Queen was of an acute attack of inflammation of the Parliament, this Coalition woke some of her leaders to their better senses. Chatham's last breath was expended (1778) in denouncing France as the one foe to be fought by land and sea, and the task of openly supporting the enemies of his country lay thenceforth almost wholly on the shoulders of poor Fox. The actual assistance afforded by France to her Allies on the American Continent was, in mere numbers of men, not very great. Twice the French Admirals succeeded in throwing at critical moments on to the coast a few thousand excellent troops, who, by the way, behaved throughout the struggle with a discipline and a self-restraint which contrasted very favourably with that of the British at this period, and still more favourably with the behaviour of French soldiers in Europe during the wars of the Revolution. It was, however, rather by diverting the British Fleet to home waters, and, in company with their Spanish Allies, to the West Indies, that France really saved the situation for America. If at the beginning she had also sent a powerful Squadron to the East Indies she would have done even better, but this she omitted to do till 1781. And, long before

[1] Little came of this. Katharine, Czarina of Russia, knew the value of British markets for her Empire, and after some diplomatic fuss the other Northern Powers danced to her piping. Holland was more dangerous to us as a Neutral than as an enemy; she had been the main carrier of American produce during the first part of the war.

any French Fleet arrived in American waters, Washington had passed through a terrible winter (1777–8) at Valley Forge near Philadelphia, where, bulldog-like, he held out against cold, starvation, desertion, intrigue and neglect, while Howe was idling away his time in such gaieties as the Quaker City could afford. In May, '78, Clinton took over Howe's command, and fell back upon New York with the intention of trying the Hudson Valley plan again; and, while collecting forces for this purpose, he kept his men awake by frequent raids to his left in the direction of Virginia. Then the French Admiral d'Estaing, who ought never to have been allowed to escape from Toulon, was skilfully prevented by our Admiral Lord Howe (brother of the General) from forcing an entrance to New York, and was obliged to sail away to the West Indies. Lord Howe had really done well; he was in force considerably inferior to d'Estaing, and he 'saved the situation' for two years to come. But then Germaine's orders induced the fatal mistake of a division of strength. In the autumn a fresh British force arrived by sea and seized Savannah, the Capital of the Southernmost Colony, Georgia; Clinton went in '79 (also by sea) to strengthen it, and captured Charleston early in 1780; he then returned to New York, leaving Lord Cornwallis and Rawdon to reduce the vast and hot provinces of the two Carolinas, where they had to meet in Greene a strategist of great merit. The British won a victory (over Gates, not over Greene) at Camden, but suffered serious reverses at King's Mountain and Cowpens—the latter in January, 1781. But the permanent occupation of the South would have done little to crush the Northern centres of revolt unless Virginia also could be subdued, or unless Clinton

could keep touch all along the coast line with Cornwallis; and Clinton, having never abandoned the idea of reoccupying the Hudson valley, found himself unequal to the dual task. Yet, while Clinton was absent in the South in 1779, Washington's Army was so shockingly neglected by its paymasters that it was able to undertake no serious operation in the North; the cleverest of his lieutenants, Arnold, was preparing to betray the key of the Northern position (West Point) to Clinton, when his treachery was detected and Clinton was forced to look Southwards again.

The end was not far off. All '79–'80 the British Fleet was more and more called away to the West Indies, and was soon to be called away to the East Indies too. Six thousand more Frenchmen had escaped the unvigilant Admiral Graves and landed on Rhode Island, that is, in Clinton's rear. A glance at the map will show how the great estuaries of the Delaware and other mighty rivers cut up the coast, how protracted any march along that coast must be, how easily defensible are the lowest possible points of river-crossing, and therefore how completely the Generals depended upon instant and intelligent co-operation of the Navy. Twice Cornwallis started Northward to get in touch with Clinton; on the former occasion (March, '81) he just won a desperate battle over Greene at Guilford, but had to fall back to recruit; at last a junction with one of Clinton's raiding parties was effected in Virginia, but the Frenchmen, Fleet and Army together, were hanging on their flanks, while our Fleet was 'refitting' in New York. De Grasse brought three thousand fresh French troops; Washington and the French General Rochambeau hurried to join them with every man they could levy. The result was

that Cornwallis, with 7,000 men, was blockaded, on a narrow peninsula at Yorktown, both by land and sea. Hood from the West Indies and Clinton from New York strained every nerve for relief, but Graves' Fleet, after being once beaten off, found itself, on its second arrival, a week too late. After less than a month's siege Cornwallis capitulated on October 19th. "Oh God! it is all over," said Lord North when he heard the news; it was indeed a disaster almost unparalleled in British history. We hastened to evacuate the Southern Ports, and in 1782 New York alone remained in British hands. Hardly another shot was fired in America, and only the pledge that Congress had given to France prevented the immediate conclusion of a Peace between England and the United States. England had in fact missed her one chance in 1778. It was then that Lord North vainly implored George to allow him to resign, and to substitute Chatham; and it is just possible that Chatham might have saved to us a nominal tie with our Colonies by withdrawing all troops from America, beating France into complete surrender at sea, and then turning to the Americans and abolishing all vexatious laws, even the Act of Navigation. But even so he must have given, or procured compensation for the loyalists, and to that the rancorous American politicians would never have assented.

Lord North's Government had been tottering long before the Yorktown disaster; of his East Indian and Irish troubles I shall write in other chapters; the 'Irish Question,' which has wrecked so many Governments, now first became a burning one, and was of itself enough to upset a stronger man than North. The Whigs, New and Old, were also raising a fierce cry for 'economic reform'; they profoundly resented the successful cor-

ruption of their darling electorate and their darling House of Commons by King George, for they naturally wished for a monopoly of that corruption for themselves. One of their cleverest leaders, Mr. Dunning, produced and actually carried in 1780 a motion "That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished"; very plain speaking. Their great orator Burke thundered in many like words. The slender Catholic Relief Bill of 1778, which freed British subjects who said Mass from the penalties of high treason, produced in 1780 an outbreak of mob violence in London, which was headed by a madman called Lord George Gordon. The mob and even the authorities had got a strange notion that the employment of troops was illegal until the Riot Act had been read; it takes an hour to read this invaluable document, and no magistrate could be found to risk his life for an hour. The King was probably as ignorant of the real law of the case as his mob or his magistrates; but he had undaunted courage, and he bade his soldiers shoot, law or no law.[1] And so, after four days, the mob was dispersed at the cost of several hundred lives, twenty-nine ringleaders were hanged, and 'more people were found dead in the streets near empty brandy casks than were killed by the musket-balls.' When a mob next occupies helpless London, perhaps with a more specious and 'philanthropic' cry than 'No Popery,' let us hope a King will be found as plucky and as sensible as stout Farmer George.

[1] We know at last, from Professor Dicey's explanation of the case of Rex *v.* Pinney (1831), that it is the legal duty of every subject, whether civilian or soldier, to maintain order at all costs, if necessary by gunpowder, whether the Riot Act has been read or not.

And, besides these disagreeable interludes, North had got a league of Spain, France and Holland against him in the Old World as well as in the New. The maritime war that ensued has one great interest from the fact of its having been purely a maritime war. A lesser statesman than Vergennes might easily have allowed European complications to tie his country's hands to her Eastern frontier; and perhaps a greater statesman than Lord North might have stirred up troubles there for France. The French Fleet now numbered eighty sail of the line, ship for ship of deeper draught, better model and greater weight of broadside than the nominal hundred and fifty of the British; Choiseul had set on foot a special force of ten thousand 'seamen-gunners,' and there was no difficulty in manning the French Fleet with excellent sailors and skilled superior officers; what it lacked was good lieutenants and ensigns. The Spaniards, when they joined in, could contribute sixty ships, by no means in a state of high efficiency. The numerical superiority of the British counted for very little in view of the enormously wide distribution of our forces that was deemed necessary.[1] Apart from the East Indies, which had little influence on the rest of the struggle, though the fighting there was most fierce and glorious on both sides, there was the American coast to hold, the West Indian trade to be protected, Gibraltar and Minorca to be defended, the home waters to be guarded against

[1] As the war went on it became increasingly difficult to man the British Navy, in spite of the fact that the pressgang was continually at work. An amusing instance of its methods is noticed in the shape of a fully rigged ship on land at Tower Hill; the simple countryman visiting London is invited to walk on board and inspect it, and immediately finds himself pressed for the Navy (1782).

invasion, and, after 1780, those tiresome Neutrals in the Baltic to be watched. Although we practically withdrew from the Mediterranean and left Minorca to its fate, we tried to keep to all the other points, and the result was that our strategy was from the first both defensive and defective. And for this Lord Sandwich must be held mainly responsible. We should have done better to abandon America, withdraw our Squadron from the West Indies and follow Hawke's old plan of watching for the big Fleets in the Bay of Biscay and at the entrance of the Straits. On the other hand, the Allies, strategically on the offensive, made in the execution of their strategy a series of shocking mistakes, which ultimately left us victorious. Over and over again—in the Channel, off Gibraltar, in the West Indies—they were in considerably superior force to detachments of the British Fleet, but the more they looked at each detachment the less they liked the task of attacking it. Every battle they fought was a defensive one. Every French Admiral, d'Orvilliers, de Guichen, d'Estaing, de Grasse, committed this fault, and it was not a fault that could be committed with impunity against men like Hood, Rodney and Howe; against a Hawke or a Nelson it would have spelt utter ruin and annihilation. On the other hand, they did immense damage to our commerce; they picked up West Indian isles with surprising skill and vigour, and, at the critical moment, as we have seen, they saved Washington's Army and the independence of America. As for the Spanish Admirals, they hardly counted at all; and the objects of the Allies, though they combined bravely to besiege Gibraltar, were by no means one. France preferred to seize Windward Islands, while Spain naturally

thought most of recovering Jamaica, and also busied herself with overrunning her old possession of Florida, which had little effect on the campaign as a whole.

The war began with an indecisive battle, between Admiral Keppel and the Frenchman d'Orvilliers, off Ushant in July, '78, in which neither side took a single ship; and from that time for nearly a year there was no serious fighting in European waters. War was declared on Spain in June, '79, and a powerful French and Spanish Fleet appeared in the Channel shortly afterwards; but, though a real coast-terror was established and prizes made of many merchant ships, neither battle nor landing was attempted; it seemed rather as if France had anticipated Napoleon's idea of wearing England down by striking at her commerce. Spain, however, at once began to blockade Gibraltar from the land side, and, as the Government had neglected to provision it adequately, the Rock underwent, in this, its fourth siege, great hardships. One thing, however, was done; a real hero, George Eliott of Stobs, afterwards Lord Heathfield, a born engineer, a man who had been in every fight since Dettingen, and withal a Scot, a vegetarian and a water-drinker, was sent to defend it, and his three years' defence is one of the most glorious events in our history. The first relief was afforded to him by another hero of the late war, Admiral George Rodney, who, on his way to the West Indies in January, '80, took or sank nine out of eleven Spanish ships in a fearful storm off Cape St. Vincent, threw large stores on to the Rock, and even managed to send a convoy through the Straits to revictual Port Mahon in Minorca, to which also Spain was now turning her attention. Again, a year later, a great combined

Fleet under de Guichen failed to intercept a much smaller force under Admiral Darby, who brought a second relief to Gibraltar, then being heavily bombarded. De Guichen thereafter showed himself off Torbay, fifty strong to Darby's thirty; it was madness on the part of the Frenchman not to use this superior force; yet, after cruising in the entrance to the Channel for some five weeks, he withdrew without even having cut off our West India trade-ships, which had been his avowed objective. So passed the year '81; and, though Minorca, after a strait siege of six months and a long blockade, fell in the following February, the undaunted Eliott still kept his flag flying. The greatest efforts were, however, made by the Allies in the summer; and in September an immense and miscellaneous armament was gathered all round Gibraltar—a mighty battery of three hundred guns on the Isthmus, ten great rafts or floating batteries firing red-hot shot (a new invention) from a hundred and fifty mouths, three and thirty thousand men, eighty gunboats and sixty ships of the line—all against a starving garrison of seven thousand, and all in vain. Eliott contrived to set fire to the floating batteries, and they blew up with fearful loss all in one day; the moral effect of his resistance was tremendous, and in October Lord Howe, by superior seamanship and superior daring, reinforced and revictualled Gibraltar, under their very noses. This last relief practically closed the war in Europe, and Rodney had already practically closed it in the West Indies.

You will remember that in the summer of '78 Howe had frustrated d'Estaing's attempt to take New York by sea; by November the Frenchman had gone to the West Indies, just in time to see the English Admiral

Barrington seize the very important post of St. Lucia, yet not too late to fight him, had he been minded to do so. But d'Estaing preferred to pass on, and to add St. Vincent and Grenada to Dominica, which had already been seized for France by Marshal Bouillé. This occupied most of the year '79, and, early in '80, de Guichen succeeded to d'Estaing's command, while Rodney, fresh from his triumph over the Spaniards, came with a loose sheet to the theatre of war with which he had been so familiar in 1761–2. Rodney at his best was one of the most naturally brilliant seamen England ever produced, and utterly fearless as to assuming responsibility and as to acting without orders, but he was sixty-seven years old and in shocking health, a bitter enemy of the First Lord (Sandwich), and only appointed to a command thus late in the war by the personal insistence of King George. De Guichen did indeed escape him in the spring of '80, but it was because Rodney's captains failed to understand his signals, which were for concentrated action on a particular point of the hostile Fleet—a manœuvre to which our Navy was not then accustomed.

On receiving the news that Holland was now included among our enemies, Rodney fell upon the rich Dutch islands of St. Eustace and St. Martin, and seized enormous booty there; they had been the great depot of contraband goods.[1] He also sent Sir Samuel Hood (afterwards Lord Hood) to blockade the greatest of the

[1] "St. Eustace," said Rodney, "did England more harm than all the arms of her enemies, and has alone supported the American Rebellion." But he committed a grievous mistake in staying too long at this Island instead of flying at de Grasse when he arrived on the station.

French Windward Islands, Martinique, which had always been a nest of privateers. Early in '81 appeared a new French Admiral, de Grasse, who, after skilfully effecting the relief of Martinique, passed on, without attacking Hood, and seized Tobago. On receiving news of the dangers threatening his American Allies the Frenchman hurried, in July, to Chesapeake Bay, and was absent from the West Indies between July and October, helping to finish off Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.[1] Rodney's health had obliged him to return to England for a few months, but, when de Grasse returned to the West Indies, Hood, though in far inferior force, managed to keep him busy till Rodney reappeared in February, '82. The French and Spaniards were now making great preparations for the reduction of Jamaica, and Rodney was resolved to prevent their junction at all costs. It was off the little Islands called 'the Saints,' between Dominica and Guadeloupe, that the two Fleets at last met in a pitched battle. Rodney on April 12th repeated his novel and daring tactics of breaking the enemy's line at two separate points, took the French flagship with de Grasse on board, and four more first-rates, crippled the rest very severely, and then, most unaccountably, omitted to follow up his victory.[2] Hood thought, and said openly, we ought to have taken twenty instead of five ships. But the French West Indian efforts were spent, and there could be no more

[1] De Grasse had twenty-eight sail of the line off Yorktown.

[2] 'Our Chief he lay quiet, with good ships around him,
Some willing to move, but—the devil confound him—
He made no signal to chase, nor would let others go':—

So wrote one of Rodney's captains, Cornwallis, who afterwards kept the great watch at Brest for two years before Trafalgar.

thought of attacking Jamaica. Then, a Whig Government having come into power, Rodney was recalled, not for letting de Grasse escape him while he dallied at St. Eustace in 1781, not for failing to take twenty Frenchmen in this last battle, but for being a Tory!

And the war came to an end, not because the French Navy was destroyed, for, except in the last battle it had hardly suffered at all, but because the French Exchequer was empty, and because North was quite ready to give the Americans their independence. It was not, however, North but a new Prime Minister that began to treat for Peace. General Conway, an 'Old Whig,' successfully carried, in February, '82, a motion in the House of Commons against continuing the war in America, and, in March, North, in spite of the King's entreaties, resigned. George made no allowance for his difficulties, roundly told him he was deserting his post, and then vainly tried to induce the 'New Whigs,' or followers of Chatham, to form a Ministry under Lord Shelburne. But Shelburne was averse from this for the present, and told the King that he must take all the Whigs he could get, New and Old, and that of such an Administration only Rockingham could be the head. Rockingham, Shelburne, Camden, Dunning, Grafton, Conway, Fox and Burke, with Keppel as First Lord of the Admiralty, did indeed represent a powerful combination of Whig groups, but the King kept in one Tory, the intriguing Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and by his means sowed abundant discord among his servants. And, like other 'broad-bottom' Ministries, this one was singularly weak in action, especially after the death of its nominal head, the stupid Rockingham, in July, '82. Indeed its main efforts were concentrated, not on making Peace either with France or America, but

on Irish and East Indian affairs, and on economic reform. Mr. Burke brought in a Bill for abolishing a lot of sinecure offices and other means of corruption, but, in effect, the whole thing was whittled down to a saving of £70,000 a year, mostly by mean economies in the King's Household. Rockingham was succeeded as Prime Minister by Shelburne, whom, in spite of his abilities and his plausible manners, no one, and least of all King George, really trusted. Fox and Shelburne had already quarrelled badly over the terms of the coming Treaties with France and America; each in fact had appointed his own negotiator at Versailles, and Vergennes and Franklin had cajoled them both. So, on Shelburne's appointment to the Treasury, the leading 'Old Whigs,' including Fox and Burke, resigned, and, at the age of twenty-three, William Pitt, second son of the late Lord Chatham, became Shelburne's Chancellor of the Exchequer; two other young men, Henry Dundas of Arniston and William Grenville, subsequently to be Pitt's right-hand men, were comprised in the Ministry.

It seems to have been an honest Ministry, and one which might have concluded a satisfactory Peace. Shelburne was at least a man of ideas, a free trader and a reformer of all real abuses, without being at this time in the least a Radical; even in after years he defended Warren Hastings, whom Tories and Whigs alike immolated on the altar of party; he fought tooth and nail, in the American negotiations, for the cause of the loyalists against the unctuous rancour of Franklin; and it was he[1] who now once more prevented the cession of Gibraltar

[1] At least, so said Shelburne, but there is some evidence the other way. Pitt certainly fought hard against the proposal to cede the Rock.

95°
90°
85°
80°
75°
45°
40°
35°
30°
90°
85°
C A N A
L. Superior
L. Michigan
L. Huron
L. Erie
L. Ontario
Toronto (York)
Ft. Frontenac
Ft. Niagara
Mont
PENNSYLVANIA
Ft. Duquesne (Pittsburg)
Braddock's Field
Valley Forge
Philadelphia
Washington
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
Yorktown
Guilford
NORTH CAROLINA
Kings Mountain
Cowpens
Camden
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston
Savannah
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
New Orleans
LOUISIANA
Mississippi R.
R. Ohio
Alleghany Mts.
London, Jo

in exchange for some trumpery West India island or other; the King had been quite ready to cede it. But what is the use of an honest Ministry if two political parties, not a month ago bitter enemies, suddenly coalesce against it in the House of Commons? This was what happened, to the amazement of the world, in the spring of '83, before any definite Peace had been signed. On February 14th Fox, out of mere personal spite to Shelburne, suddenly asked for a private interview with Lord North; and, to the eternal disgrace of the latter, the two laid their heads and their followers together, and carried a vote of censure on the Ministry. No principle whatever was involved; only the most barefaced want of principle on the part of both the criminals. King George's fury may easily be imagined, but Shelburne was obliged to resign on February 24th, and, as the King refused for two months to have anything to say to the conspirators, there was, until April, no Ministry in England. Then at last George gave way; under the nominal headship of the Duke of Portland, Fox and North, as Secretaries of State, divided the spoils of office and the fruits of bribery; and it was this Government that concluded the final 'Treaty of Versailles' in September, 1783. By this Peace Great Britain ceded three of her gains of 1763, namely Florida to Spain, Senegal (on the West African coast) and Tobago to France; two of her recent acquisitions, Goree and St. Lucia, also to France; and, worst of all, one of her precious gains of 1713, Minorca, to Spain. She recovered the other West Indian isles that France had taken—Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica and St. Kitts. She allowed Dunkirk to be fortified. With America a provisional agreement had been concluded nine months before, and this was now incorporated

in the Treaty; England renounced the policy of North's Quebec Act, and gave the whole Ohio and Mississippi district to the United States; she admitted the Americans to a share in the Newfoundland fishery, and accepted a vague unguaranteed promise that Congress would restore their landed property in America to 'such British subjects as had not borne arms'; this was all that was promised to the suffering loyalists, and not an acre of this was ever restored. A charming story, current at the time, may fittingly close the history of the Thirteen Colonies. Vergennes was entertaining at dinner, on the night of the signature of the Treaty, Mr. Richard Oswald and Mr. Benjamin Franklin, the plenipotentiaries for the respective Governments of Great Britain and America; and he, as in duty bound, proposed the health of his own sovereign "Louis XVI., who, like the Sun in Heaven, illumines, etc., etc." Finding the *rôle* of the Sun occupied, Mr. Oswald, in proposing George III., could only compare him to the Moon (who rules the tides and so rules the sea); whereupon Franklin rose—and one can forgive even Franklin much for it—and added, "And I give you the health of George Washington, who, like Joshua of old, said to the Sun and to the Moon, 'Stand ye still,' and they obeyed him." In truth the best laurels reaped in this unsatisfactory contest were those which adorned the brow of George Washington.

CHAPTER IX

THE PILOT

KING GEORGE'S popularity with his people dates from the years 1783–4. The Coalition of Fox and North was such a manifest attempt to secure the spoils of office for mere personal and party ends that its leaders were rightly held to have forfeited all claim to honour and consideration, and the King, by refusing them all private audiences, by refusing to create any Peers for them, and by limiting himself to the barest official communications with them, took a line that commended itself to all reasonable men. If he took advice from any one at this time it was from Lords Temple and Shelburne, and perhaps from Lord Thurlow, who still remained Chancellor, as he had been under North, Rockingham and Shelburne. George made, however, at least one overture to young Mr. Pitt.

The Coalition, when in, did nothing even ostensibly Whiggish; it had come in on a vote of censure on Shelburne's Peace negotiations, but then proceeded to conclude Peace, as we have seen, exactly on Shelburne's lines. As for 'Economic Reform,' the old cry of Fox and Burke, it did absolutely nothing, and the only great measure it produced was a Bill for the better government of India, which we shall discuss in another chapter. On this Bill it was wrecked. Its great majority in the Lower House enabled it of course to carry anything there, but the King used his personal influence to procure the rejec-

tion of this India Bill in the House of Lords. In doing so he undoubtedly violated a 'Convention of the Constitution' and one of the oldest Privileges of Parliament, according to which the Sovereign may not 'take notice of any proceeding depending in either House,' *i.e.* not until such proceeding is presented to him in the form of a Bill for his acceptance or rejection. 'Conventions of the Constitution' are, however, matters liable to variation, and to various interpretation from age to age, and most of the Privileges of Parliament are mere 'Conventions.' George violated no Statute; and, as he 'could do no wrong,' it would have to be presumed that some other person had done the wrong by advising him to act as he did. Fox ought to have impeached some person—say Temple, Shelburne or Thurlow—for giving the King advice to violate Privilege of Parliament; had he felt strong enough he would probably have done so. But, directly the India Bill was rejected by the Lords, the King contemptuously dismissed his Ministers and gave the Treasury to young William Pitt (December, 1783).

Pitt took office in that month with a large majority of the House of Commons against him, and did not dissolve Parliament until the following March; in doing so he and the King violated, in the most open manner, another Convention of the Constitution,[1] and showed thereby that such Conventions can be successfully violated. It

[1] Namely that a Minister who has a clear majority of the House of Commons against him ought to resign office. There are, it is true, two recent instances of a newly appointed Minister confronting a hostile majority in the House of Commons without at once dissolving, but in each case the dissolution has been deferred only to suit the convenience of the electors, not that of the Ministers. Perhaps it may even be argued that, in 1784, no such Convention existed.

is always a dangerous game to play, for the electorate may refuse to condone the Minister's action at the next election. It was a very dangerous game to play then; though he was Chatham's son the Minister was quite unknown outside Parliament, and the King was mainly known to his people as a jobber of Parliaments. But the Coalition was detested; and it played its cards very badly in trying to prevent a dissolution, the very thing which at first, when the unconstitutional action was fresh in men's minds, it ought to have courted. Pitt, on his side, played the hand superbly; the majorities against him diminished day by day as the fury of their leaders grew more fierce; and, in March, a general election not only condoned but endorsed in the heartiest manner the violation of the two Conventions. One hundred and sixty followers of Fox and North lost their seats, and the Prime Minister entered, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, on his seventeen-year-long tenure of power with a vast majority at his back. The Whigs by their factious conduct had condemned themselves to an exclusion from Office that was to last for almost half a century.

To pass judgment on William Pitt is, for a writer so ill-equipped with knowledge as myself, a frightful task, especially when I reflect that the history of his times yet remains to be written. To criticize him severely, in view of what he did for Britain, would be like attacking the character of Queen Victoria. Perhaps no man ever gave his life so wholly to his country and gave his life so wholly for his country. And the tragedy of that life is awful; he seemed born to lead us in the pleasant paths of peace, retrenchment and moderate reform, in which shepherding he showed a skill that has never been equalled; when we were at the acme of the prosperity

which he had given us and he at the height of his fame, the French Revolution burst upon him and us, blew all his plans to the winds, drove him to be a reactionary in spite of himself, and killed him at the age of six-and-forty, in the darkest hour of the fortunes of Europe, which he had thrice armed against it in vain.

In private life and to his few intimate friends Pitt was the most lovable and playful of companions; in public life the coldest and haughtiest of colleagues and Ministers; in both public and private *integer vitæ scelerisque purus* beyond all other statesmen. How with his upbringing he escaped being a prig and a molly-coddle it is difficult to understand. Chatham had trained him from his infancy to be a parliamentary leader, and above all an orator; his earliest pleasure was listening to his father's sonorous declamations in the Lords. But his natural gifts and his devotion to duty took him far beyond the scope of any training which Chatham could have devised for him. He went to Cambridge at fifteen with a tutor and, for he was very delicate, a nurse. He became a finished Greek and Latin scholar, one of the best of his age; he became an orator far less dramatic, but, because of his rooted common sense, infinitely more persuasive than his father; a parliamentary leader of unrivalled power and grip, a past-master of all legal and constitutional lore, and, above all, a financier of supreme ability. Yet, as Machiavelli would have said, the 'times were such' that a year of Chatham—Chatham the reckless spendthrift, the turgid declaimer, the impossible colleague, Chatham the King-tamer,[1] the France-hater, the galvanic inspirer of subordinates—

[1] That Chatham was always ostentatiously humble in the King's presence cannot blind us to the fact that he tamed George II.

might have annihilated the hydra of the French Republic in its infancy and saved England twenty-three years of war and six hundred millions of debt.

From his first entry as Premier Pitt towered above his colleagues. And in truth they were not very tall men. Lord Rosebery speaks of them as 'a procession of ornamental phantoms,' mostly in the Upper House. They were untried, if not wholly unknown men. Pitt very wisely would have nothing to do with Shelburne, a political Jonah whom no one trusted, though many of Shelburne's brilliant ideas remained with him. Henry Dundas, though he 'enjoyed the singular felicity of not speaking English,' was an able debater and Pitt's best supporter in the Lower House. William Grenville was an able man, a scholar even superior to Pitt himself, in middle life a true patriot and a real European statesman, but cursed with fearful pride, with still more fearful temper and with a Whig family connection and tradition, which obliterated, at the most critical moment, every dictate of faith and gratitude to his leader. Thurlow remained Chancellor till '92 and was an element of weakness in the Cabinet, as he was always ready to intrigue with the King or with his lesser colleagues. It must not be supposed that George, on taking Pitt as his Minister, turned over a new leaf and gave up jobbing; far from it; he kept a party 'of King's friends' in the House as long as he kept his reason, and he spent at every general election large sums in bribery. He thwarted Pitt on many occasions, and we can well believe that he never appreciated or liked his great Minister. But he kept him in office simply because the one alternative was the detested Fox. As Lord Rosebery well says, George's letters to Pitt resemble 'those of a man in embarrassed

circumstances to his family solicitor.' So, on nine occasions out of ten, the King's friends received their orders to support Pitt and obeyed them. As for Pitt himself, not only was his whole life a protest against parliamentary corruption, but he had no need of its aid.[1] If he was on the whole not ill supported by George, he was infinitely better supported by all the enlightened classes of Great Britain. This is not to say that he was uniformly successful in carrying his measures. His majority was by no means a united body. On several great questions, such as his prescient dread of the growing power of Russia, his excellent measure for a better scheme of representation, his wise commercial policy towards Ireland and America, and his zealous advocacy of the abolition of the Slave Trade, he sustained defeats, or only received lukewarm support. But these defeats would only have been temporary, and this support would no doubt have become sufficient, had the fifteen years of peace, to which in 1792 he so confidently looked forward, been granted to him. For the Nation, under his wise guidance, was becoming more enlightened every day.

His financial policy was extraordinarily successful, and may be briefly summed up. As Adam Smith's scholar—" we are all your scholars," he said to him at a dinner party in '87—he realized that a greater revenue may be obtained from a low duty upon any given article than from a high one, for this will not only increase consumption but will cut at the roots of smuggling, which only the high duty makes profitable. The smuggling trade was then at the height of its prosperity, and Pitt's systematic reduction of duties on every import of luxury,

[1] Indeed his financial reforms destroyed the most potent of its original sources, the enormous number of sinecure offices.

especially upon tea, wine and tobacco, swiftly ruined it. He carried with ease the substitution, in the case of these articles, of an Excise duty for a Customs duty, the effort to carry which had so nearly upset Walpole in 1733. He carried with equal ease the great Customs Consolidation Act, providing that all payments of duty should be made on one set of schedules and to one Account at the Bank of England; and thus he enormously reduced the cost of collecting the revenue. He continued to widen the basis of taxation on the lines on which North had begun to widen it, *e.g.* by his introduction of duties on probate of wills and legacies, and by his numerous little and little-felt taxes, such as those on men-servants, hair-powder and the like. He instituted a Sinking Fund on a far sounder basis than Walpole's, for the reduction and ultimate abolition of the National Debt. Finally his great Treaty of Commerce with France in 1786, by which England was to admit French wines, oil and brandy, and France to admit British woollens and hardwares, on the lowest possible scale of reciprocal duties, marked the first step towards open Free Trade; and the Treaty was accompanied by wise political provisions for the protection in each country of property belonging to subjects of the other.[1] The result of all these great measures was that in eight years Pitt saw the 'Funds' go up from 57 to 96; the Debt of 250 millions reduced by 10 millions; an annual deficit of three millions converted into an annual surplus, increasing at compound interest and devoted to the further

[1] Fox of course denounced the Treaty, and, by an astonishing *volte-face*, called the French, now that they were the friends of his own country, 'our natural enemies.' However, they soon went to war with us, so that he was again able to regard them as his friends.

reduction of that Debt; the accounts of the Nation, for the first time in history, properly kept and properly audited; the revenue increased from twelve to sixteen millions, and both exports and imports increased in the same proportion. All this represented a prodigious amount of labour over statistics, in which he was well assisted by William Eden, Lord Auckland, Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, and his own cousin William Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville.

Among his successes the great East India Bill of 1784, mainly the work of Henry Dundas, will be treated elsewhere; elsewhere also will be treated the greatest of all his measures, in which, owing to the jealousy of English merchants, he suffered a cruel defeat—his scheme for perfect free trade with Ireland. With America too he desired perfect free trade, and this he might have carried but for the jealousy of the West India merchants at home, who refused to open the West Indian markets to the United States. We can hardly reckon his Slave Trade policy among his failures, for, though he failed to abolish the infamous traffic, he never ceased to look towards that goal; the Bill of 1788 was the first Bill that regulated and mitigated the horrors of the trade; he was defeated on the motion for immediate abolition in 1792, but gradual abolition would have undoubtedly been carried a year or two later but for the war, which adjourned all reforms;[1] the wisest of the 'abolitionists,' Wilberforce, believed in him to the last.

He was defeated also upon another great subject

[1] It must be remembered that the French Republicans tried to excite slave insurrections in our West Indian islands, 1794, and that the massacre of the whites by the slaves of San Domingo, 1791, was not calculated to soften the feelings of white men towards blacks.

upon which his heart was set—such an improvement of the representative system as is commonly called a 'Reform Bill.' This he had twice brought forward in his first years in Parliament, and he moved it again in 1785. It was a hereditary task; Chatham had prophetically talked about the necessity for the House of Commons reforming itself, 'or it would be reformed with a vengeance from without.' No more fitting task could be conceived for a peace Minister in quiet times. The anomalies of the old representative system were ludicrous, and were a fruitful source of corruption. The ancient and honourable Borough of One-vote returned, on the nomination of the Duke of Rottenburgh, and by the mouth of its free, fat and dependent burgess Mr. Christopher Corporate, two Members to Parliament; and hard by was the populous City of No-vote. The Borough, as readers of Peacock will remember, stood in the middle of a heath, and consisted of a solitary farm, of which the land was so poor that it would not have been worth the while of any human being to cultivate it, had not the Duke found it very well worth his to pay his tenant for living there, in order to keep the honourable Borough in existence. Mr. Christopher Corporate, in giving his vote for his two Members, did, in fact, elect a three-hundredth part of the Legislature; and was the 'quintessence and abstract of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six people.' Such anomalies were perfectly well known; there was Gatton, and there was Old Sarum, for which last the elder Pitt himself

Peacock's figures were slightly out, both as to population and as to numbers of the House of Commons, even at the date at which 'Melincourt' was written (1817), but I have not thought it worth while to vary them.

had once sat, and for which the extreme Radical, John Horne-Tooke, was one day to sit. More than one-third of the Lower House was returned on the nomination of a few territorial magnates. Recently the King had acquired a substantial number of boroughs. Instances of bribery and corruption, as flagrant as those of some Guardians of the Poor in modern London, had occasionally been exposed; the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford had been in prison for it in 1768, and, while there, had effected a successful sale of their votes. Sudbury had put itself up to auction to the highest bidder. In England there were about 300,000 electors in a population well over seven millions; in Scotland the proportion was even more ridiculous—*e.g.* in the County of Bute there was the one famous elector who elected himself. One does not need to multiply instances, but it is obvious both that the Members failed to represent their constituents and that the Constituencies failed to represent the Nation. The system has been defended upon various grounds, never more strangely than by Burke on the ground of its 'sacredness,' and by Canning, in later days, on the ground of its 'elasticity.' But the best defence, and it is, in fact, a sufficient one, is that it secured, as no democratic system ever can secure, the representation of the *intelligence of the Nation.* The nomination boroughs afforded the only chance for young men of ability without family connections to enter Parliament. Burke, both Pitts, Canning and Gladstone, were all nominees of great men. The last of these maintained, in the hearing of the present writer, that England was never better governed than in the last age of the old unreformed Parliament. People are too apt to forget that all real

substantial reforms proceed from intelligence alone, that intelligence is always in a minority, and that Democracy sacrifices not only intelligence but all the reforms that can only proceed therefrom, in order to maintain itself and to split political power into fragments more and more minute.

A great impulse had been given to the idea of a reformed system at the time of the Wilkes riots, when it became the fashion to petition Parliament, on this and other subjects, on a great scale. Wilkes himself had brought forward a very sensible Reform Bill. All sorts of kindred ideas were in the air—*e.g.*, could constituents interfere to control the votes of their elected representatives? Mr. Burke had lost his seat for Bristol for protesting against the novel and disastrous doctrine that they could. But Burke, great political philosopher as he was, was a bad advocate of a cause, and had gone out of his way to defend even the rottenest system of rotten boroughs; "touch not," he said, "the venerable fabric of the Constitution"; and the Old Whigs followed Burke at this time, for they well knew that their strength lay in the rotten boroughs. Publicity or secrecy of debate was another much vexed question. In 1772 the House had embarked on a long quarrel with certain printers who published accounts of the debates. There was a 'Strangers' Gallery,' to which shorthand writers occasionally got admission by paying the doorkeeper a guinea per session, but it was always liable to be closed at the demand of any member. Another favourite subject for discussion was the duration of Parliaments; Chatham had thought that corruption would be mitigated by a Triennial Bill; the Duke of Richmond was always moving for Annual

Parliaments. The franchise was another such subject; was the 'forty-shilling freeholder' to be for ever the sole depository of it in the Counties? were the strange anomalies, according to which it varied in almost every Borough, to continue? Even the want of gravity in that august assembly the House of Commons, was a frequent subject of criticism; an intelligent German visitor was shocked, in 1782, to see honourable Members stretched out on the benches, cracking nuts and eating oranges. Clearly 'Reform' was in the air.

Pitt, whose Bill of 1785 was defeated by seventy-four votes, seems to me to have got the thing by the right end. His immediate proposal was to disfranchise thirty-six of the rotten Boroughs, and to add their members to the County constituencies and to London. With the franchise he did not propose to deal at present, except that he would admit copyholders, still a fairly numerous rural class, on the same footing as freeholders. But the real merit in his scheme is that it included a system for a gradual, almost an automatic transfer of representation from the less populous to the more populous constituencies. Had this been carried, accompanied by an equalization (not a lowering) of the franchise,[1] the greatest evil of the nineteenth century, 'Reform with a vengeance from without,' the baleful *nostrum* of every agitator and demagogue, would have been

[1] The franchise was already too low; a freehold worth forty shillings a year had meant something adequate in the reign of Henry VI.; it meant very little now. All the Reform Bills and Redistribution Bills of the Nineteenth Century would have been harmless, and even beneficial, had they not been accompanied by successive lowerings of the franchise, each of which necessarily meant more and more the supremacy of the ignorance over the intelligence of the Nation.

avoided. But Whigs and 'King's friends' combined to defeat the measure; no one in the Cabinet except Dundas shared Pitt's views, and Pitt was never able to bring it forward again. "One does not rebuild one's house," said Mr. Windham, "in the hurricane season"; and, from 1793 till death, Pitt was trying to erect temporary barricades against the worst hurricane in history. The Cause of Reform, with a big C. and a big R., passed into the hands of the very people who were trying to aid the French in pulling down the house about Pitt's ears—Fox, Grey, Bedford, Norfolk, Erskine—blind and deaf to all considerations of national defence and national honour, if only they could glut their vengeance on the hated Tories. In season and out of season they insisted on it, as they insisted on every measure that could hamper Pitt—and they never could get fifty votes in their favour.

Pitt has been freely blamed by many writers for not resigning office when he sustained this and other defeats, for not making them, as would now be said, 'Government questions.' He has been accused of truckling to the King, as North did, of clinging to Office for its own sake. Those who argue thus forget that the old 'corrupt' and aristocratic House of Commons was a body with a far more independent will of its own than a modern one; independent both of the Minister who led it and the electors who elected it; its majority ardently wished Pitt to continue to lead it, but did not, therefore, bind itself to accept all his measures. They forget also the temper of the Nation.

Ask the Nation what it felt and feared in the crisis of the Regency Bill—November, 1788, to March, 1789. On Guy Fawkes' day George III. had an attack of insanity; it might or might not be permanent, but the worst was

feared. The only possible Regent was the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., a man of scandalous life, reckless extravagance and bitter enmity to his father and his father's friends. It does not speak well for Fox and some other Whig leaders that they were hand-and-glove with this abandoned young man, whom they had taught to gamble, race and drink; Fox had been, in fact, his first corrupter; Lord North had stood, even after the Coalition, steadily aloof from him. It was certain that if the Prince became Regent he would dismiss the present Ministry, and instal Fox, if for no other reason, at least to spite his father. Pitt, therefore, proposed to create him Regent with certain restrictions. These restrictions were that he was to create no Peers and grant no pensions or places except during the King's pleasure, and that the Queen was to have control of the King's person and household. Obviously this did not mean that the Prince might not dismiss Pitt and instal Fox, or any other Minister he pleased; indeed, Pitt made full preparation for his own dismissal, and intended to resume his practice at the Bar. But the restrictions would ensure that, if the King recovered, he would not find all Pitt's work of economic reform upset, and the old jobbery of the Oligarchy restored. Fox took the line, extraordinary in a professed 'Old Whig of 1688,' that the Prince of Wales had an inherent hereditary right to the Regency as, in the case of his father's death, to the Crown. Pitt, exclaiming that he would 'un-Whig' Fox for the rest of his life, showed that the Crown alone is hereditary, the Regent a person for the Houses to appoint and to limit as they pleased. Fox shifted his ground, and declared that the Prince was willing to wait till the Houses nominated him Regent, but fought

hard against the restrictions. The City of London, and indeed the whole country, was in utter terror at the prospect of losing its darling Minister, and of seeing the corrupt 'old gang' revelling in the spoils of office and putting the clock back. Thurlow betrayed Pitt and intrigued with Fox and the Prince. By mid-February the Bill was all ready, and a Commission had been prepared to affix the Great Seal to the Act creating and limiting the Regent; Fox thought 'we should be in in a fortnight.' But already the King's symptoms were better, and by March 10 he was well; the joy of the Nation was almost frantic. George had never done anything half so popular as to come to his senses at that crisis; and he professed and occasionally showed a good deal of gratitude to Pitt; but it was not till '92 that the latter was able to dismiss the traitor Thurlow. The year '91 was marked by an excellent Catholic Relief Bill, which went a good deal farther than that which North had accepted in 1778, and by the 'Quebec Government Act,' granting a moderate measure of representative government to those loyal colonists, the Canadians. In the spring of '92 Pitt, in moving his Budget, which greatly reduced the expenditure on the Army and Navy, made the astonishing statement that 'there had never been a time at which Great Britain could more confidently look forward to fifteen years of peace.'

An astonishing statement indeed. For, alas! the picture of this golden age has another side. Pitt's foreign policy had hitherto been as wise as his domestic. His great Treaty with France had buried, it seemed for ever, the tomahawk which his father had been so fond of wielding against our 'natural enemies.' Our intercourse with these dear foes had never been so close and

so affectionate as between 1786 and 1789, and was not to be so again until the reign of Edward VII. In spite of that intercourse Pitt had rescued Holland from being towed in the wake of France, and, by the clever diplomacy of Sir James Harris, had concluded with her and Prussia a Triple Alliance, which was making its weight felt all over Europe. The absurd pretensions of Spain to maintain her *mare clausum* in the North-West corner of America, whither a Spanish ship had hardly ever sailed, were defeated in 1790 by Pitt's instant armament of a Fleet; as in 1770, Spain now again appealed, but appealed in vain to France, was obliged to 'climb down' and allow the English occupation of a trading station at Nootka Sound, which we now call Vancouver. Only in the Near East Pitt had suffered a defeat. Here, too, he was ahead of his age and was probably right, but he could carry neither Cabinet nor Country with him. He wished to interfere decisively to prevent the extension of Russian power on the Black Sea (1791) at the expense of Turkey; a British Squadron sent to the Baltic could undoubtedly have checked this, and Pitt knew well that Russia already had designs not merely on Constantinople but on India as well. But no one else in England would believe this, and the Russian trade was reckoned far too valuable to be risked on such grounds.[1] The rebuff was a serious one for British prestige and Pitt felt it acutely, but it was certainly not a cause for him to resign office.

Meanwhile the real Storm was brewing in Paris.

[1] Fox, according to a story often denied but never disproved, went the length of sending a private friend, Sir Robert Adair, to St. Petersburg, to intrigue with Russia against the British Ministry, and thereby incurred the guilt of high treason.

END OF VOL. III

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VOL. II. PART II

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

VOL. II.—FROM CHARLES II TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

PART II. 1792-1815

BY C. R. L. FLETCHER

SOMETIME FELLOW OF ALL SOULS AND MAGDALEN COLLEGES, OXFORD

WITH MAPS, ETC.

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140°
120°
100°
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60°
40°
20°

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60° 40° 20° 0°
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ASIATIC RUSSIAN EMPIRE
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CHINESE EMPIRE
MONGOLIA
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Kurile Is.
Trondhjem
Christiania
Ladoga
St. Petersburg
Tobolsk
Omsk
Irtish R.
Ural Mts
Ural R.
Moscow
Nijnei Novgorod
Orenburg
Riga
Baltic Sea
Gulf of Bothnia
Finland
Sweden
Norway
The Naze
North Sea
Hamburg
Berlin
Warsaw
Cracow
Lodz
Vienna
Pesth
Odessa
Black Sea
Caucasus Mts
Caspian Sea
Tiflis
Khiva
Aral
L. Balkash
Tashkent
Khokan
Kashgar
Thian Shan Mts
Bokhara
Yarkand
Lob Nor
Irtish R.
Baikal L.
Irkutsk
Kiachta
Nertchinsk
Amur R.
Yablonoi Mts
Sea of Japan
Saghalien I.
Kurile Is.
Japan Is.
Peking
Mukden
Hoang Ho R.
Yellow Sea
Nanking
Shanghai
Hankow
Yu Kiang R.
Canton
Hong Kong
Formosa I.
Bonin Is.
Volcano Is.
Yeddo
Ispahan
Kelat
Beloochistan
Afghanistan
Cabul
Herat
Candahar
Persian Gulf
Indus R.
Delhi
Allahabad
Benares
Calcutta
Jubbulpore
Nagpore
Bombay
Hyderabad
Bay of Bengal
Madras
Pondicherry
Ceylon
Colombo
Andaman Is.
Laccadive Is.
Maldive Is.
Arracan
Pegu
Siam
Bangkok
Hainan I.
Manilla
Philippine Islands
Ladrone Is.
Guam
Caroline Is.
Marshall Is.
Pelew Is.
Gilolo
Celebes
Java
Java Sea
China Sea
Borneo
Sumatra
Singapore
Malacca
Nicobar Is.
Cocos or Keeling Is.
Christmas I.
Timor I.
Torres Str.
Arafura Sea
New Guinea
German New Guinea
Solomon Is.
Santa Cruz Is.
Louisiade I.
New Hebrides
Fiji Is.
Gilbert Is.
Aru Is.
Banda Sea
Amboyna
Ceram
Gulf of Aden
Socotra I.
Guardafui
Abyssinia
Red Sea
Mecca
Nubia
Egypt
Fezzan
Murzuk
Tripoli
Algeria
Mediterranean Sea
Alexandria
Cairo
Suez
Tunis
Malta
Sicily
Naples
Rome
Venice
Milan
Turin
Marseilles
Gibraltar
Atlantic Ocean
Canary Is.
Madeira
Azores
Cape Verd Is.
Sierra Leone
Liberia
Ivory Coast
Gold Coast
Nigeria
Lake Chad
Wadai
Darfur
Kordofan
Khartoum
Abyssinia
Soudan
Senegambia
Timbuctoo
Niger R.
Benue R.
Congo R.
Congo Free State
Upper Guinea
Lower Guinea
Loanda
St. Paul de Loando
Benguela
Mossamedes
Nourse R.
Orange R.
Cape Colony
Cape Town
Cape of Good Hope
Port Elizabeth
East London
Natal
Durban
Transvaal
Bechuana Land
Matabeleland
Mashonaland
Zambesi R.
Victoria L.
Albert L.
Tanganyika L.
Nyassa L.
Victoria Nyanza L.
Kenia
Kilima Njaro
Zanzibar
Mozambique
Delagoa Bay
Inhambane
Sofala
Beira
Manica
Amazoola
Seychelles Br.
Amirante Is.
Chagos Is. Br.
Amber
Mauritius I. Br.
Reunion I. Fr.
Madagascar
Walvisch B.
Cape Frio
Mossamedes
Benguela
Loanda
Congo R.
Ogowai R.
Gaboon
Fernando Po
Cameroons
Old Calabar
Niger R.
Lagos
Dahomey
Ashantee
Gambia R.
Senegal R.
Bathurst
Sierra Leone
Liberia
Cape Palmas
Ivory Coast
Gold Coast
Accra
Timbuctoo
Soudan
Kordofan
Darfur
Wadai
Lake Chad
Nigeria
Algeria
Tripoli
Fezzan
Sahara
Arabia
Persian Gulf
Muscat
Aden
Red Sea
Mecca
Medina
Nubia
Egypt
Abyssinia
Soudan
Kharoum
Suakim
Massowah
Socotra I.
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Gulf of Aden
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Seychelles
Mauritius
Reunion
Madagascar
Cocos or Keeling Is.
Christmas I.
Java Sea
Timor Sea
Arafura Sea
Banda Sea
Amboyna
Ceram
Celebes
Gilolo
Borneo
Sumatra
Java
Singapore
Malacca
Siam
Cochin China
Tonquin
Hainan I.
China Sea
Formosa I.
Bonin Is.
Volcano Is.
Japan Is.
Yeddo
Yokohama
Nagasaki
Corea
Yellow Sea
Gulf of Pechili
Peking
Mukden
Vladivostock
Saghalien I.
Kurile Is.
Sea of Okhotsk
Kamchatka
Petropaulovski
Behring Sea
Aleutian Is.
C. Lopatka
Behring Str.
Wrangell I.
Liakhov Is.
New Siberia
Bennett I.
Henrietta I.
Jeannette I.
Delong 1881
Taimyr Penin.
Khatanga Gulf
Mouths of the Lena
Yana R.
Indigirka R.
Kolima R.
Stanovoi Mts
Okhotsk
Penjinsk
Bering Sea
Sea of Okhotsk
Kamchatka
Aleutian Is.
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Sea of Japan
Bonin Is.
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Formosa I.
Hainan I.
China Sea
Philippine Islands
Manilla
Ladrone Is.
Guam
Caroline Is.
Marshall Is.
Pelew Is.
Gilolo
Celebes
Borneo
Sumatra
Java
Java Sea
Timor Sea
Arafura Sea
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Amboyna
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Solomon Is.
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Fiji Is.
Gilbert Is.
Aru Is.
Torres Str.
Arafura Sea
Timor Sea
Java Sea
Australia
Brisbane
Sydney
Melbourne
Adelaide
Perth
Albany
Swan R.
Murchison R.
N.W. Cape
Exmouth Gulf
Shark's Bay
Geraldton
Port Darwin
Gulf of Carpentaria
Torres Str.
Cape York
Gladstone
New Caledonia
Norfolk I.
Lord Howe I.
Bass Str.
Tasmania
Hobart
New Zealand
Auckland
Wellington
Christchurch
Dunedin
Stewart I.
Auckland Is.
Campbell I.
Macquarie I.
Judge & Clerk
Emerald I.
Antipodes I.
Bounty I.
Kermadec Is.
Tonga Is.
Friendly Is.
Samoa Is.
Society Is.
Tahiti
Marquesas Is.
Low Archipelago
Sandwich Is.
Honolulu
Hawaii
Fanning I.
Phoenix Is.
Gilbert Is.
Marshall Is.
Caroline Is.
Pelew Is.
Ladrone Is.
Guam
Philippine Islands
Manilla
Formosa I.
Bonin Is.
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Vladivostock
Saghalien I.
Sea of Japan

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

1792—1815

CHAPTER I

THE STORM

When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And, with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,

it was very natural that most reasonable Englishmen should sympathize with her. We too had done some stamping in our time and had attained to a freedom that was the envy of Europe. We now believed and hoped that the meeting (May 5, 1789) of the French Estates-General, a body whose roots, like those of our own Parliament, lay far back in the Middle Ages, would lead to a modification of the French Constitution on lines similar to our own, to the securing of Common-Law rights for individuals, and to the granting of some share of political power to the upper and middle classes of France. A State so reconstituted would, it was thought, be a better neighbour in the future. No one could accuse the

Bourbon Kings of having been good neighbours to Great Britain, but many people, who were accustomed to believe that 'wars sprang only from the ambition of kings,' forgot that, in most cases, the Louis of the time had been pushed on to attack us by the commercial and Colonial aspirations of his own subjects; they also forgot that a New France with a 'limited' Monarchy, nay that even a French Republic, if such were conceivable, would be swayed by like aspirations.

Within ten weeks from the meeting of the Estates, such 'reasonable persons,' and indeed all men, were rubbing their eyes in the face of a new phenomenon—Democracy unchained. Frenchmen, as Mr. Carlyle says, 'invented the art of insurrection.' On July 14th the Paris mob rose and seized the government of the Capital; all over France mobs, urban and rural, followed suit, and all the institutions of the oldest and most civilized society in Europe crumbled before them. No serious attempt at resistance was made, although each step in the progress of anarchy was marked by deeds of horror and blood. For at least five years from that date free thought and political intelligence were utterly crushed in France. Many of the officers in both Services, which mutinied freely, had to fly for their lives; and, in three years, Louis XVI. was a prisoner awaiting a trial for his life, and the French Republic was proclaimed (September 21st, 1792). On the Eastern frontier it was proclaimed to the sound of cannon. Prussia and Austria had recently made a league 'to stop this kind of thing,' and expected to have a promenade to Paris. But they set about the military part of the job so weakly, about the political part so indiscreetly, and so great was their jealousy of each other, that, after a moment of

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extreme peril, France was able to improvise an Army to check them, and they were soon driven back from the French frontier.

Meanwhile public opinion in England naturally underwent great changes. In the first place, anarchy is an infectious disease, usually propagated by contact; in the second place, French anarchy threatened not merely monarchical institutions, but all existing institutions, religion, law, property, family life, and threatened them in the name of 'principles' and 'Natural Laws.' These 'principles' gave to Radicalism a religious force, and it is a sad fact that a religious force can very easily become a persecuting force. The French democrats, in effect, said:—'all Nations shall be free, and all men shall be equal; and if they don't want to be so, we will compel them to be so.' Now there were in Britain plenty of Radicals who, in a dim kind of way, held similar ideas; but, compared to their French friends, one and all were, happily, babies at their trade. They hadn't invented the art of insurrection and couldn't even copy it. There were, however, plenty of 'social democratic' debating clubs and societies, which talked

> Reason, philosophy, fiddledum, diddledum,
> Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggledy,

and continued to do so till the end of the century and after. Several of these sent over, from time to time, congratulatory addresses to the successive French Assemblies, and talked about summoning a 'British Convention.' They made noise enough both to persuade Frenchmen that this Island was on the verge of Revolution, and to frighten all sober-minded people in the said Island. The Press was moreover quite free, and there

were plenty of writers who cried out for 'one grand Radical Reform,' on the French model, in

> *Couriers* and *Stars*, Sedition's evening host,
> The *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post*.[1]

There was the froth poured out, in his 'Rights of Man' (1791) and 'Age of Reason' (1794), by Thomas Paine, in the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' of Sir James Mackintosh, in the 'Political Justice' of William Godwin, whose special bugbear appears to have been the institution of marriage. Debrett's shop in Piccadilly was the storehouse of these and similar books and pamphlets. There were Whig aristocrats who applauded, even in the House of Lords, much that was done in France. Such were 'Citizen' Stanhope, as he called himself, and, more cautiously, our old friend Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne. Such were Bedford the stupidest, and 'Jockey' Norfolk the wickedest of the Dukes; the latter was in the habit of eating a rump of beef at a sitting, and could only be washed when he was drunk; it was he who in '98 gave, at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, the toast of 'Our Sovereign—the Majesty of the People.' In the Lower House there was Grey, an upright, consistent,

[1] The *Star* was the first evening daily paper. The *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post* dated respectively from 1769 and 1772, the latter boasting before 1800 the then enormous circulation of 4,500 copies daily. The *Times* under that name dates from 1788, though as the *Daily Universal Register* it is three years older. Newspapers in those days changed hands very readily, and were as easily apt to change their politics. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* from 1789, was the real pioneer of modern 'Opposition' journalism. He was patronized by Fox and Norfolk, and, being a friend of Bellamy, wine merchant and doorkeeper to the House of Commons, was in the way of getting at party secrets. The *Morning Post* only became Radical in '95 under Daniel Stuart.

bitter opponent of Pitt's, but one who may, on the whole, be acquitted of want of patriotism and of sympathy with the *worst* excesses of the Revolution; there was Erskine, the brilliant advocate, always chosen to defend those who libelled the Government (and even the fanatics who shot at the King), but who failed in Parliament, either owing to his genuine fear of Pitt, or from that absorption in his own merits which procured for him the nickname of 'Ego'; for a time there was also Sheridan, the brilliant dramatist and the greatest orator of the day, but he soon dissociated himself from the extremists, and ultimately did good service to his country with both tongue and pen. Above all there was Fox, who greeted the French outbreak of anarchy with the remark that it 'was the best and the greatest event that had ever happened,' who declared, when Pitt with deep reluctance had to face at the end of '92 the question of national defence, that 'there was no motion of Pitt's which he would not oppose,' and who kept his word. As he had rejoiced over Saratoga and Yorktown, so Fox rejoiced at every British reverse and every French triumph until the Peace of Amiens.

As Mr. Canning subsequently complained, the poets were mostly on the same side:—"Perhaps the 'Muses still with freedom found' have an aversion to regular government, and require a system of protection less complicated than King, Lords and Commons." Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey began as professed admirers of the new French principles, though all in time recanted. In a later day, Shelley and Byron did not recant. Among the most influential of the pamphleteers and mob orators were Major Cartwright, a most gallant gentleman, who ever since the American War had been deluging

the country with projects and societies for reform of Parliament, Thomas Holcroft, John Thelwall (who christened his son Algernon Sidney), and Thomas Hardy of Stirling, the Piccadilly boot-maker; last but not least there was the eccentric ex-parson, John Horne-Tooke, once the friend and later the libeller of Wilkes, a free thinker and free drinker, who had fought more lawsuits than any man in England. There was a robust British pugnacity about Tooke that is not unattractive, and he probably saw through Fox, to whom, in Canning's immortal parody of Horace, he is made to say—

> Charles, for a shuffler long I've known thee,
> But come—for once I won't disown thee,
> And, since with patriot zeal thou burnest,
> With thee I'll live—or hang in earnest.

Although nothing was so fundamentally hostile to the temper of the English Protestant Dissenters as the spirit of new irreligious France, yet the fact that the law still foolishly excluded them from Office drove some pious Dissenters into the Radical camp. One of their leaders, Dr. Priestley, a man of real learning, had his house sacked by a Birmingham mob, because he chose to celebrate the anniversary of July 14th by a great dinner to his Radical friends; and it must be admitted that some of the extracts read from his works, at the subsequent trial of the rioters, proved that he was an advocate of open rebellion.[1] The Roman Catholics, equally with the Dissenters excluded from Office,

1 "If Government has not made sufficient provision for the happiness of the people, no title ought to shelter it from the generous attacks of the noble and daring patriot." "Governors will never be awed by the voice of the People so long as it is a mere voice without overt acts."

might have been upon the same side, had not the Parisian Radicals treated the Catholic Church from the first as their mortal foe. Finally there were, as there always must be among the lower classes, half-educated men who, with rude eloquence, appealed to the passions of the unemployed and the unemployable. And, owing to the Industrial Revolution then in progress, owing also to a series of bad harvests almost unbroken from 1792 till 1800, there was among the poor a vast amount of unmerited suffering which was on the whole nobly and patiently borne.

On the other side were ninety-nine hundredths of the upper and nine-tenths of the middle classes; and with no uncertain voice, both in and out of Parliament, these rallied to the existing Constitution, and demanded swift repression of seditious movements and writings. Parliamentary Reform and other desirable things could wait:—

> Better a rotten borough or so
> Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames.[1]

The country at large was terrified by the bloody deeds almost daily enacted across the Channel. And to the

[1] Compare Burns, certainly no aristocrat, but an equalitarian if ever there was one:—

> The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
> Perchance a claut may fail in't,
> But deil a foreign tinkler loon
> Shall ever ca' a nail in't;
> Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
> And wha wad dare to spoil it?
> By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
> Shall fuel be to boil it!

This was written in the last year but one of his life, 1795, when the author of 'It's coming yet for a' that' was enrolled in the ranks of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers.

country at large spoke, in October, '90, with his immortal 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' Mr. Burke. Here was the arch-Whig telling us what it all meant—the dissolution of society—and where it would all end—in a military despotism. Burke followed this up with his 'Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old Whigs'; and his Appeal was so successful that the Whig party was rent in twain, and all its best elements came to the support of the Tory Government; in '94 Portland, Spencer, Fitzwilliam and Mr. Windham actually joined the Cabinet of Pitt.

Little remains by which we can trace the changes in Pitt's own mind. We can only see him averting his head and shutting his ears not only to alarms but also to all reasonable warnings. It almost looks as if he knew that he had criminally neglected the first duty of a government, an adequate armed force both by sea and land. As the years '89, '90 and '91 passed over him, his main reflection seems to have been that France was deliberately effacing herself both as a military and a commercial State, and that this could hardly fail in the long run to benefit Great Britain. The first direct contact between England and Revolutionary France was when the latter refused to support the Spanish claim on Vancouver; the next was when the Governor of Jamaica rescued in 1791 a number of French planters from the Slave-insurrection of San Domingo, an insurrection which was a direct result of the movements of the Paris Radicals. In Pitt's Budget for '92 tremendous reductions[1] in a Navy already unduly weak were announced, and the Minister made the famous remark about 'fifteen years of peace' which I quoted in the last chapter. On the

[1] From 24,000 to 16,000 seamen and marines.

eve of its war with Austria and Prussia the 'apology for a government' in France begged for a loan, and offered to cede us Tobago; it was politely refused, and with equal politeness were refused all suggestions from the side of the Allies. A proclamation against seditious writings was issued in May, '92, and a hot-headed French Envoy who protested against it was snubbed for his pains. When in August Louis XVI. was dethroned, his palace stormed and his Guards shot down by the mob, our Ambassador was recalled from Paris, but recalled only because he had been accredited to a King who was a King no longer. Pitt certainly hesitated to 'recognize' the French Republic, but so did all European governments, especially after the fearful series of massacres of Royalists in the Paris prisons at the beginning of September. At last in November events began to come thick and fast which made this attitude of neutrality no longer possible.

The infant Republic discovered a General, Dumouriez, who not only checked the advance of the Prussians in September and October, but early in November hurled his Army into Belgium, won a great battle, and swept the Austrians back to the Dutch frontier. The French Convention, drunk with glory, passed on the 19th November a Decree offering its alliance to all peoples who wished to overthrow their governments—in effect a declaration of war on the whole World—and another Decree throwing open the river Scheldt to ships of all Nations 'because no Treaties can abrogate Natural Rights.' Belgium gone (and whenever France had threatened Belgium we had fought her, from Edward III. to George II.), Holland was in grave danger; and Pitt was obliged to tell Holland that Great Britain would be inviolably faithful

to the Alliance of 1788. On December 1st he called out the Militia and summoned Parliament to meet within twelve days.

This had but one meaning, war; and Fox, who opposed the Address to the Throne, could not get fifty votes on his side. An Alien Bill, for deporting 'suspicious foreigners,' was rapidly run through; and when, on January 21st, '93, Louis XVI. was executed, every one in London wore mourning, though in Paris 'the playhouses are open and the City is illuminated every night, as if the French wished to make their wickedness more visible' (*Times*, January 26th). The French Envoy was dismissed at once, and on February 1st France declared war on England and a few days later on Spain.

Now the common cant of the Radicals was that this was a 'war of opinion,' a war of Monarchs against a Republic, of Aristocracies against a Democracy; and, even when the military despotism of Napoleon had put an end not only to the independence of all the Nations he conquered, but to French 'liberty' as well, this kind of cant was kept up; it became a tradition and a 'legend,' and has coloured English history down to the present day. Fox's nephew, the third Lord Holland (died 1840), and his vulgar wife (died 1845), who kept open house for all the wits and artists of London, instituted a cult of Fox and of the doctrines he had preached; Lord Byron's influence, enormous on his generation, was all in the same direction. Yet no view of the war could be more untrue. It began as a struggle to maintain the independence of Holland, and to deliver Belgium from the French. These were, from 1793 to 1815, the two real things, apart from the danger to her own shores, that

mattered to Great Britain. If a great military Power holds Antwerp, still more if it holds Antwerp and Amsterdam, it points a pistol at the heart of London. When for a time we failed to deliver Belgium and Holland, the war continued as a war for the deliverance successively of Germany, of Italy, of Portugal, of Spain, even of Russia from the same grasping Power, France. But above all it became a war for the deliverance of Britain herself, and so a war between the two greatest Nations of the world; a war of tradition against tradition, ship against ship, man against man, wealth against wealth. 'England saved herself by her exertions and saved Europe by her example.'

For a long time the exertions were misdirected and the example was a feeble one. Pitt, the financier, not unnaturally failed to see how a country, which was already living, as France was, on a hideously depreciated paper currency, and which appeared to have destroyed all its old sources of wealth, could possibly maintain the struggle beyond a year. He therefore made the great initial mistake of trying to pay for the war by loans instead of by fresh taxation, and he clung to this mistake far too long, for each year it seemed to him that one more year must exhaust his enemy's resources. He appears never to have realized that a Nation can sometimes live without money and without credit. But that was the case now. In the summer of '93 a few resolute scoundrels, fighting with halters round their necks, but with a real patriot or two among them, usurped the government of France; they instituted, on pain of death, a system by which they could take anything that they wanted for the supply of the Armies

from any one who had anything worth taking, and they kept this up for nearly two years. By that time France was no longer paying for the war; the riches of Belgium, Holland and the Rhenish Provinces of Germany were paying for it, and war was made to support war. Napoleon, as Consul and as Emperor, followed the same plan, and stretched it until the World groaned under it. But, long before all was over, France was groaning too; her commerce was annihilated; some part of the cost, apart from the drain of men, was bound to fall on her, and Pitt's view was justified at the last.

I shall not attempt to speak in detail of the taxes which Pitt was before long obliged to levy, and which included in 1798 an Income Tax of ten per cent., till then a 'horror' unheard of by Englishmen, but a perfectly just and equitable horror. He had to treble the assessed taxes and to double the tax on successions; windows, bricks, insurances, women servants, hair-powder, dogs, watches, clocks, armorial bearings, carriages and horses, all had to pay toll. Before the close of his first Ministry alone, he had to add £300,000,000 to the National Debt; he had to authorize the Bank of England to suspend cash payments (1797), and he had to see its notes depreciated in consequence; he had to see the Funds, which he had raised to 96, fall to 47 (January, 1797); he had even to see his Exchequer supported (in '98) by voluntary contributions. By no means the whole of the vast sums thus raised went in any direct manner to sustain the warlike efforts of Great Britain; much was given in subsidies to the impoverished Nations of the Continent, and especially to Austria, as long as she maintained the

struggle against France.[1] You may well ask how Britain was able to afford such cost.

The answer is a fairly simple one. In spite of two great commercial crises and panics ('93 and '97), each accompanied by numerous bankruptcies, the commerce of the Nation increased by leaps and bounds, while the commerce of all other Nations, hitherto our rivals, was stagnant or ruined. Even during the first period of the war both our exports and our imports had advanced fifty per cent. beyond any previous figures. And this commerce was wholly seaborne and rested wholly on the supremacy of the British Navy; the French Government was obliged sadly to admit (1799) that 'not a merchant ship carrying the French flag was now to be seen at sea.' And so Allies might drop, two Coalitions might break and melt away; frightful mismanagement and incapacity might be displayed by the English War Office, and too often also by the English Admiralty; Ireland might be in open insurrection and a French invasion hourly expected; worse than this, there might be great want and suffering at home, with bread at famine prices, which produced riots; worst of all there might be a dangerous spirit of insubordination among our sailors, which in '97 broke out in two open mutinies; and yet the long, lean, silent man, whose own health was breaking under the strain, could see no occasion for giving in.

Nor need we stop long to consider Pitt's so-called 'repressive' measures, for which even the independent mind of Lord Rosebery thinks it necessary to make

[1] The total amount in direct subsidies paid to Allies between 1793 and 1814 is only forty-six millions; but this does not include loans, which were also enormous, and little of which was ever repaid.

some apology. After the Alien Bill already mentioned came the Traitorous Correspondence Act, enacting penalties of high treason against all who supplied arms to France or brought in French paper money to Britain; the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, making it possible to keep suspects in prison without trial; the Seditious Meetings Bill, by which no meeting of over fifty persons was lawful without the sanction of a magistrate; and the Treasonable Practices Bill. A considerable number of persons stood their trial for high treason during the first three years of war, most of whom were merely noisy champions of 'Radical Reform,' but whose language was undoubtedly seditious and inflammatory to the highest degree. In England the trials were conducted with conspicuous fairness, and the most famous batch of accused, which included Horne-Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall and Holcroft, was acquitted. In Scotland, where the movement for a 'National Convention' had been more serious (1793), much strong language against the 'Reformers' was used by the Judge whom Stevenson has portrayed for us under the name of 'Weir of Hermiston'; several persons were transported to Botany Bay, and one man, Robert Watt, whose guilt was perfectly clear and who died acknowledging the justice of his sentence, was hanged. But there is nothing to prove that in any one case the law was strained against the prisoners. And the terror of the introduction of 'French principles' was undoubtedly so great that much stronger measures of repression would have been welcomed by the Nation at large.

And so to the war. When it began, Henry Dundas, aged fifty-one, was Home-and-Colonial Secretary, and

Pitt's elder brother, Lord Chatham, was First Lord of the Admiralty. There was no separate War Minister until '94, when Dundas was appointed to that office, and when also Lord Spencer succeeded Chatham at the Admiralty. Old Lord Amherst was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and old Lords Hood and Howe the best-known Admirals on the list of the Navy. Seniority, and therefore old age, was the chief test of promotion in both Services. The Army had barely 30,000 men with the colours at home; the Admiralty had barely seventy-five ships of the line in commission or ready for commissioning. No eulogies lavished on his domestic policy can wipe out the fact that Pitt had shockingly neglected the needs of both Services, that he had laid to heart none of the lessons of the American War, and, worse still, that, now that a new war had come, he never looked at the Map of the World as a whole, or formed any one definite plan for setting the offensive arms of the country in order; when it came to the defensive we shall see that he had a clearer conception thereof than most of his contemporaries; in fact the only military measure which he had proposed during his years of peace was one for the fortification of Plymouth and Portsmouth,[1] and this Parliament had

[1] The coasts had never been properly fortified since Henry VIII.'s reign, and his ancient castles were still being patched up at times. 'Lines' of some sort had indeed been drawn near Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness and Harwich in Charles II.'s reign; and in each succeeding reign, from Anne to George II., little additions had been made to these, but there was absolutely no systematic *enceinte* of earthworks at any of our Ports before 1860; and, at the time of the Great War, the *Mayor and Corporation* of each Port were still supposed to be responsible for its defence!

rejected. Recruits for either Service were exceedingly difficult to obtain, for the men's pay was totally inadequate to the increased cost of living; and we had to begin by sending several thousand soldiers to man the Fleet. Pensions, hospitals (except Greenwich and Chelsea) were not; there was no medical staff; the Ordnance was under a separate Office from the Army, and the Ordnance Office had no ammunition ready; there were no transports for troops, and, when 1,700 men of the Guards were with difficulty got together in February, '93, they were 'huddled across the North Sea to Holland upon such empty colliers as could be found in the Thames.' In short the whole military system was in a state of complete disorganization.

The Prince of Hesse indeed still 'sold the lives of his subjects for thirty banco crowns each,' and to him we at once applied; and George, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, made a similar application to George, Elector of Hanover. Subsidies were also poured into the laps of Spain, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Portugal and Naples, all of whom were either actually or potentially at war with France. Parliament voted 25,000 regular troops and 19,000 additional Militia; and ships were quickly put in commission. An Act was passed early in '93 for raising corps of Volunteers for home defence, and the country showed a most laudable readiness to enlist in these corps; but it must always be remembered that Volunteers escaped, and rightly escaped the possibility of being drawn by ballot for the Militia. These Volunteers consisted of Yeomanry Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery; also, for the defence of the ports, other Volunteers, called 'Sea Fencibles,' were enrolled; and so, somehow or other, by the end

of '94 we had, on paper, over 300,000 men under arms in the two Services.

How were these men and ships to be employed? We must try to do what Pitt could never do, to look at the Map of the World as a whole, and to see where the arms of Great Britain could strike the most effective blows; and we must guard ourselves against the common error of regarding the tasks of the Army and the Navy as altogether separate. The Services ought to have acted in common far more than they did. Though the fine French Navy of Louis XVI. had been utterly disorganized by the Revolution, and though the dockyard 'mates' (on strike) ruled the day and hanged officers at pleasure, France had still, locked up somewhere, at Brest, Toulon, Rochefort or L'Orient, over seventy ships of the line—thirty in Toulon alone. Therefore we must have a Mediterranean Fleet of twenty-five (Lord Hood, and, in the *Agamemnon*, sixty-four guns, a certain Captain Nelson); and a Channel Fleet of twenty-five (Lord Howe). We must do our best to blockade all the ports of France, lest naval stores and corn, of which they are in great need, come to them from the Baltic or the United States. We must hurry up and send all the next ships we can get ready to the West Indies, not only to cut off the most important branch of the French commerce, but to defend against privateers the most important branch of our own; troops must be sent, on board this last fleet, to seize the great 'sugar islands' of France. It will be well if we can also make a descent or two upon the French coast, especially where there are symptoms of discontent against the 'Reign of Terror' of the Parisian Radicals—and such symptoms speedily appeared in

Poitou and Lower Brittany (La Vendée) and at Toulon. Above all we must incessantly reinforce, in concert with the Austrian Army, the resistance of the Dutch on their own frontier.

It may be that we tried too many of these operations at once. Henry Dundas, to whom the conduct of the war chiefly fell, has been much blamed for squandering British forces in small detachments all over the World; yet at the time plausible reasons could be found for most of his expeditions. Let us look first at Belgium and Holland, for this region was indeed our true objective, and all dissemination of effort beyond this promised failure. King George insisted on giving the command of 10,000 British troops to his second son Frederick, Duke of York, aged twenty-eight, a 'good peace-general' who had never seen service, but who was supposed to have 'studied Prussian tactics.' At least he had read David Dundas' new Drill Book of 1792, of which Sir John Moore afterwards said "it would be a good book except for those d——d eighteen manœuvres." With York, at different times during the campaign, were the really able Generals Abercromby, Lake, Henry Fox, David Dundas and Lord Moira. In the summer of '93 we, with the Austrians under the Prince of Coburg, were able to drive back the hitherto victorious Frenchmen through Belgium and across their own frontier, and to take the French fortresses of Condé and Valenciennes. Then, instead of sweeping on into France, York, obeying orders from home, turned aside to the siege of Dunkirk. Dunkirk, wherein was a certain Major Hoche, resisted; the besiegers lost heavily; our Austrian friends were defeated at Wattignies, and ourselves at Hondschoote,

and before the end of the year the tide had finally turned against the Allies. After June, '94, enormous French Armies drove us back through Belgium (in spite of a large reinforcement brought by Moira) and separated us from the Austrians. In November the French overran Holland, proclaimed it to be the 'Batavian Republic,' and captured, in January, '95, the Dutch Fleet over the frozen sea off Texel. As for Belgium, it was incorporated as several 'Departments' into the French Republic.

Other French Armies had, by this time, driven back the Prussians and mastered the whole line of the Rhine. In a terrible winter retreat ('94–5) our men marched through and beyond Holland, to the Ems, to the Weser, unclad, unpaid, unfed; six thousand of them died of cold and starvation alone. Dunkirk had been the capital mistake; and it was an additional one that, when the siege was begun, no attempt was made to bombard the town from the sea; the Navy was elsewhere. The soldiers had fought well on the whole, particularly in a fierce engagement against heavy odds at Villers-en-Cauchies. Young Arthur Wellesley, aged twenty-four, Colonel of the 33rd, had distinguished himself at Boxtel; and bitter were the remarks he made in his private letters on the ignorance and incapacity of his leaders and brother officers: he said that he had 'learned more from his letters from England of what was passing at Head-Quarters than from Head-Quarters themselves' —and yet he was in command of a brigade! In short, 'no one knew anything of the management of an army.' For himself, he said long afterwards, 'he learned there what one ought not to do, and that is always something.' Good Mr. Windham, a converted Whig, who

had just become 'Secretary-at-War,' thought it incumbent on him to visit the Army as it was beginning its retreat; as late as September, 1794, he found the Duke of York giving large dinner parties on the Dutch frontier. There were too many dinner parties and too much wine was drunk at them.

The failure of this campaign did indeed set free some 20,000 British troops for service elsewhere; but please understand that it had been a failure in the most vital point of all, and a failure of such a nature as to make both friends and foes say that Great Britain was destitute of capacity for warfare on land. Meanwhile in the West Indies, which might well have waited, things were going better. The details of the capture and recapture of these Islands must be sought in other books; what I want my readers to remember is that we possessed at the gates of the Gulf of Mexico an excellent base and harbour at Kingston, Jamaica, and this interior position, together with a much stronger Fleet, enabled us, by the year '98, to take nearly all the Lesser Antilles that had belonged to France;[1] to take, when in '95 the 'Batavian Republic' was added to our enemies, all the Dutch Islands and Demerara on the South American Continent; and, when Spain was also added, to take Trinidad. But when we directed our efforts to the far larger and more important Island (half French, half Spanish) of San Domingo, once the richest depot of trade in the whole Western World, but now desolated by civil war between Royalist French planters, insurgent slaves and a vast population of mulattoes, we failed miserably. And victory and failure alike were purchased at a frightful sacrifice of

[1] The exception was Guadeloupe.

British life, for yellow fever ate up half the troops we sent, and Mr. Fortescue calculates that the six years' fighting in these regions cost us forty thousand dead and forty thousand more invalided for life. To be sent thither was the one thing that Thomas Atkins dreaded, and that there was frightful mismanagement of his gallant services there can be no doubt. Yet one must repeat that by these campaigns we not only maintained and doubled our own most profitable branch of commerce, but absolutely deprived France of her most profitable branch. In the matter of San Domingo, no doubt, it would have been wiser to occupy only two or three ports in strong force, instead of sending our men into the densely wooded interior of the Island. When in '98 we finally gave up our attempts on it we had at least the satisfaction of knowing that this rich Colony was lost to France, and of conjecturing that France would one day vainly spend her strength in trying to recover it from the black men. This was what Napoleon tried to do in 1803, and he failed miserably. Haiti, as it is now called, has ever since remained a Negro Republic, and a perennial warning to all philanthropic persons who believe in the 'man and brother' theory. There were, of course, sporadic slave insurrections in our own Colonies, but they were never serious, and one fruit that the campaigns bore was the creation, in spite of much opposition from the War Office as well as from our own planters out there, of our famous West India Regiments of negroes officered by Englishmen; before 1799 twelve battalions of these existed, and, being accustomed to the trying climate, they did excellent service. But one thing we must never forget, and that is that, down

to the date of Trafalgar, the French could always keep us in a quake, almost as great as when they threatened to invade us at home, by any feint directed against the West Indies.

On the other side of the World the Dutch Colonies, Ceylon, Malacca and Amboyna, and that old one established in 1652 at the Cape of Good Hope, had fallen to small British or East Indian expeditions before the spring of 1796, and the protection of these, as well as of our new gains in the West, caused, year by year, more regiments to be raised and more recruits found for them, and thus imposed a fresh drain on the overburdened British taxpayer. But it is now time for us to turn our eyes back to Europe. Probably the most futile efforts we made were those upon the coast of France itself. Yet at the time there was much to be said in their favour. It must always be difficult for statesmen to judge how far it is wise to trust to the suggestions made by foreign exiles, and as a rule it is certainly not wise to throw troops on to an enemy's coast to aid insurgents; you are apt to awaken a dormant patriotism. One can fancy the feelings of all moderate English Royalists if Charles I. had succeeded in bringing in any of those Dutch, Danes or Lorrainers, after whom he was always hankering, to help him beat the Parliamentarians. But the case of France was now somewhat different. The Convention had not only confiscated all the property, but had threatened the lives of the French Royalists so fiercely that these could be trusted, it was thought, to fight to the death, and to afford all assistance to an invasion on their behalf. And so completely was French public opinion muzzled that it was not unnatural to suppose that even the indifferent mass

of the people would welcome anything that delivered them from the grasp of the ' Terrorist ' Radicals of Paris. There was indeed, in the summer of '93, a great opportunity. In March of that year the peasants, priests and squires of La Vendée, a district just south of Loire-mouth, rose and for a time swept before them everything that the Republicans could send against them. Twenty thousand English troops, say under Cornwallis or Abercromby, with a fleet of bomb-ketches and gunboats, landed at Saint-Nazaire, would have stiffened the Vendeans, produced the fall of Nantes, and given a direction to their campaign towards Paris. That city might then have been crushed between their fire and that of Coburg and York, if all had gone well on the Eastern side. But there were too many ' ifs.' And just as long as the war on the Eastern side lasted, Pitt had simply not got twenty, or a quarter of twenty thousand troops to spare; it was doubtful it he could even have spared arms and ammunition. At any rate he did nothing until after the main Vendean Army had been defeated in December; when it was too late, and its fugitives were streaming Northwards towards the Cotentin, he sent a small expedition under Lord Moira, which didn't even land. Troubles for the Republic in the West were, however, by no means at an end, even when Hoche had for the first time succeeded in ' pacifying ' La Vendée, February, '95. The so-called ' Chouans,' half Vendean and Breton Royalists, half smugglers, were ready to rise and, through the agency of the Comte de Puisaye, Pitt was persuaded to send in June, '95, a Squadron under Admiral Warren, with 4,000 exiled French Royalists and with large supplies of arms on board, to Quiberon Bay; it resulted in an utter disaster, and, except for some 3,000 Chouans

and exiles, who succeeded in escaping to our ships, all who had landed or had risen were massacred after the battle by the direct order of the Convention. No better success awaited a descent of a similar force in October on the Isle of Yeu, though it had on board a French Prince, who indeed showed little stomach for fighting.

At Toulon alone had these descents on France any temporary success. Lord Hood's Mediterranean Fleet had sailed into the Straits in July, '93, at the very time when affairs were looking blackest for the French Republic. Spain had declared war on France in February, and the Spanish Fleet came to Hood's aid off Toulon. The Royalists in the great dockyard-city rose and hoisted the flag of the child Louis XVII., now a prisoner in Paris, and in August Hood landed as many troops as he could spare to aid them. It would have taken over twenty thousand men to defend the vast fortifications of Toulon. To besiege it the Convention sent every man it could spare, and among them a young artillery officer who was worth a good many men, called Napoleon Bonaparte. For nearly four months the Royalist flag was kept flying on the ramparts and on the French Fleet in the harbour; but, early in December, Hood saw that the game was up; he burned nine and towed away two of the French ships; he took several thousand refugees on board his own Fleet and he sailed away; but through the fault or perhaps the treachery of the Spaniards, fifteen French ships were unfortunately left for the Republic to utilize in '95. With this failure comes to an end the story of our attempts upon France itself. After all, it was at sea that the two old antagonists were most likely to fight it out. 'Those

storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army [of Napoleon] never looked,' were all that, in the end, 'stood between France and the dominion of the World.' But that end was far away.

After his failure at Toulon Hood's next move was on Corsica, which had been since 1769 a French, though always a troublesome possession. The Corsicans were quite ready to declare for King George, or King any one who wouldn't govern them seriously, and they possessed an excellent harbour in San Fiorenzo; others at Calvi and Bastia. Sir Gilbert Elliot came out as 'Viceroy' of Corsica. Captain Nelson, already the darling alike of lower deck and quarter-deck, with a greater love of fighting and a greater hatred of Frenchmen than any Briton alive, and one who had already intuitively grasped all the principles of the highest naval strategy, helped Sir David Dundas and the future Peninsular hero, John Moore, to take Bastia, and he lost the sight of his right eye in helping Sir Charles Stuart to take Calvi. But then Hood's second, Admiral Hotham, let the remains of the French Fleet slip out of Toulon; and the British Admiralty rewarded him with the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, *vice* Hood, recalled for demanding too many ships. France valiantly set herself to recover command of her sea; six more ships escaped from Brest and got safe to Toulon in the spring of '95; Hotham fought a partial action in March, took two and thought 'we had done very well,' but refused, much to Nelson's indignation, to chase the remainder; and the Corsicans veered away again from their allegiance to King George. Our Fleet remained based on San Fiorenzo and on the friendly Tuscan port of Leghorn, but our commerce in those seas suffered severely from French

frigates all that year. In fact it was a year fatally wasted. If Hood, who was really a most active old sailor had had Hotham's chances, or if Hotham, who had been reinforced by nine more ships, had destroyed the French Fleet, as he might very well have done, General Bonaparte's great Italian campaign of '96–7, so much dependent upon supplies brought in small coasting vessels, would have been impossible. For France was already looking towards Italy; she had won all the line of the Rhine, and Prussia had made peace with her in March; Spain followed suit in July. As early as '92 Savoy and Nice had been swallowed from the King of Sardinia. Genoa and Tuscany were in great fear; only an Austrian Army and the British Fleet stood between Italy and French greed, and the British Fleet had as yet done nothing for Italy. When in December, '95, a leader better even than Hood came to command that Fleet, in the person of Sir John Jervis, it was already too late; the French had crossed the Italian frontier and beaten the Austrians at Loano, and the path of the coming conqueror was opened for him.

As regards the contest in the Atlantic, it seems that neither Howe, nor his successor in the Channel Fleet, Lord Bridport, ever learned the old lesson of Hawke, that Brest must be blockaded in fair weather or foul. Their Fleets used to lie in Spithead; 'ships deteriorated,' they said, 'when they were kept at sea'—so does a bridge 'deteriorate,' or a road, directly it is open for traffic. It is crews that deteriorate when they are kept in harbour, and that is a much more serious thing. Let me, even at the risk of boring my readers, make this blockading business clear. Besides Brest the only Atlantic ports of France, into which a warship can go, are L'Orient

and Rochefort; South of them, there is nothing till you come to the Spanish harbours by Cape Finisterre, Ferrol and Corunna. We ought indeed to keep our battle-fleet out of sight of these French harbours, but always with a chain of frigates right up to them and in constant communication with our flagship outside. If the Westerly gales drive us off for a few days we can run to Torbay or Falmouth, and run back, either before the French can come out or in time to fight them as they do come out. For it is by no means always our interest to seal them up; often it is our best interest to tempt them out to fight; but then we must take care none of them ever get back again. Above all, it is our interest that no convoy of naval stores or of grain shall ever get in. Lord Howe, a most beloved and gallant sailor, failed to fulfil any one of the above precepts; after all, he was sixty-eight years old. Thus he failed, in the early summer of '94, to cut off an enormous convoy coming from the French West Indies and the Neutral ports of North America, a convoy on which the very life of the Brest dockyard and the starving population of Western France were just then depending, and to guard which the French Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse bravely put out with thirty sadly dilapidated ships. Howe met him, indeed, at the end of May and fought him for four days, ending on the 'Glorious First of June' with the capture of six and the destruction of one of the French ships; but the convoy he never saw, and its safe arrival was worth a greater loss than Villaret had suffered. It was the same story when Bridport in the next year put out from Spithead with fourteen, met Villaret with twelve, and only took three of them. These Admirals would run no risks. The

French, of course, suffered badly, but they were neither swept from the seas nor sealed up in port for good as they ought to have been. The command of the water really remained in dispute.

We get an excellent glimpse of the Brest Fleet as it was in the year '94–5, from the letters of Major Tench of the Marines, who was taken prisoner when the *Alexander* (74), after losing half her crew, struck to five Frenchmen in November, '94. The Major was badly treated and sometimes half starved on a hulk in Brest harbour, but his captors ingenuously let him see that it was the fault of their vile Government which terrorized them, rather than of the naval authorities. Villaret-Joyeuse was particularly kind, whenever he dared to be so. Tench points out in what respects their Navy was still ahead of our own; their admirable charts, even of all the British harbours; their excellent surgeons and assistants, five to each ship of the line; the superior construction of the hulls of their battleships, both as to length and bottom; their special rating of signallers. He notes also with surprise the good discipline kept on board their ships in spite of 'equalitarian' notions. None of this, however, could compensate for the frightful poverty of the port and indeed of all Brittany, where not only hemp and spars, but the bare necessaries of life were almost wholly wanting, nor for the total lack of seamanship of both officers and men; the old sailors had been sent off for soldiers, and the ships were manned by soldiers and boys; there were ceaseless draggings of anchors and collisions in the basin whenever a ship got under weigh. Most of the battleships had on board furnaces for heating shot red hot, a most barbarous practice, against all

the laws of civilized warfare, but, on the whole, 'more likely to set fire to the ship using it than to the enemy.' As for French manufactures, the cheese they gave him was Gloucester, the plates, when he got a plate to eat off, were Stafford, the knives were Sheffield, and the coats, hats and shoes of the men were mostly of British origin.[1] Yet at the end of '96, with a Fleet in this condition, the French were allowed to embark 20,000 men under Hoche for a great invasion of Ireland, and, though the elements in all their fury combined with bad seamanship to make it a failure, our main Fleet never got to sea till the day before the French were safely back in Brest.

So far, therefore, the British Army and Navy had not distinguished themselves. In February, '95, the Duke of York, on his return from defeat in Holland, was made Commander-in-Chief, and, to the surprise of most people, he proved a much better administrator than General. He was the first person to do anything serious towards raising the pay of the private soldier and ameliorating in many other ways the hard conditions of the Service. Lord Cornwallis took the Ordnance Office and a seat in the Cabinet at the same time. But the Ministry had great elements of weakness; until '98 every year seemed to produce more troubles than the year before it. Loyally as the 'rallied' Whigs supported Pitt, it was to some extent a forced support, and the freezing 'aloofness' of the Prime Minister did little to conciliate them. The smell of Whiggery in

1 'Letters written in France to a Friend in London between November 1794 and May 1795 by Major Tench of the Marines, late of H.M.S. *Alexander*.' London: Printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1796.

the Cabinet began to ascend the too recipient nostrils of Grenville, whose family connections were of the closest and most bigoted Whig type, and perhaps tended to draw him slightly away from Pitt; Grenville's temperament also was apt to be despondent. Windham, the ablest of them all, had feelings at times approaching panic. He saw only too clearly what the Revolution meant; "it is," he writes in September, '96, "another Roman Republic that is coming into existence, equally fatal to the independence of all other Nations, and infinitely more so to their virtue and happiness." A Minister who is in such fear of mutiny in the Guards that he dreads storing ammunition in the Tower, and yet takes no steps to protect it, who can't take up a newspaper or open a despatch without 'horror at the dreadful tidings,' and who 'thinks it a mere question of time when he will have to take refuge in Siberia,' is hardly the man to galvanize a Nation. A band of devoted followers, one day to vindicate his name, did indeed gather round Pitt, men like Canning, Rose, Long, Wellesley, and above all Castlereagh; and Pitt, though he allowed Dundas recklessly to squander his soldiers and break his promises to Admirals and Generals alike, never lost the lofty courage that went far to redeem his mistakes. Dundas, however, seems to have learned very little even from his own blunders.

When, in August, '96, Spain, after making peace with France in '95, declared war on us, things looked black enough in the Mediterranean. Corsica had already revolted, and we had just been obliged to seize Elba, which has a good harbour at Porto Ferraio, as an alternative base for the Fleet. The genius of Napoleon had swept Northern and Central Italy from

end to end; there was now at Milan a new daughter-republic of France, called the 'Cisalpine,' and the Austrians were holding out only at Mantua. One by one the ports of the Italian mainland were reluctantly closed to us by their several rulers as the French power developed in the Peninsula. All that summer Sir John Jervis was cruising, with fifteen ships, off Toulon. Admiral Mann was watching outside Cadiz with seven, and Nelson, always on detached and independent jobs, was trying to keep the coast of Italy clear of French shipping. Jervis had perfect trust in Nelson, and gave him a free hand—"Send 'em to the devil your own way," he used to say if Nelson asked for detailed orders. Thus when, after the Spanish declaration of war, the Government reluctantly decided to evacuate the whole Mediterranean, it was Nelson who was charged with the duty of carrying off troops and stores from Corsica, and, early in '97, from Elba too; but meanwhile a French Squadron, which had escaped Hotham in '95 and gone to Cadiz, helped the Spanish Fleet out into the Atlantic. The French, it was thought, were for the West Indies, but after a cruise to Newfoundland got safe back into Brest. The Spaniards were caught by Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, 150 miles N.W. of Cadiz, on February 14th, '97, twenty-seven strong to the English fifteen. Even against Spaniards it was odds no British Admiral had yet faced, and Jervis deserves the greatest credit. Nelson, Collingwood and Troubridge were the heroes of the day; perhaps too few Spanish ships were taken, though Nelson, in the *Captain*, boarded two himself, but the rest were so crippled that the Spanish Navy gave us no more trouble till 1805. Jervis, now created Lord St. Vincent, sat down for two years

to seal the Spaniards up in Cadiz. Cape St. Vincent was a priceless victory at the moment; for if ever a year of despair came to Great Britain it was that year of '97. The Mediterranean was lost; Ireland was on the verge of rebellion; the financial crisis at home had come; our last ally, Austria, called for a truce in April and made peace in October; and now in quick succession came the two Mutinies in the Fleets at Spithead and the Nore.

Luckily there was no real connection between these two. Lord Bridport's command only asked for better wages, food, medical attendance and occasional leave; the pay scale was still that of the time of Charles II.! The men said they would return to duty and put to sea directly if a French Fleet entered the Channel; and Lord Howe, who went down in person, had little difficulty in pacifying them; their demands were agreed to, and the better status of the British sailor dates from that day. But it was a shocking thing for any Government to learn to make such elementary provision for its brave defenders only because force in the shape of mutiny was applied to it. At the Nore, in Admiral Duncan's command, things were much more serious. The Radical agitator, the Irish rebel and the French spy were at work there. Duncan was busy blockading off Texel fifteen Dutch ships, which were only waiting for a fair wind to convey a large French Army to Ireland; the mutineers left him only two ships, and took the rest into the Thames. But Duncan showed superb skill and the Admiralty showed unexpected firmness; they at once granted the raising of wages, etc., and then took steps to cut off the revolted ships from the shore, trained cannon on them and starved them into

unconditional surrender. The leader, a bad character who had been reduced from the rating of midshipman, was hanged at the yardarm. Then the good wind changed, after blowing from the West for three months, and delivered the brave Dutchmen into the hands of Admiral Duncan in the battle of Camperdown, October, '97, where he took nine out of fifteen. Ireland was saved to us for the moment. In December the King went in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for the victories of St. Vincent and Camperdown. The temper of the Opposition with which Pitt had to deal at that time may be judged by the terms in which its leading paper, the *Morning Post*, directly inspired by Fox and Grey, recorded the event:—"The consequence of the procession to St. Paul's was that one man returned thanks to Almighty God, and one woman was kicked to death." Well might Gillray caricature Fox as 'The French Telegraph making signals in the Dark' to a French Fleet in the Channel. Well might Canning, who, with Pitt's other young followers, was now beginning his brilliant little newspaper called the *Anti-Jacobin*, apply to Fox Sallust's well-known description of Catiline.

Pitt, indeed, had already made two attempts at negotiation with the French Republic; Lord Malmesbury[1] was sent to Paris in '96 and to Lille in '97; on each occasion his offers were contemptuously rejected, and he was very rudely treated. For making these offers Pitt has been held up to scorn, even by admirers of the party that was then clamouring for peace; 'he only did it to "dish" the Opposition; he was a parliamentary trickster after all,' etc. But it was absolutely necessary to show the world that he, Pitt,

[1] Formerly Sir James Harris. *See* Vol. III., p. 338.

was quite prepared to recognize whatever form of government the French chose to suffer under; that he, Pitt, was not the 'tool of the despots coalised against liberty'; but that also he, Pitt, would not yield a jot of British influence or power. Both his offers therefore stipulated for the independence of Belgium and Holland from France; *i.e.*, for the attainment by Great Britain of the two objects for which she had gone to war. He would give France back her Colonies (which we could easily retake) and would recognize her grip on the middle and upper Rhine. There is evidence that if he had offered a large enough bribe to the leading Paris Radical, Citizen Barras, these or any other terms would have been accepted.

But the Nation which had weathered this terrible year '97 had never lost heart; at least it had thrown up a great sailor, whose merits were soon as well known to the 'man in the street' as to Lord St. Vincent outside Cadiz. Thus, though in the year '98 the prospect of invasion began to be serious and was never dispelled until after Trafalgar, it was generally felt that the worst was over. For one thing, France had now frankly become a conqueror for conquest's sake; Bonaparte, though he kept up the 'language of liberty' when writing to French newspapers, said to his soldiers when they entered Italy in '96: "There is the richest country in Europe and the most unwarlike population; go and sweep it clean." And they swept it clean. It must have been difficult for the most ardent democrat to regard France any longer as the champion of liberty, when she began the year '98 by attacking the ancient Republic of Switzerland; she had just sold to Austria the still more ancient Republic of Venice as the price of peace. And so gradually men's eyes began to open

to the truth, and most people, except Fox, began to suspect the sincerity of French zeal for 'one grand Radical Reform,' and much of the fear of a democratic rising at home began to pass away.

In one respect, however, and that the most serious one, the danger was greater than before, though two years had yet to pass before its full effects were felt. If Britain had thrown up a great sailor France had thrown up the greatest soldier of all time. If the young conqueror of Italy had been a French patriot he would have tried to bring England to her knees at the beginning of '98. This is not the place in which a fair estimate of Napoleon's character can be made; but it seems to me that his first, though by no means his last sin against his own country was committed when at this date he abandoned the plan of an invasion and took the best Army of France away to waste on the sands of Egypt. His reasons are tolerably evident; he intended one day to seize the French crown, though as yet he did not feel strong enough to do so. He knew there must be great risk of military failure in an invasion of Britain, and military failure so near home would ruin his chances. Away in the Levant, failure, which he had moreover no reason to dread, would not much matter.

Anyhow, in the beginning of '98, Bonaparte, as we ought to call him until he seized the crown, was appointed to command the 'Army of England,' and troops and ships were gathered at Brest, and all along the Northern and Western coasts of France. It was to some extent fear of invasion which had caused our withdrawal from the Mediterranean. It was this which also produced our first plans for home defence, of which we shall have to speak later. Ireland seemed to be

our most vulnerable quarter, and at this moment the flame of open rebellion was alight there. It is often assumed by historians that forty thousand Frenchmen, with 'Bony' at their head, thrown into Ireland at this date would have changed the course of history. I humbly venture to disagree. Though the nature of the Irish coast made it difficult for Britain, by no means yet in perfect command of the sea, to prevent a surprise landing, though a French occupation of Ireland would at first have been welcomed by the rebels, and for the time Ireland must have 'gone,' I do not see how, if the Ministry had remained firm, this need have led us to sue for peace on French terms. The command of the sea round the Irish coast would have been soon regained, and the French cut off. Irishmen would soon have tired of their 'deliverers,' and the 'Milesian Republic' would have been short-lived. No—it was to Southern England that a truly single-minded Frenchman would have directed his expedition and directed it at all risks. No doubt there, too, a whole Army Corps *might* eventually have perished or had to surrender, for it would certainly have been cut off by sea. But before any of these things could have happened it would more probably have compelled a Peace on any terms which it chose to dictate, and would thereby have secured its own safe return. The chance of ruining London—and I do not see how in 1798 London could have escaped if once a large French Army had landed—would have been worth the risk of the loss to France of a hundred thousand soldiers and any number of ships of the line.

But Bonaparte was no patriot, and he was not as yet prepared to take the undoubtedly enormous risk.

After a visit to the Northern coast in the early spring he persuaded his Government to allow him rather to deal a side blow at England by the occupation of Egypt. Whatever wild ideas he may have had in his head of an overland march to India or of building a Fleet in the Red Sea, do not much matter; he was an adept at sowing alarms on such points. He took with him 40,000 men and the whole Toulon Fleet (fifteen of the line), captured Malta on June 12th, and landed his men safely at the mouth of the Nile. And the British Fleet? Immediately after the battle of St. Vincent Nelson had gone off to a forlorn-hope attack on the Spanish Island of Teneriffe, which had failed, and he had been badly wounded with the loss of an arm; from July, '97, to April, '98, he had been slowly recovering from this wound; in the latter month he rejoined Lord St. Vincent at Cadiz and was immediately sent to reconnoitre Toulon. It was rather against St. Vincent's wish that we had decided once more to reoccupy the Mediterranean, for, with Italy as yet shut against us, where were we to get supplies? But it was a prudent as well as a gallant decision. Pitt had resolved to build up, if possible, a second Coalition against France; and, if we were to galvanize Austria to fight France, we must begin by galvanizing Italy, whither all Austrian ambitions looked. Nelson was accordingly reinforced to eleven ships, but unfortunately without frigates, 'the eyes of a fleet.' He failed, therefore, to see the French Fleet get out of Toulon, and when it was out no one could be sure of its destination; the most probable guess was Ireland or the West Indies. For two months (June, July) Nelson ranged the Mediterranean, Eastward to Syria, Westward to the Straits and Eastward

back again; at last, on the afternoon of August 1st, he saw the topmasts of the enemy's Fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay near Alexandria, close in shore, thirteen to his own thirteen, but with four ships larger than anything on the British side. Nelson had no need to wait and explain his order of battle to his captains, his 'band of brothers'; that he had done night after night during the weary hunt. But he flew at the enemy at once, and darkness set in just as the battle began. All night long the guns thundered. The French flagship blew up and the French Admiral was killed. Nelson had, with extraordinary daring, thrust in between the foe and the shore; the result was that only two French ships escaped, and he got these in the end. Their loss was 3,500 to our 900; it was the first great victory since 1759. Of course our Fleet was fearfully crippled. Nelson thoroughly realized that it is the business of a Fleet to get itself crippled or even destroyed if it can annihilate the enemy. He got an ugly wound in the head which incapacitated him for several days. By a single stroke he had cut off from Europe the best General and best Army of France.

Though the news of this great victory took two months to reach England, the Second Coalition had already begun; Treaties had been signed by Austria with Naples and with Russia. Turkey, for once in alliance with Russia, now declared war on France. English subsidies were lavished on them all. Nelson flew to Naples to galvanize the Neapolitan Government, and instituted a strict blockade of the new French garrison in Malta. Minorca surrendered to us in November; French Armies were beaten both by Austrians and Russians, both in Germany and in Italy, and in the year '99 the tide seemed to have turned finally

against France. One rather futile attempt indeed she made to recover the Mediterranean; Admiral Bruix got out of Brest with twenty-five sail and, while Bridport was looking for him on the Irish coast, dashed into the Straits and sailed a great circle round inside them; he drew Admiral Keith, who had just replaced St. Vincent, off from Cadiz, and on his safe return to Brest took seventeen Spanish ships with him (July, '99). But the main result of the cruise was rather to simplify matters for us; the enemy by concentrating his Fleets in Brest made them easier to watch. Sir Sidney Smith, half as naval captain, half as ambassador, was sent with two ships to comfort the Turks (March, '99); he found Bonaparte besieging Acre in Palestine. For, after subduing Egypt and getting no sort of news from home, that active person had conceived the idea of marching upon Europe by the backdoor of Syria and Asia Minor. Of the poverty of these countries he seems to have had a very imperfect idea, and the sufferings of his men were frightful. Smith cut off his little boats, which were feeling their way with provisions and siege-guns along the coast, threw, at the critical moment, British bluejackets ashore to help to man the crumbling walls of Acre, and in May compelled the French to raise the siege. Sullenly Bonaparte retreated to Egypt; he had learned from Smith into what a pickle the French Government had got during the last ten months, and now he thought that, with or without his Army, it was time for him to get home, and to pose as the saviour of France. Smith and a Turkish Army pursued him to Egypt, and in July got themselves handsomely cut to pieces at Aboukir. Bonaparte left his men to die in Egypt and sailed with his Staff for France on August

22nd ; by sheer luck he escaped Nelson's cruisers. Smith continued to blockade Egypt, and in January, 1800, concluded without authority a Convention by which the French Army was to be allowed to return to France. The British Government didn't disavow this Convention but treated it as non-existent ; and at last, early in 1801, sent an Army under Sir Ralph Abercromby to finish off the Egyptian job.

Thus from July, '99, to June, 1800, the British Fleet was supreme inside the Straits and British influence paramount in Italy, although the French garrison at Malta stood a two years' siege (till September, 1800). Only at Genoa had the enemy a foot of Italian soil, and Genoa was blockaded by Keith from the sea and by the Austrian Army from the land. In that year, too, old Lord St. Vincent took command of the Channel Fleet and at once altered the system of blockade. He based himself upon Torbay, Plymouth and Falmouth, and kept twenty-four of the line continually before Brest. Since Bruix's return to that port there were forty-eight French and Spanish ships inside, which were out of action owing to the vigilance of the blockade ; no stores were allowed to reach them. Lord Nelson returned to England by land through Austria and Saxony in the summer of 1800.

One would have thought that General Bonaparte would, on his return to France, have been arrested and guillotined for deserting his post. Nothing of the sort. With true instinct his countrymen at once acclaimed him as the one man who could save the situation in Europe. So he gave the 'rascally lawyers' a shake, made a new Constitution, and called himself 'First Consul of the French Republic.' He might as well

have said Dictator at once. His marvellous genius for administration at once displayed itself in every department of French life, and down to about 1807 we may fairly say that his government was popular with all classes of Frenchmen. His insight into character enabled him at once to detach from the Coalition the half-mad Czar of Russia and to convert him into an ally. One of his lightning strokes of action carried him over the Alps where and when the Austrians least expected him; and his good luck enabled him to retrieve in the afternoon of June 14th the battle of Marengo which he had lost in the morning. Genoa indeed, after holding out to its last rat, had just fallen, but Marengo at once re-established French influence in Italy. "It is the nature of the Italians," a French chronicler had said three centuries before, "to be complaisant to the stronger party." Austria concluded an armistice; before the end of the year she had been beaten in Germany, and early in 1801 reluctantly made peace; Pitt's Second Coalition lay in the dust.

As regards soldiering, the conduct of our Ministry during that Coalition had been marked by the same restless, if occasionally fruitless activity as before it. We had tapped a new source of recruiting by an Act which enabled Militiamen to be drafted into regiments of the Line and thus to be liable to foreign service—in Europe only.[1] Thus in 1800 the regular Army had an effective strength of 140,000 men with the colours; of Militia there were perhaps another 100,000; of

[1] Hitherto the Militia had been competing against the Line in the recruit-market; it now began to feed the Line, and thus to supply the need of a 'regular and offensive force,' to which Dundas had already called the attention of the Government.

Yeomanry Cavalry 12,000, of Volunteer Infantry and Artillery something under 100,000 more. These were native British and Irish troops; besides these there were 'foreign legions' and 'foreign companies' scattered about in our service almost all over the world. And actually, for the first time in history, Parliament so far recognized that an Army was not merely a necessary evil, that it allowed barracks to be built to lodge our soldiers in, and permanent camps of exercise to be established at several places. So we were able in the summer of '99 to send, in conjunction with the Russians, an expedition to North Holland, where it was supposed that some Dutch sympathies for the old Alliance still existed. As a matter of fact such sympathies, if they existed at all, were strongest in the Eastern provinces, and thither, if anywhere, our arms should have been directed. Prussian co-operation had at first been hoped for, and, when this was refused, it was a mistake to do more than seize the Dutch Fleet. Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, with his short sight and his shaggy eyebrows, 'which made him look like a good-natured lion,' was in command, with Sir John Moore and Sir David Dundas under him. They began well, and the Dutch Fleet was captured and towed away to Britain; they beat off with great loss the first French attack on their entrenchments; but then in September came the stupid Duke of York to command-in-chief, and he, as one would expect, made a mess of it. Supplies, transport and everything else that an Army needs were lacking; the Russians, who were usually drunk, preferred plunder to fighting. Yet so well did our young Militiamen bear themselves, in a series of desperate actions on the sandhills, that the French General, Brune,

was glad to allow us to evacuate Holland without the restoration of the Dutch Fleet (October, '99).

Another job had been the despatch in '98 of troops to Lisbon, to stiffen the backs of our old Portuguese friends; it was from Lisbon that Sir Charles Stuart had sailed to capture Minorca—a fine piece of work. From Minorca it was only a step to Sicily, and thither, at Nelson's request, Stuart sent every man he could spare, and Dundas promised him more. If only half what he promised had been sent, Nelson could have brought a really effective aid to the Austrians in Northern Italy. But Stuart quarrelled with his Government and resigned his command; Abercromby was sent to succeed him, and when the latter arrived, in June, 1800, it was already too late; Marengo had been won. After much hesitation, therefore, it was decided to employ Abercromby to finish off the 25,000 Frenchmen who were still in occupation of Egypt. Malta had fallen to us in September, and it was from Malta that our General started, 16,000 strong, at the end of the year 1800. His landing at Aboukir under a withering fire from an entrenched French force on March 8th, and our other two victories, almost on the same ground —if you could call the deep sand of Egypt ground at all—on 13th and 21st were among the finest things in the history of the British Army. The Frenchmen, veterans of Bonaparte's greatest campaigns, said they had never known what serious fighting was till that fortnight. It is true their leaders were incompetent, while among ours were several of the coming heroes of the Peninsular War, most notably Sir John Moore. Moore was wounded and Abercromby mortally wounded in the third battle; but the French were huddled

behind the walls of Alexandria and Cairo, and, when a Turkish Army also arrived, they were glad to conclude in the autumn a Convention to evacuate Egypt. One must not omit to record the splendid feat of a small contingent from India, despatched by the great Governor-General Wellesley to co-operate with Abercromby. It was led by David Baird, and performed a wonderful march of a hundred miles across the desert from the Red Sea to the Nile, but arrived just too late for fighting.

The effects of this great success were, however, mainly in the future; at the very time of Abercromby's landing England was menaced with a new peril much nearer home. The stress of a great maritime war is bound to press hardly upon the commerce of neutral countries; we have seen the discontent of the 'Neutrals' break out into a feeble flame in the war of 1778–82. But England was now infinitely stronger at sea, and therefore the more rigorous against Neutrals who carried cargoes to French ports. Danes, Swedes, Prussians and the United States of America were the chief sufferers. The Danes adopted the plan of sending their merchantmen down Channel under convoy of ships of war; we stopped this by a mild application of force. Bonaparte cleverly seized on the grievance, and got his new ally, Paul of Russia, to revive the Neutral League of the Baltic States, and to seize all British ships in his harbours (November, 1800). The closing of trade with the Baltic, whence nearly all our naval stores came, would have effectually ruined us, and, when Prussia, Sweden and Denmark joined Paul, we had to 'take steps.' We sent a large Fleet, fifteen of the line and numerous frigates, under Sir Hyde Parker with Nelson as second, to deal with

them in March, 1801. The navigation into the Baltic, by either of the two Danish passages, is, owing to the shoals, exceedingly intricate, and the city of Copenhagen commands the best fairway. It was now bristling with batteries both fixed and floating, and defended by a gallant people and a good little Fleet. The attack, therefore, of April 2nd was a desperate business, even more so than that of Aboukir Bay. Nelson practically took the matter out of the hands of his sluggish Admiral, sailed with twelve ships (three of which stuck on the passage) under the Swedish shore till he got South of Copenhagen, then turned North again and, with his remaining nine, silenced in a few hours the fire of the Danish Fleet and destroyed the floating batteries. To Sir Hyde, who remained a passive spectator four miles to the North of the action, Nelson's position had at one time looked so desperate that the Admiral made the signal for recall. Nelson simply ignored it. Under a threat of bombarding the city he forced the Danes to conclude an armistice for fourteen weeks, which would have been sufficient to enable him to reach and destroy the Russian Fleet at Reval. But Parker refused to sail Eastwards for this purpose until it was too late and the Russians had got safe under their own land batteries at Kronstadt.

The battle of Copenhagen had been an object-lesson in swift striking. A weaker government would have pottered about with ' protocols ' and ' demonstrations,' and in less desperate times would have been right to do so. But in 1801 it was a ' cruel necessity ' to strike first and negotiate afterwards. Czar Paul had been murdered on March 24th, and his successor Alexander I. read the lesson of Copenhagen quite clearly ; the League

of Neutrals dissolved itself, and our merchant ships were released. Nelson was able to turn his attention, when he got home, to a flotilla of flat-boats which had appeared in Boulogne harbour, evidently destined for an invasion of Great Britain. Having no fireships he failed to destroy them, but the sight of him was distinctly good for their morals. Meanwhile the Government of England had, at a most critical moment, passed into weaker hands.

In our unblessed system of party government Diva Britannia always has to fight her enemies with the danger of some such crisis as this hanging round her neck. Pitt, whose last move had been the expedition to Copenhagen, had to resign office because the King would not allow him to fulfil certain promises to the Irish Catholics, and indeed went mad at the mere suggestion of it. With Pitt went out of office Grenville, Dundas, Spencer and Windham. Pitt's successor was Henry Addington, a *protégé* of his own, the son of George III.'s physician, and hence frequently held up to ridicule as 'the Doctor.' Addington was mediocrity incarnate. But he came in as the champion of Protestantism against the Irish Catholics, and this was a popular cause (remember that the prejudices of George III. were the prejudices of the British people), and thus the change was primarily a substitution of an ultra-Tory for a moderate Tory. But there must have been more in it than that. Pitt himself felt that there was more, or he would probably not have resigned. There was a feeling abroad among the parliamentary class that the strain of the war, now that we alone remained at war, was becoming too great. The very safety of the sea which St. Vincent, Duncan and Nelson had purchased

for us contributed to this feeling. Moreover the real Bonaparte was as yet unknown; he was lavish of professions that he desired nothing but peace, and so the experiment of at least a temporary peace seemed to be worth trying. The advent of Addington, then, from the first meant an effort at peace. Pitt gave his whole support to the idea, and, though he did not approve of many of the details, did nothing to embarrass the Government.

The 'Preliminaries of London' were signed on October 1st, 1801, and the Peace of Amiens in the following March. We restored to France and to her Spanish and Dutch allies all their Colonies and Islands except Ceylon and Trinidad. We recognized the possession by the French Republic of the whole line of the Rhine, as well as the daughter-Republics which she had established in Holland and Northern Italy. France promised to leave alone Portugal, Naples, Rome and Egypt. Malta was to be restored to its original owners, the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—a quaint survival of crusading days. Thus we had really given up everything for which the war had begun. Our sole return was that Britain was, as she had never been before, mistress of the seas, and so of the commerce of the World. She had at sea or in her dockyards two hundred and two ships of the line against thirty-nine belonging to France.

The year of peace that now ensued saw the usual wastage of the valuable war material which we had accumulated, and, of all men, it was Lord St. Vincent who, as Addington's First Lord of the Admiralty, cut down the Navy to an absurd 'peace footing' by a series of ill-timed economies. It is fair, however, to

say that he found the civil administration of the Navy in a shocking condition and did reform many abuses. Meanwhile, not all Pitt's friends were so lofty-minded as himself, and Grenville and Windham soon began to badger the Ministry from one side as the regular Foxite Opposition did from the other. Canning, the ablest and, alas! the least scrupulous of the 'young men of Pitt,' poured floods of witty ridicule on 'the Doctor.' But Pitt, though attending Parliament but irregularly, loyally supported Addington until long after the war began again; even then he refrained for nearly a whole year from open criticism. Except St. Vincent, the great lawyer Eldon (Chancellor), and Robert Jenkinson, now Lord Hawkesbury (Foreign Secretary), the Cabinet consisted wholly of nonentities, and we may cheerfully forget them all.[1]

Bonaparte never gave them a moment's rest. Since the Preliminaries of Peace he had been meditating or executing French aggressions all over the world. He wheedled Spain out of her half of Louisiana and then sold it to the United States for hard cash. He annexed Piedmont and the Isle of Elba; he got himself nominated 'President of the Italian Republic,' as he now called the Cisalpine. He began to rearrange the map of Germany to suit France, and he bidded heavily for the support of the Czar. He refused to withdraw the French garrisons from Holland, which he had promised to do. He desired Mr. Addington to stop the freedom of the British press, in which French Royalist exiles were apt to say rude things of him. Finally he planned a reoccupation of Egypt.

[1] Castlereagh, indeed, came in after a while, but was wholly busied with Indian affairs until after Addington's fall.

Luckily our evacuation of Malta had been delayed (perhaps by the difficulty of finding any 'Knights of St. John,' whom I take to have been peaceable old gentlemen not unlike the Military Knights of Windsor Castle); and we now said, March, 1803, that we should not evacuate it until the First Consul had 'explained his intentions' about Egypt. He tried to bluff us, for he did not at that moment want war; but he failed, and war was declared again in May. During the ensuing year Pitt, though busy at Walmer Castle organizing the Cinque Port Volunteers to oppose invasion, and for long resisting every effort of his friends to make him assume the lead of the Opposition, was getting more and more disturbed at the utter feebleness of the Ministry; at last in April, 1804, he struck swiftly and effectively, and Addington fell. It is one of the saddest things in history that the only way in which our hero could regain the position to which every honest Briton wished to see him come, was by a blaze of parliamentary eloquence and 'attack on the Ministry,' which was utterly distasteful to his lofty spirit.

Pitt was anxious to make the widest possible basis for his new Cabinet, and to include even the worst of the Whigs, even Fox, whose eyes were at last opening as the invasion peril got more and more acute; but the King not unnaturally refused Fox. Will it be believed that so strong was party spirit still, that even those Whigs who had come over to Pitt in 1794 now preferred to cast in their lot with the Opposition, and that with them acted Pitt's own cousin Grenville? No more black act of treason to the country was ever committed than this of Grenville, who had been for eight years

the ablest supporter of Pitt in the great struggle. Probably Grenville's brother, Buckingham, said to him severely, "William, my family is a Whig family; it is the duty of Whigs to thwart the King; besides, yon man of yours only made me a marquis, when I asked to be made a duke. Come out from among him, William." And William said, "Dearest brother, yes; I will go to Dropmore and plant trees." And so, in the next and greatest crisis of that struggle, Pitt's last twenty months of life were consumed at the head of an Administration which was not only undistinguished but positively weak. Dundas, now Lord Melville, took the Admiralty, but was in 1805 accused of peculation —not guilty, but guilty of great carelessness as to the disposal of public money; Canning and Castlereagh, the latter of whom soon took the War-office, held minor posts; Barham, who in 1805 succeeded Melville as First Lord of the Admiralty, was a good man, though little known; the others, except Eldon, Hawkesbury and Harrowby, the new Foreign Secretary, were not much to boast of; more than half had served with Addington, who himself soon surrendered and took a peerage and a seat in the Cabinet; but he can hardly have been a tower of strength to Pitt.

I have taken the two ministerial crises of 1801 and 1804 together, in order not to be worried by such trifles (as our great-grandfathers were) in the middle of the war. Addington had to fight the first year of that war, and he fought it bravely, inefficiently and with self-complacence. Pitt had to go on with it, in very different fashion, and died of his efforts. Bonaparte, however, had misjudged England in one respect; directly he began preparations for invasion in earnest, even

the worst of the Whigs were for a time comparatively silent, and criticism was mainly directed against those who did not do enough for our defence.

We must remember in the first place that until the autumn of 1805 the Continent was at peace; for fifteen months England stood alone—and alone against a very different France from the distracted if dangerous Virago of the Revolution. Bonaparte's reign was indeed vulgar to the last degree, inspired by none of the lofty, if dangerous and delusive enthusiasms of the Revolution, but as a Government it was intensely practical. France felt that her wounds had been healed, that her finances had been restored, that her commerce was reviving, and she moved in mighty unity at the call of one voice. Bonaparte was already, 1802, Consul for life, and in May, 1804, he became Napoleon, Emperor of the French. Even the British Government, which would never recognize the latter title, was obliged to call him the 'Actual Head of the French Executive.' Invasion of Britain was now the chief of all his plans, and invasion upon so colossal a scale that the risks of failure should be minimized. Yet all through the next two years we must not forget that a crushing blow at the West Indies was almost as much a subject of dread in Britain as invasion itself. No government ever kept its counsel so well as Bonaparte's; all the time that Nelson was hunting the escaped French Fleet in 1805 he was never sure whether the Channel, the West Indies or merely the recovery of control in the Mediterranean were its real objective.

But invasion it really was, and roughly the plan was a simple one; its details varied from month to month according to the movements of our Fleets, but

on the whole they rested on (*a*) the command of the sea, to be obtained for two or three days by a great fleet-movement from all French ports, (*b*) a hundred thousand men to be shipped in flat-boats from Boulogne and adjacent harbours, (*c*) another smaller Army to be similarly transported from the Flemish coast, either at the same time or, as a reserve, on the next day. Till the end of 1803 evasion of our Fleet was the main idea; the transports were to cross during a calm on some dark night. From the beginning of 1804 the idea gained ground of bringing a Fleet to cover the crossing, and it was then that the combined movements of the French and Spanish Fleets became all important. Hence the enormous effect of the watch outside Brest, so gloriously kept by Cornwallis.

Bonaparte's Armies were easily collected and his boats, less easily, built; by the autumn of 1805 there were from 100,000 to 160,000 men encamped at Boulogne.[1] The largest flat-bottoms of the Flotilla would accommodate a hundred and thirty men apiece, with a crew of about thirty sailors; the smallest would take about fifty men. Horse transport was the greatest difficulty; and, after many experiments, it was finally decided to ship only 6,000 horses, and to trust to finding 'remounts' on the other side; in all there were to be something over 2,000 of the transport boats. It is very interesting to see what a number of modern ideas were anticipated by the inventors of the day for the purposes of the invasion; Mr. Fulton, an American, successively

[1] We must remember that by the system of semaphores called the 'Aerial Telegraph,' messages could be transmitted at the rate of about seven miles a minute, and that such semaphores existed both on the French and on our own coasts.

suggested and offered to France a steamboat,[1] a submarine boat, and a clockwork torpedo called a 'catamaran'; the last he eventually sold to the English Government, and Lord Keith made, in 1804, some not very successful experiments against the Flotilla with it. A Channel Tunnel and an invasion by balloon also found champions as early as 1803; and some people had imagined vast 'floating machines,' or rafts, with windmills working paddle-wheels, to carry 6,000 men apiece! Meanwhile shipbuilding of a more serious kind was going on with the utmost vigour in all the French dockyards, though of course not even the genius of Napoleon could create a new French Navy all at once. Great difficulty was, in fact, experienced in finding sailors to man at once the Fleets and the Flotilla, but it was certainly a stroke of luck for us that their two best Admirals, La Touche-Tréville[2] and Bruix, died in 1804-5; Villeneuve and Ganteaume were, however, good men. Moreover, directly the war began, Bonaparte occupied Hanover, not merely to annoy King George or to squeeze money out of that rich province, but to shut the rivers Elbe and Weser to British commerce, and this was a serious loss to us.

Now no doubt our main reliance was placed, and rightly placed on our Fleet. Collingwood off Rochefort, Pellew off Ferrol, and, better still, Cornwallis off Brest and Nelson off Toulon, kept iron and ceaseless watch; Lord Keith lay in the Downs, right in sight of the French Flotilla, Lord Gardner had ten sail in Bantry

[1] The first steamboat on the Forth and Clyde Canal dates from 1802; Fulton had seen her.

[2] La Touche-Tréville was the one French Admiral who was really keen on the Flotilla, and really believed in it as far back as 1801.

Bay, and we had another Squadron under Russell off Texel; of frigates and small craft patrolling the Channel we had probably not less than a hundred and fifty. It would certainly need some exceptional stroke of luck to enable the French to break through all this; and of course if the Flotilla of transports got out, either with oars or sails, without adequate protection from ships of the line, a few frigates could pound it into red ruin in half an hour. In fact, its best chance seemed to be a couple of days of perfect calm, and such weather is of rare occurrence in the Channel. The next best chance lay in a possible breach of the blockade by (at least two of) the French Fleets, and a naval victory of sufficient magnitude to clear the path. It has been calculated that, when the final crisis came in 1805, France could rely upon sixty-seven battleships (if they could get free) and we upon seventy-one; odds too heavily against France. Our sailor-men never believed in the danger at home. Nelson positively made mistakes from the difficulty he found in crediting that the attempt would be made. "I don't say the French can't come," growled out St. Vincent, "I only say they can't come by sea." Each creature to its own element :—

> The feathered race with pinions skim the air,
> Not so the mackerel and still less the bear.

Still it behoved our Government to consider the question of what to do if by any chance the French did effect a landing. This question had occupied men's minds for seven years at least, and was now occupying them more than ever. The King himself was very keen upon plans of strategy, and wrote some very sensible letters to the Duke of York on the subject. At the

worst time of the scare he wrote to the Bishop of Worcester saying he should send the Queen and Princesses to stay with him beyond the Severn, and head his troops in person when the French should land. The brave old fellow would no doubt have done so, and it is very lucky for us that he was not called upon to do so. Pitt and Dundas seem actually to have studied the plans of 1588, and to some extent to have founded on them an Act, passed in '98, according to which the country was mapped out into districts, and all provisions were to be destroyed, all live stock driven off, and all roads broken up directly the enemy should land, compensation being given by the Nation to the sufferers. This Act was still in force in 1803, but the idea of driving off live stock had been abandoned, and only horses and draught animals were to be 'driven.' But the most exposed situations on the South-East coast were made to bristle with little towers called 'Martellos,' distant a few hundred yards from each other, and full of small guns and small garrisons. Camps of specially selected troops were established at Colchester, Chelmsford, Chatham and Shorncliffe. Sir John Moore in command of the latter, being full of his recent experience in Egypt, taught his men how to tackle boats at the moment of landing. Blockhouses and blocking-hulks were established all along the estuary of the Thames, and a great fleet of lighters was got together there for the rapid transport of troops.

> If Blocks can a Nation deliver,
> Two places are safe from the French:
> The one is the mouth of the River,
> The other the Treasury bench,

said Canning while Addington was still in power.

Beacons ready for firing were placed on all heights. Extra lines of fortification were established behind Plymouth, Portsmouth and Harwich; Pitt would have gone further and fortified London, but was unable to carry his proposal; but ever since '98 a plan had been in existence for the defence of the Capital, street by street, by means of barricades and blockhouses; there were magazines of arms in the Halls of the City Companies, and there were telegraph machines on the roof of the Admiralty and the tower of the Abbey. The once Radical Duke of Richmond was the life and soul of all the defences of Sussex, as Pitt himself was of those in Kent—indeed the latter spent nearly as much time on horseback as Colonel of the Cinque Port Volunteers as at his desk. But there was much diversity of opinion as to where the attempted landing would take place. Some spoke of the Forth or the Clyde as likely objectives, and Scotland was no whit behind England in the Volunteer movement; Scott has portrayed this readiness in 'The Antiquary,' in the notes to which he also relates the swiftness with which the Selkirkshire Yeomanry mustered, on February 2nd, 1804, when the accidental firing of the beacon on Home Castle gave a false alarm. Moore was inclined to fear most for Essex, Melville for Kent, the King for Dorset.

All agreed however that, if beaten on the coast, our men must fall back as quickly as possible and defend successive positions on the road to London. On the North there is an inconsiderable, yet defensive line of positions behind Chelmsford; on the South two much more considerable lines in the South and North Downs; finally the last stand must be made outside London: if on the North, on the heights from Hampstead to Stam-

ford Hill; if on the South, on those from Wandsworth to Greenwich. Along the coast itself were collected, in every creek in which the smallest protection could be afforded either by art or nature, nearly two hundred hulks and flat-bottoms, manned by 'Sea Fencibles,' which could be rapidly rowed from place to place to tackle a landing party. Over 300,000 Volunteers had been enrolled within a few months from the declaration of war, and, by the 'Levée-en-Masse Act' of 1803, lists of all persons between seventeen and fifty-five, ready to serve in any capacity, were made. The carrying out of this Act was entrusted to the Lords-Lieutenant; in each parish which did not provide an adequate number of Volunteers, the inhabitants between the above-mentioned ages were to be called out and drilled once a week for twenty weeks in each year. Patriotism must indeed have gone to great lengths when Fox enrolled himself (at Chertsey) among the Volunteers, and when the Inns of Court Corps was commanded by Erskine; perhaps it was for that reason that George III. called this fine body of men 'The Devil's Own,' a name that has stuck to them ever since. During these years every theatre gave patriotic pieces representing the entire discomfiture of the Invasion and portraying 'Boney' as the most awful man-eating ogre imaginable. Patriotic ballads to the same effect were hawked in every village and sung in every alehouse. Charles Dibdin was regularly 'retained' by the Government as a writer of patriotic songs, and got a pension for it:—

> For should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
> Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Yet, fine as the spirit of the Nation was during these

two fateful years, and though we had on and round our coasts, out of a population of about fifteen millions, well over half a million[1] of men under arms, which was a greater percentage than France with all her conscription could put afoot, we may be very thankful that our strategists were not put to the test of meeting the 'Actual Head of the French Executive,' with even one-fifth of that number of French veterans, on the 'Southern Heights of London' or anywhere else in the Island.

The place to meet him was at his own water-doors. The thing to apply to him was, in modern parliamentary jargon, 'the closure by compartments.' On May 20th, 1803, Lord Nelson, on his flagship the *Victory*, sailed to take up the Mediterranean command. We were still at peace with Spain, who had of course got back Minorca in 1802. Naples had allowed her ports to be occupied by French troops. Elba had been seized by the French. Malta, our only garrison in those seas, was almost as far from Toulon as Gibraltar. Thus there was no port into which we could put to refit, anywhere near the French 'back door'; Nelson, however, found some sort of shelter from bad gales behind the Maddalena Islands off Sardinia, and there, by means of storeships of which Lord St. Vincent was far too sparing, all his repairs had to be done, or else done on the open sea. For two-and-twenty months he never put into a port at all. And yet during that time he had hardly a sick man in his Fleet, which is the highest tribute

[1] Lord Hawkesbury, indeed, in the House of Lords stated the total number to be 810,000 (March, 1805); but he took no account of the meaning of the words 'under arms.' Until June, 1804, nearly half the Volunteers were without firearms of any sort, nor was the whole body ever properly equipped.

to his wonderful skill as an administrator. His own health, always extremely frail, was at this time fairly good, though the sight of the remaining eye was gradually going. If, relatively to the strength of the enemy in Toulon (who was not half the strength of the enemy that Cornwallis was locking into Brest) his twelve ships of the line were an adequate number, many of these ships ought to have been in dock, if not broken up, long ago ;[1] he had far too few frigates for the vast area he had to cover ; and he knew perfectly well that he could never be certain of getting at once into touch with his enemy, when the latter should come out. But, once touch gained or direction guessed, he would 'follow him to the Antipodes,' if need should be. The only events of naval interest to Nelson during this last watch were the substitution in May, 1804, of Lord Melville for Lord St. Vincent as First Lord (and this was good, for Melville spent money more freely), and the declaration of war by Spain in December of the same year ; this added a possible fifteen ships[2] to his enemies, and Melville sent a stupid Admiral, Orde, to watch Cadiz, which made Nelson very angry. The attack upon Melville, recklessly pushed on by the Opposition, weakened the Government (at such a crisis !) very badly, and one result was that the Admiralty kept Nelson without information or orders for months together. Melville was succeeded in May, 1805, by that good old sailor Lord Barham, now nearly eighty years of age but of

1 The cost of *building* a new 74-gun ship in the year of Trafalgar was £62,000, of which £30,000 was for the oak timber alone.

2 Spain had in all about thirty ships of the line, but not quite fifteen actually ready for sea.

splendid courage and clear-headedness; and meanwhile the last great campaign had begun.

Now I could give you exact dates, stations and states of each Fleet on nearly every day for the critical ten months; but, in the first place, you will find this much better done by Captain Mahan, and, in the second place, such things are not only apt to become wearisome, but occasionally even to confuse the reader. Let us rather begin by running our eyes over the map again; let us look at the French and Spanish Atlantic ports and then at their Mediterranean ports and at what these ports severally contained. Their biggest Fleet, Ganteaume's, is in Brest but is closely blockaded by Cornwallis, who has our biggest, and is our second best sailor afloat. If Ganteaume cannot get out unaided, and, in the teeth of Cornwallis, it is obvious that he cannot, Napoleon puts all his trust in somebody being able to liberate Ganteaume; and that somebody can really only be Villeneuve, from Toulon. At L'Orient there is nothing. Then there is Missiessy at Rochefort, with a very small force; he does get out, and wanders off to the West Indies, does there some (not much) damage to our commerce, is out of the game for five months, and, when he returns to Europe, goes back into Rochefort and gets shut up there again; so no more of Missiessy. There is a mixed French and Spanish force at Ferrol close to Cape Finisterre; say ten fit for sea, blockaded by a British eight, but on that iron coast a *complete* blockade is impossible. At Corunna for the moment is nothing; but Corunna is so near Ferrol as to be capable of being blockaded by the force which is blockading the latter. Vigo is the next port to the Southward; there also is nothing, but

it is a place into which the Allies may go when they like. At Cadiz is the main Spanish Fleet, under Gravina, weakly blockaded by a weak British Admiral, Orde; and at Carthagena is another small Spanish squadron. Finally, at Toulon, there is Villeneuve, who breaks out in January, 1805; and so the last great game begins.

Whither has he gone? Nelson is distinctly unlucky at times—he had twice been unlucky in the great campaign of '98, and now he is unlucky again. At first he thinks it is Egypt, and thither he flies, with his cranky hulls which so sorely need a month's refit in harbour. But Villeneuve is not there; Villeneuve for the moment is more unlucky than Nelson, for he meets a storm which knocks his Fleet about so much that he has to put back to Toulon. At the end of March he is out again, and Nelson's scouts again lose touch. It is not Egypt? No, by Heaven! this time it is the Channel or the West Indies; Villeneuve has brushed aside Orde, (who flies for home without even sending Nelson word), and has picked up Spaniards enough to make him eighteen sail in all. The Levanter, which has taken Villeneuve out of the Straits, while the guns of Gibraltar vainly thunder over his head (as if the winds could carry their echo home!), veers right round; and strong Westerly gales keep Nelson from following for over five weeks—bad luck again.[1] And it *is* the West Indies, a danger only second to that of actual invasion at home.

But at last in May, Nelson, with ten, is after Villeneuve

[1] There is of course another possible view, that Nelson overrated the danger to Egypt and underrated the danger of a possible junction of the Brest and Toulon Fleets. Those who argue thus would say that Nelson ought to have made for the Straits at once, at the cost of whatever havoc Villeneuve might make in the Mediterranean.

and gaining on him at an alarming rate; Gravina's ships are worse travellers than the French. Villeneuve's orders are, as indeed Missiessy's had been, to stay a definite time out there, to threaten Jamaica, to do all the damage he can in a short time, and then return to liberate Ganteaume from Brest; between them they are to beat Cornwallis, after which the united Fleets are to move on the Channel to cover the 'Great Design.' The weak point in the whole conception is that Villeneuve is too experienced a sailor not to know that any possible victory over Cornwallis will be purchased at such a cost to himself and Ganteaume that they will be in no condition to sail up the Channel at all, still less to face Lord Keith in the Downs or convoy the Flotilla across to Kent. Another still weaker point is that Villeneuve, soon after reaching the West Indies, smells Nelson from afar, does not relish the prospect of fighting him, and therefore slips back to Europe without staying half his appointed time in the Tropics. Indeed it is only by sheer ill-luck that Nelson does again miss Villeneuve out there. Directly Nelson learns of his enemy's Eastward flight he takes up the chase again, and reaches Europe in mid-July. It was this double chase, out and home again, in the summer months of 1805, that was the crisis of the war and the period of extremest tension—one can hardly call it panic—in England.

Nelson had sent a swift brig to England with the warning to 'look out for Villeneuve'; the brig sighted Villeneuve on his homeward voyage, and Lord Barham, reckoning from the position of the sight that the enemy was making for a Spanish port, had at once sent Sir Robert Calder to cut him off on the Spanish coast. For

Villeneuve, acting upon fresh orders from Napoleon, had made not for Brest but for Ferrol, any complete blockade of which port was, as we have seen, difficult. Calder, when he met Villeneuve on June 22nd, was overmatched, but he might have fought, considering that the peril was still great, a closer action; as it was he only took two Spaniards (June 22) and let the rest get safe into Ferrol and Vigo, while he fell back to join Cornwallis.

Now, after the long double chase and the action with Calder, it is not surprising that the French and Spanish ships were not in a condition to attempt anything serious against Cornwallis, and indeed had little stomach for anything of the kind, yet one cannot fail to see that the months of July and August were fatally wasted by Villeneuve, who went in and out of various Spanish ports and finally allowed his Fleet to be blockaded, thirty-five strong, in Cadiz by our gallant Collingwood with only three ships.[1] Although it is usually said that Cornwallis, about a fortnight before this, made a mistake in detaching half his Fleet Southwards to watch off Finisterre, the truth seems rather to be that the mere sight of that half sent Villeneuve flying South to Cadiz; at any rate Villeneuve had taken no advantage of the division of the British. And now, August 15th, Nelson was home again and able to join Cornwallis off Brest.

You commonly read, in many otherwise excellent works, that Villeneuve had 'decoyed' Nelson to the West Indies; that the whole thing had been a trick to get

[1] Collingwood, until he was reinforced, kept on signalling to an imaginary Fleet outside; Duncan had done the same when watching off Texel in the days of the Mutiny of 1797.

Nelson away from Europe and that it had practically succeeded, but for the fact that Villeneuve was incapable of reaping the fruits of it. No view could be more false. Napoleon had ordered Villeneuve and Missiessy and his Spanish allies first to strike terror into the West Indies, and then to win victories in Europe; and so perfectly did Nelson, in the month of May, grasp this that he was able with only ten ships to fly to the deliverance of the West Indies and to fly back in time to save Great Britain; he knew the double danger, and his skill, daring and self-reliance had enabled him to puff it to the winds. For it was now certain that Villeneuve, if ever he got out of Cadiz, would neither beat Cornwallis, liberate Ganteaume nor get command of the Channel; so certain indeed that Nelson was able in mid-August to take his dear *Victory*, which was all a-leak, into Spithead for a short refit and to spend three weeks with his friends ashore. It must have been about the same time (perhaps when he heard that Villeneuve had gone to Cadiz) that Napoleon finally saw that the Invasion game was up, and began to move his great Army by silent, swift detachments from the cliffs of Boulogne to the Upper Rhine, where his restless greed had already involved him in war against a great Third Coalition of the Continental Powers.

But then, as if in rage at his Admiral's failure, he sent deliberate orders to Villeneuve to come out of Cadiz and fight somebody, he didn't care whom, at all costs. Nelson quickly made up his mind that that somebody should be himself, and no other. On September 14th he embarked at Spithead and a fortnight later joined Collingwood, who had already been largely reinforced, off Cadiz. Villeneuve's idea now was that,

since the command of the Channel had been lost, that of the Mediterranean might yet be challenged; at least a French descent on Sicily was a desirable objective. When, therefore, he sailed out of Cadiz on October 19th, with thirty-three ships, he was really making for the Straits. But between the Straits and himself he found Nelson. The morning of the 21st was calm, but with a heavy swell betokening the coming of an Atlantic gale; Cape Trafalgar was visible on the Eastern horizon. So light was the wind, as our twenty-seven bore down, that the first guns were not fired till noon. Every stitch of canvas was set as we advanced in two columns,[1] Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign* leading the one and Nelson in the *Victory* the other; such a formation means that on the leading ships the first fire of the enemy will be fiercely concentrated. Before the days of smokeless powder a naval battle on a calm day must have looked a dark, confused business to the frigates, who watched in a ring outside; great masts and flags looming out of the cloud, to the sound of crashing of spars and the ceaseless boom of the broadsides. 'We could see nothing but her Royals above the clouds,' says a midshipman on the *Victory*, speaking of the *Royal Sovereign*. But these two immortal leaders drove through the French line at two several places, and, as their followers came on, one after the other, the perfect seamanship of the British captains placed them where they liked in the press of battle; so close that occasionally 'we couldn't run out our guns their proper length.' From Admiral to powder-monkey (one hopes

[1] 'Columns' is only vaguely correct; the technical term is 'line of bearing,' equivalent to some extent to the military formation of troops in *échelon*.

there were still powder-monkeys, but one doesn't hear much of them) English, French and Spaniards alike fought with conspicuous valour, and it was nearly an hour before the first Frenchman struck. Soon after that Nelson was mortally wounded; he lived long enough to know that fifteen of his enemy, none of his own, had struck; and in five hours the greatest sea-fight since Salamis was all over. The *Victory* had her mizen shot away, her main- and foremasts sprung; on the *Royal Sovereign* not a stick was left standing. The total number of the enemy that struck was eighteen; almost the last words that Nelson was able to gasp out to his flag-captain were, "Hardy, I bargained for twenty." Six of theirs were never in action; and, of these, four were taken by Admiral Strachan in November, while four of the shattered hulks which crawled into Cadiz were surrendered to us by the Spaniards in 1808. Of those which struck to us, eight were actually wrecked after the action.

"The victory," says the *Times* of November 7th, 1805, "created none of those enthusiastic emotions in the public mind which the successes of our naval arms have in every former instance produced. There was not a man who did not think that the life of the Hero of the Nile was too great a price for the capture and destruction of twenty sail of French and Spanish men-of-war. No ebullitions of popular transport, no demonstration of public joy marked this great and important event." Yet Trafalgar was no mere naval victory; it was the putting out of action for the remainder of the war of the most dreaded weapon which our enemy could hope to bring against us. Even Nelson's death was not too high a price to pay for this, though Nelson was the

The Battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 21st 1805.

From the Model in the United Service Institution.
By kind permission

very embodiment and vital force of the Sea Power of Great Britain. His private character was clouded by one insane infatuation for a worthless woman, but it was characteristic of him that he invested that woman with the halo of a saint. In everything but this no life more simply devoted to the performance of duty was ever lived.

Not far apart from Nelson in point of time passed to its rest the great lonely spirit of the 'Pilot that weathered the Storm.' When Pitt died on January 23rd, 1806, he was quite unaware that the Storm had been weathered; nay, it had seemed to come down blacker than before. He had built up, since his return to power, by Treaties with Austria, Russia, Sweden and Naples, a Third Coalition against France, and, on the very day of Trafalgar, Napoleon had dealt it a smashing blow by the capture of an Austrian Army at Ulm. Six weeks later the French Emperor had shattered it to pieces by the victory of Austerlitz; Russia withdrew to her snows and Austria made a humiliating peace. "Roll up that map of Europe," said Pitt on the news of Austerlitz, "it will not be wanted these ten years." Just nine years later that map was unrolled again, to have inscribed on it several of the wise provisions for which Pitt had stipulated, in the event of victory, in his recent Treaty with the Czar of Russia.

CHAPTER II

IRELAND, 1660–1800

THE problem which the Restored Monarchy had to face in Ireland was compounded of racial, religious and agrarian elements, but in the main it was an agrarian problem, that of a resettlement of the land. Wave after wave of men of English and Scottish descent had flowed into Ireland and had been absorbed into the Irish people, and therefore no doubt the population of the Eastern half of the island was considerably mixed in blood. More such waves were still to flow, and yet I take it as a truth that Irish descent has, and always has had, the immense preponderance, and that the English immigration has been grossly exaggerated.

In no instance has it been more exaggerated than in the history of the 'Cromwellian Settlement.' The popular belief that Cromwell said 'To Hell or Connaught with you!' and actually impelled the Irish race in one or other of these directions, is not true and is easily disproved. The effects of the recent war had been so devastating that in 1659 the population of the island is believed to have sunk to about half a million; of this the settlers of traceable English or Scottish descent did not form one-fifth. Some 30,000 of Irish descent had taken foreign service or been banished to America and the West Indies; some 2,000 Irish landowners, evicted

from the three Eastern provinces, had received grants of land in Connaught; but the bulk of the population—*i.e.* all the peasants and the majority of the gentry, remained or returned. Nor do I think that many of the landowners sank into the peasant class; there were provable instances in which they did so, there are such in every country—the descendant of the d'Urbervilles becomes Farmer Turbeyfield, and so on—but the majority of the evicted Irish gentry took leases from the new English landlords, became perhaps a little poorer, became 'squireens,' 'half-mounted gentlemen,' whose daughters the new landlords married; and in two generations all distinctions of descent had been effaced; 'the children of some of Oliver's soldiers cannot speak a word of English' (1697). I conclude that the stories, told in the Irish Parliament at the end of the Eighteenth Century, about peasants, who in their smoky cabins had preserved the title-deeds to lands from which their ancestors were evicted two hundred years before, were myths, or it was somebody else's title-deeds that such persons preserved.

Now the Cromwellian Settlement rested originally on an Act of Charles I., by which 'Adventurers,' who had lent money to the English Government to enable it to subdue the Irish rebellion, were to be repaid with confiscated Irish lands; such men received certificates, called 'debentures,' entitling them to so many acres for each £100 subscribed. The Republic, on which the task of subduing the rebellion ultimately devolved, being unable to pay its soldiers their full wages, had given them similar debentures; and, all through the Protectorate, Adventurers and soldiers were being planted in rows in the three Eastern provinces

of Ireland, Irish 'rebels' being evicted to make room for them. Most of the common soldiers had sold their debentures to their own officers, to speculators, or, in some cases, to the very men who were to be evicted; and the settlement was by no means complete when King Charles was restored. Least complete of all was the eviction of the Irish, already past masters in the art of resisting that process. Not even from the towns, which the law said they were wholly to evacuate, would they go. True, supernatural aid occasionally came to the English: "The Lord," says a Dublin newspaper in May, '54, "who is a jealous God, and more knowing of their iniquity than we, hath burnt down the whole town (of Cashel) in a quarter of an hour, except the houses of the English." In spite of this the ratio in towns in 1659 was still nine Irishmen to eight English.

What was the King's Government to do in this state of things? On the face of it you would say the Cromwellians, arch-rebels against King Charles, must go; the poor Irish, who had fought for King Charles, must be restored. But the flaw in this argument is that the Irish had not, in 1641 or at any subsequent time, been fighting for King Charles; it had suited them after 1643 to inscribe King Charles' name on their flag, but in reality they had merely been fighting against the power that for the time had the upper hand in England; and the Republic, in subduing them, had merely done in a few years what the King's predecessors had been trying to do for over a century. Was the King of England now to turn his back on the work the Republic had been doing for England? A further consideration was this; the sturdy Cromwellians, led by Lord Broghill and Sir Charles Coote, were in the year '60 in possession

of the actual power in Ireland, and would fight rather than be evicted. In fact they anticipated the English Parliament, and in February proclaimed Charles as King, with the proviso that he would confirm their titles to their new lands. Ormond, one of the best of the restored Cavaliers and a true Anglo-Irish patriot, saw clearly that his master must accept this offer. During the remainder of his long life (he lived till 1688) the resettlement of Ireland rested largely on Ormond's good faith and patriotism.

This resettlement was, however, a very difficult business, and the fact that most of the evicted Irish were Catholics and all the new settlers Protestants considerably complicated it, for the Civil War had left behind it in England a tenfold greater hatred of Popery than had previously been felt. "It was not asked of me in the day of Kinsale," said an old Irish gentleman, who had fought for Elizabeth against the Spaniards and for Ormond against Parliament, "of what religion I was"; but now that was apt to be the first question asked. Yet some provision must be made for those who, however nominally, had kept a Royalist flag flying, or followed the King into exile; and so the Government hit upon the idea of dividing the claimants to land into classes. Such a division became the basis of the Irish 'Act of Settlement' of 1662; and the first class consisted of Adventurers or Cromwellian soldiers who were to retain their lands, or be 'reprised' with lands of equal value. Next came 'innocent Papists,' who had nothing to do with the massacre of 1641 or the subsequent rebellion; they were to be restored to their lands if they could prove their innocence before a special court established for the purpose of trying their

claims. Three other classes, assumed to have been more or less guilty of rebellion, followed in succession, among them those who had followed the King abroad and fought in the French or Spanish service at his orders; these were to be 'satisfied' with such land as remained after the satisfaction of classes I. and II. All lands of actual regicides were to be wholly forfeit; no one who had accepted lands in Connaught was to have any claim on his old lands; and, finally, a lot of 'nominees,' that is, special favourites of the King, were to be restored at once.

With the exception of this last article, the Act was not an unfair attempt to solve a problem insoluble upon any basis of perfect equity. The Commission sat for nearly a year, and did its best. But the massacre was a long time ago; guilt or innocence were alike difficult to prove, and still more difficult to define. Some seven hundred Irish Catholic landowners were restored, and some three hundred more were 'gratified' with other lands. The latest impartial authority[1] thinks that few 'innocents' were actually shut out; but the fact remains that many claimants were never heard, and that not nearly enough land existed to satisfy all claims. In 1665 an 'Act of Explanation' was added, by which the Adventurers and soldiers were to give up one-third of their lands, in order to enable Government to deal with the more pressing of the claimants; and to some extent the readjustment was going on all the reign.

In spite of this agrarian problem, the reign of Charles II. was prosperous, not only for the English Colony but for the native Irish: the race-amalgamation had probably never been so rapid. The revenue rose sixfold,

[1] Dr. M. J. Bonn, *Die Englische Kolonisation in Irland*, 1906.

and the population almost trebled itself in forty years. The Catholics retained as landlords perhaps one-third of the cultivable area, and as lessees and middlemen nearer three-fourths: but the administration of justice and police and all the higher offices of the State were in Protestant hands, and, though not yet legally excluded from Parliament, few Catholics sat in the Lower House. Ormond made an excellent Lord-Lieutenant, and, though determined to uphold that 'Protestant Ascendancy' of which so much is afterwards heard, tried hard to be fair to all parties. The Protectorate, in effecting a Parliamentary Union with Ireland, had established perfect free trade between the three countries under its sway, and it was the obvious policy of every one who looked forward to pacifying and civilizing the Irish, to encourage their industries in every possible way. Ormond thoroughly believed in this policy, and propagated the woollen and linen manufactures with great zeal; he planted colonies of French Protestant weavers to teach his people these arts in several of the Irish towns.

There were, however, two rocks ahead, the uncompromising attitude of the restored Anglican Church towards Dissenters, and the insane jealousy of English landowners and manufacturers towards the Colony as a whole. I say deliberately 'insane,' and even suicidal. Could the English Parliament, instead of listening to shopkeepers, have been induced by some great statesman to take a view of the Empire as a whole, and to direct its exclusiveness and jealousy merely against foreigners, there would have been much to say for the 'Mercantile System.' But no; we intended to monopolize the markets of the World, not for all the citizens of an

Empire, but for those of a narrow strip of English land reaching from the Wash to the Severn Sea. So we planted English Colonists in Ireland. We said to them, "Go rule; keep under these poor benighted Irish; convert them from their Popery: teach them agriculture, industry and clean English ways of living; but don't make them or yourselves too prosperous. You shall never be so prosperous as to compete with us in anything; at first we will exclude you only from our home market; you shall send (1663) no live cattle to England." Ireland was before all things a grazing country, and this was a cruel blow. Next (1666) it is 'no cattle and no sheep alive or dead—no, not one pig' ['the gintleman that pays the rint']; 'no butter and no cheese.'

The Colonists grumbled: but they began exporting the said goods to the Continent and to America, began to create their 'provision' or 'victualling' trade, began to build ships, and, above all, to push on the export of raw wool and rough woollen goods. "Stop," said the English Parliament, "you will encourage France and Spain to compete with English woollens, so you may send your raw wool only to England. And as for the American Colonies, you shall not trade with them at all—that is our job (1670)." Now the shrewd Colonists had come to Ireland to make their fortunes, and for no other reason; when they found they were not to be allowed to make them, they began to migrate in shoals, some back to England, far more to America.

The second rock ahead was nothing less than a schism within the Protestant camp. The Church of Ireland, as by law established before the rebellion, and as now by law restored, was the Church of Charles I. and Laud, with four Archbishops and eighteen Bishops to minister

to 100,000 Protestants, at least half of whom objected to Bishops altogether. Jeremy Taylor, author of 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying,' was the brightest ornament of that Church; when he became Bishop of Down and Connor, he forgot that he had once written an eloquent plea for the 'Liberty of Prophesying.' It is true that he and his brethren showed themselves nobly tolerant towards the Catholics, but they avenged themselves for this virtue on their Protestant Dissenting brethren, who formed the bulk of the population in Ulster and who were strong in all Irish towns. These were now absolutely denied freedom of worship, and even their marriages were declared illegal unless celebrated in an Episcopal church. Result—a fresh impetus added to emigration, and the gain of Massachusetts at the expense of Ulster and at the ultimate expense of the British Empire. The native Irish, gentry and peasants alike, gained by all this. They didn't want to be dragooned into industry and prosperity; they wanted

> To keep game cocks and hunt the fox
> And drink in punch the Solway,

and to break one another's heads with shillelaghs, as their honest ancestors had been doing these thousand years. Somebody had given them the fatal potato, so easy to cultivate, like themselves so prolific, and alas! so uncertain. They wanted their LAND, on what terms or from whom they didn't care; and, as the vigorous, thrifty, glum Colonists were driven out by English jealousy and English intolerance, they got a good deal of it back again.

So matters stood at the death of Charles II. If a King should come along who would have a good rousing

quarrel with his English subjects, he might easily buy the temporary allegiance of the native Irish, especially if he happened to be a devout Catholic; but it would be at the price of the sacrifice of the entire English Colony, lock, stock and barrel, civil, military and religious. Even then he would not be able to keep this allegiance if he remained King of England. Loyalty to an abstraction is a loftier and more enduring passion than loyalty to an individual. King James II. was certainly not a person to command the latter; and the Irish, who owed nothing whatever to the Stuarts, were not at that time a people to rise to the height of the former. There never were any real Jacobites in Ireland; the one ballad on the Irish struggle of 1689–91 worth remembering—'It was a' for our rightful King'—was written by a Scot, Ogilvy of Inverquharity. The Irishman of the day expressed his own spirit in the lines:—

> I'd give it, faith, with all my heart
> T'enjoy my land or any part,
> My banniclabber[1] and pottados
> Without these French and Dutch granados.

The second Lord Clarendon was King James' first Lord-Lieutenant—a loyal High Churchman and a firm Protestant; but the Army was at once put into the hands of Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, a passionate anti-English Catholic, who at once began disarming the Protestant Militia and filling his regular Army with Catholic officers and men. In '87 he succeeded Clarendon as Deputy, and so great was the alarm of the Colony at his proceedings that 1,500 of the remaining Protestant families left Ireland at once. Tyrconnel appointed Catholic sheriffs and justices, encouraged lawsuits and

[1] Buttermilk.

petitions against the Land Settlement of 1662, and remodelled the Borough corporations, so as to secure the return of Catholics to the next Parliament. In short he imitated and outdid all the most foolish and irritating measures by which his master was alienating the hearts of his English subjects.

His master and he were to find that they were only playing immediately into the hands of the King of France, and ultimately into those of William of Orange. Loyalty to the Stuarts was a real force in England, and one of the noblest forces in English politics, but James' Irish policy shattered it to bits: the restoration of the 'Protestant interest' in Ireland was one of the leading points in William's Declaration, and one of the most welcome. And, when the inevitable Revolution came in England, and Louis XIV. realized that he must fight it, he saw that he might make a useful diversion against it in Ireland, but he intended what he did there to be merely a diversion; he intended nothing in favour of the Irish. Nor did his ally, James, intend for them more than that they should help him to recover the English Crown. It is a sordid story of a sordid bargain.

James landed at Kinsale on March 12th, '89. He brought only a few French troops, but officers and arms for the large Irish Army which Tyrconnel had gathered to join him. He marched straight upon Ulster, and found the gates of Enniskillen and Derry shut in his face. The story of the siege of Derry has often been told, how there 'the fragments of the Imperial Race turned desperately to bay.' It was called Londonderry because it had mainly been a Colony of London citizens; perhaps behind its walls now were the sons of 'prentices

who had fought under Essex at Newbury. A few companies of sturdy Protestants from the Irish Army came in under Captain Murray, but the governor of the city ran away, and the command was divided between Major Baker and the Reverend George Walker, vicar of a neighbouring parish. The city was full of Protestant refugees from the Southern borders of Ulster; some seven thousand men in all were fit for service, soldiers, 'prentices, artisans and farmers. James, having been nearly shot from the walls on his arrival, soon went away; but his generals, French and Irish, pounded and battered at the walls for 105 days: they barred relief from the sea by a huge boom across the mouth of the river at the entrance to Lough Foyle; they drove under the walls all the starving Protestants they could find, that our brotherly hearts might be melted. Our brotherly hearts refused to melt, and we continued to shoot. Famine was our greatest foe; we fed

On roots, stinking fruits, old jack boots,

within sight of the topmasts of English ships in the Lough, which couldn't or wouldn't attempt our relief. The Irish Army outside starved also, and was wasted by sickness; but Derry was practically at its last jack-boot when, under positive orders from home, the *Mountjoy* and the *Phoenix* at last broke the boom and brought provisions (July 30th). The Irish Army burned its camp and marched sullenly away: it had been much harassed by sallies from the garrison of Enniskillen, and on August 1st its left wing was cut to pieces by the Enniskilliners at the battle of Newton Butler, where no quarter was given. Twelve days after that old Marshal Schomberg landed near Carrickfergus with

16,000 English and Dutch troops in the service of King William.

James meanwhile had been holding a Parliament at Dublin. As was natural in the circumstances, few Protestants had been elected, the thirty-four most Protestant towns were unrepresented, and the Houses proceeded to undo everything that had been done since 1640. First they proclaimed equality of both religions in Ireland; this sounded beautiful, and on the part of the Irish gentry was, I think, genuine, for they were never, as a race, persecutors, and even at the height of this revolution there was no persecution of such Protestant clergy as would acknowledge James; but, on the part of James II., the ally of Louis XIV., such toleration 'is to me suspect.' The real aim of this Irish Parliament was seen when it abolished all Appeals to English law-courts, and declared that no English Statutes could bind Ireland; above all when it repealed the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, and ordered the heirs of all who had lost their land since 1641 to re-enter upon it. It proposed to compensate persons who had purchased such land, but not those who had received it by grant or inheritance; and, in order to form a fund for such compensation, it passed a sweeping Act of Attainder against some two thousand named persons, unless they could clear themselves of treason to King James by certain fixed dates (varying according to the class of treason alleged, and commencing on September 1st), and, as most of these persons had taken refuge in England, this would be almost impossible.

There is nothing wonderful in these Acts; if beneath them there lay an intention to destroy the English Colony, they were on the surface but tit for tat—1689

for 1662; as for the Attainder, the English Parliament was doing much the same to the Jacobites. But they were at least hasty and inexpedient Acts, and matters were not improved when James began to issue a bad coinage of iron and brass, every sixpenny-worth of which was dignified with the name of a guinea.

William, if he were to remain a King at all, must now attempt the reconquest of Ireland upon a serious scale, and he made elaborate preparations to be in really strong force. It is interesting to read that Sir Christopher Wren built for him 'an itinerant house, which could be taken to pieces and laid upon two waggons'; he also took 'a coach wherein meat may be roasted or boiled on a march.' In the matter of troops his English subjects gave him far less help than they should have done, and he was obliged to rely to a great degree upon Dutch, German and Huguenot troops: to him this would be a matter of indifference, for he was far more the head of a great European coalition against France than he ever was King of Great Britain; but for the English as a military people it was disastrous. From that time onwards till the close of the Eighteenth Century, Englishmen relied largely on their ability to pay foreigners to fight their battles. We must also admit that, though our Standing Army was in its infancy, our War Office already displayed all the vices of senility in false muster-rolls, fraudulent contractors, favouritism and jobbery of every kind. So for ten months Schomberg, by reputation one of the first soldiers in Europe, could do almost nothing; his Army was rotten and mutinous, his supplies rotten or non-existent. He entrenched himself, however, at Dundalk, and James, in twice his force, came and looked at his entrenchments,

did not like them, and went back to Dublin. I think we may fairly accuse the Irish leaders of great want of enterprise in not annihilating Schomberg, as he lay starving at Dundalk; but perhaps James was a leader too hopeless for any patriotic enterprise to flourish in his sight, and so the winter and spring 1689–90 were wasted. Six thousand veteran French troops came in March to aid James, but their officers failed to conciliate the wayward Irish temper, and Schomberg fell safely back to join William, who landed at Carrickfergus with 27,000 fresh men, British, Dutch and Danes, on June 14th. King Louis ought, perhaps, to have sent Admiral Tourville to cut off William's transport ships, but, had he done so, the English Admiral, Torrington, would have been quickly in pursuit.

In warfare William, when not restrained by political considerations, would always be at his enemy's throat; and by July 1st he was at James' throat on the river Boyne. Had he listened to Schomberg he might have ended the war almost without a blow, for he was now in far superior force, and might have detached enough troops to cut off the enemy's retreat by a flank march. He did this, in fact, when it was almost too late, but took his main force over the well-defended fords of the river breast-high, and lost a good many men in doing so. But once over he drove the Irish in headlong flight before him. James fled among the first, and embarked at Waterford for France. His soldiering days were over; let us leave him to his priests.

Tyrconnel, the French Lauzun and the gallant Patrick Sarsfield gathered the remains of their Army behind the Shannon; relieved of their poltroon of a King they fought in other fashion, and William, who in truth was

most anxious not to win Ireland by the sword alone, failed as totally to take Limerick as James had failed to take Derry. He returned to England, in August, having for ever linked his own 'glorious, pious and immortal memory,' in the hearts of all Protestant Irishmen, with the name of the Battle of the Boyne. Lord Marlborough took Cork and Kinsale for William; then he too left Ireland. In the winter of 1690 Tyrconnel went to France, and came back in January, 1691, with strong reinforcements and a new French General, St. Ruth, to face a new Dutch General, Ginckel, on the line of the Shannon. It was Ginckel who really ended the war; on June 30th, 1691, he took the hitherto impregnable position of Athlone, his men swimming and fording the Shannon 'like otters,' says an eye-witness. He drove St. Ruth back, defeated and killed him in the desperate battle of Aghrim. Galway then surrendered on terms, and finally, when a British Squadron appeared in the Shannon, Limerick also, after a most notable defence, surrendered on September 24th. "Change Kings with us," said Sarsfield, as he went into foreign service with 14,000 of the Irish Army, "and we'll fight you over again."

The English Parliament, in October '90, had very naturally laid down the principle of a fresh confiscation of Irish land to pay the expenses of the war; it is only in the most modern times that it has established the opposite principle of rewarding its enemies at the expense of Englishmen. The terms that Ginckel had granted to Galway and Limerick were capable of being interpreted to secure for the Catholic Irish of the six Southern and Western counties their property and religion 'as in the days of Charles II.' William, who had previously

offered the Catholics half the land, churches and offices in Ireland, confirmed the Treaty of Limerick in the above sense. But, like James, he had to submit to the dictation of his subjects who had fought for him. Three successive Irish Parliaments, fully supported by the English Parliament, utterly refused to ratify the Treaty, which was only confirmed, when too late, in 1697; and in the end nearly four thousand persons were declared to have forfeited their land. Far less careful justice than Charles II.'s was done in the reallotment; Commissions were indeed appointed to decide on the 'innocence' of claimants, but they were bribed or hasty, or their findings were disregarded—in both directions; and the insecurity of William's throne accounted for much of this. The line was now drawn much more sharply between Catholics and Protestants; the Catholics retained not above one-sixth of the large properties, and these wholly in the West. Enormous tracts of land were carelessly given to the King's favourites, so enormous that the wrath of the English Parliament was excited, and in 1700 an 'Act of Resumption' took them nearly all away again. The new landowners were not really so much Colonists as 'speculators in rents': they cut down the timber, they improved nothing, and they soon became largely absentees. Only in Ulster was there a fresh and vigorous immigration of the Scottish farmer class, and in the towns fresh Colonies of Huguenot and German workpeople. And the law of all plantations repeated itself: the native Irish drifted back and assimilated the resident English landlords to themselves.

The first sixty years of the Eighteenth Century were a peaceful, though not a prosperous period in Ireland.

The 'three burdensome beasts,' of which a Cromwellian settler had complained, the wolf, the priest and the Tory,[1] soon ceased to give much trouble. The fighting men of Irish or Anglo-Irish descent had gone to swell the Armies of Catholic Powers on the Continent, as England found to her cost at Fontenoy and elsewhere. The Catholics were, however, still to the Protestants in the ratio of eight to three, and outside Ulster and the towns more like ten to one. The laws now called them 'the common enemy,' and George III. had been some years on the throne before the opprobrious name was dropped. A code was devised, destined not so much for the rooting out of Popery as for degrading it socially. Land being the source of all political power, care had to be taken that no Papist should acquire land beyond the one-sixth which the Revolution had left to those of his faith. English and Irish Parliaments throughout the reigns of William and Anne vied with each other in putting fresh coping-stones on this 'Penal Code.' Papists are unschooled, unhorsed,[2] unarmed by Act of Parliament: they may not buy land at all, nor lease it on long lease; if they inherit it, it must be divided equally between their children; if any of these turn Protestant he can disinherit his father and his brethren; if a Papist leaves orphans, a Protestant guardian must be appointed; if he marries a Protestant lady, she forfeits her property. The thousand or so of Catholic priests who are still in Ireland are indeed left (and carefully

[1] Rewards: for killing a dog-wolf £5, a bitch-wolf £10; for capturing a priest £10, a Tory £2. The word 'Tory' means in Ireland a brigand. To 'tory' is to go a-briganding. Any Tory killing two other Tories is to be pardoned. The traditional 'last wolf' was killed 1724.

[2] No Papist to have a horse worth £5.

registered), but no new ones shall come in, and no monks or Bishops are to be left, so there can be no fresh ordinations; therefore in a generation we may hope that 'burdensome beast No. 2' will be quite extinct. Rewards shall be given to informers who 'discover' violations of these Acts. Seats in Parliament, the legal profession, the grand jury, the magistracy, all posts in Army, Navy and Civil Service, are of course wholly reserved for Protestants. Great Britain maintains this 'Protestant Ascendancy' by an Army of ten or twelve thousand Protestants, wholly at the expense of Ireland.

The spirit of these laws, rather than these laws themselves, had its effect. It did produce conversions, and on a considerable scale, nearly five thousand in eighty years, but wholly among the upper and middle classes. Mr. Haggarty the attorney comes to Rory O'More the stonemason, and asks him to alter the inscription on his father's grave,

"Pray for the Sowl of Denis Haggarty,"

in such a way that people may forget that Denis had been a-Papist.[1] But the peasantry were entirely untouched by the code; they were probably no poorer or worse off than they had been before, for they had always been very near the margin of starvation. To a kindly, improvident Protestant landlord they rallied with perfect readiness; his religion was no concern of theirs, nor theirs of his; if he was a sportsman or a duellist, and he was generally both, they became his warm friends. To their own priests they were admirably faithful; the priests encouraged early marriages, and the fertility of

[1] Rory agreed, and simply carved the word 'Don't' before 'Pray.'

the race was amazing. They retained a fondness for organized crime, outrage committed by night in companies on unpopular persons, and they could be horribly cruel on such occasions even to cattle which they houghed and maimed but hardly ever stole. From other crime they remained singularly free. For politics they cared not at all, nor ever would have cared, had they not at the end of the century been inflamed by revolutionary agitators. A people more unfit for self-government it is hard to imagine.

In detail, however, the Penal Code was incapable of being executed, and it very soon became a dead letter. The laws against landowning by Catholics were evaded by secret conveyances to Protestant friends. Juries would find no verdicts; as late as 1808, perhaps as late as 1909, 'the politics of Wexford juries differed not infrequently both from the laws of God and from the Statute Book.' 'Informers' were lucky if they escaped with a ducking. Even judges winked at the evasion of the law. Contempt for the law became in fact the one certain thing you could predicate of an Irishman of whatever religion he was. In what other country would a gentleman have cut off the pigtail of the High Sheriff of his County, brought it to a ball-room, tied it to a chandelier, and got the whole company to dance round it in ecstasy? Does a bailiff serve a writ on a popular landlord, he will certainly be made to eat it; probably his digestion will never recover, for parchment and sealing-wax are unwholesome, but who cares? he is only a 'minion of the law.' Every 'half-mounted gentleman' carries a large whip loaded at the butt end with lead, so as to be able to flog his neighbour or knock out his brains 'as circumstances may dictate.'

The Irish Church, though glorified by the names of Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley, did absolutely nothing for the bettering of this wild and brutal society. Only one effort was made for the conversion of the peasants, and that was by enticing their children away from them into Protestant 'Charter Schools,' which, in the long run, came to resemble rather badly managed workhouses such as Oliver Twist knew. The laws against priests and Papist schools were enforced as little as any others: Catholic Bishops resided, visited and ordained, at first secretly, soon quite openly and unhindered. Protestant Dissenters were not, it is true, persecuted, but they had no legal toleration for their worship till 1719, and the Irish Test Act of 1704 excluded them from seats in Parliament and from all office under the Crown; they remained, however, a very powerful and well-organized body of the lower middle class. Meanwhile the alien Church drew tithes from the whole of Ireland, and the parsons farmed out its collection to 'tithe proctors,' who were hated, ducked and flogged almost as much as the poor bailiffs. In Parliament the Bishops had real power, for the Irish Peers were so frequently 'absentees' that the twenty-two prelates could often turn the vote in the Lords. Three successive Archbishops, King, Boulter and Stone, were in fact between 1702 and 1764 the most important persons in the Irish Government: and *quieta non movere* seems to have been their first principle. King and Boulter were alive to many of the evils of the time and the place; Stone was a bad man and a political jobber.

The long reign of Walpole, evil in most things, was in nothing more evil than in its encouragement of political jobbery in Ireland. There were no 'parties,' no Whig

and Tory, in the Irish government; but there were 'interests,' family cliques, each of which strove, *more Scotico*, 'to keep its ain fish-guts for its ain sea-maws': to keep Irish sinecures, pensions and places for Boyles, Ponsonbys or Beresfords. It was the desire to do this, in the teeth of the Walpolian Government of England, which perhaps first woke a 'national' spirit in the Protestant Colony.

The English Parliament, by fresh and crushing restrictions on Irish trade, had done and did its best to give that Colony fresh grievances. By Acts of 1698 and 1699 it crushed the Irish woollen industry completely out of existence; whereupon the Munster farmers, many of them Catholics, began to smuggle their raw wool over to France. They grew almost rich upon that trade, but they learned only a fresh contempt for law. A nascent cotton trade was prohibited by 7 George I., a nascent glass industry by 19 George II. The victualling trade and the linen trade, the latter confined more and more wholly to Ulster, alone remained prosperous, and the former employed few hands. The Irish Parliament felt these grievances, but it was bound hand and foot by Poynings' Law, which prevented Bills being introduced into it without the sanction of the English Privy Council; and, lest this should not prove clear enough, a fresh Act was passed in 6 George I. declaring openly that the British Parliament can legislate for Ireland. Moreover none of the ordinary *palladia* of the Briton protected even a Protestant Irishman; there was no Habeas Corpus Act; the Judges held office during the King's pleasure; Parliament was only dissolvable at his pleasure or his death (George II.'s Irish Parliament sat for thirty-three years); there was no

way in which it could put the screw on the Executive Government, no Place Bill, no Mutiny Bill, no real need to vote supplies, and, so, not much use in refusing them. For the 'hereditary revenue' of the Crown in Ireland included not only large and perpetual quit-rents from the Colonists, but the hearth tax, customs and excise as well; and so the Crown could govern and pay its way without recourse to the Irish Parliament, from which nevertheless it was pleased to accept a certain amount of very light taxes. Nay, the Crown could and did give large Irish pensions to its English and German ministers, courtiers, mistresses and cousins; the castle of many a Count of Schnippy-Schnappenhausen was maintained by a 'pension on the Irish Establishment.' It was small wonder then that the Irish Parliament in 1703 petitioned for a Union with the English Parliament; the petition was contemptuously refused! The Fates, if they are capable of smiling, probably smiled.

William Molyneux, M.P. for Dublin in 1698, and Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, 1713–1745, were the first persons to strike notes of resistance to this state of things. In 1720 Swift's pamphlet, suggesting to Irishmen to 'live of their own' and 'burn everything that came from England except her coals,' stirred the Government to prosecute the author; but the Dublin grand jury threw out the bill. Two years later Swift nearly produced an Irish revolt by his 'Drapier's Letters' against a proposed copper coinage. Much as he hated his exile in Ireland, he felt for the wrongs of his brother exiles, and they supported him heartily.

To say, as Swift said, that 'Government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery' is a fine piece of Whig bombast (though uttered by a

Tory), but quite untrue where such government is for the good of a people unfit to govern itself. Whether or no the Irish Protestant Parliament was fit to be admitted to a share in 'government' is a doubtful question. But the real point is that the British government of Ireland had not been so much a 'government' as an exploitation of the country for the benefit of Great Britain.

From the accession of George III. the self-consciousness of the Colony began to develop rapidly. All danger from the Catholics seemed to be at an end. They had been perfectly quiet when the insurrections of 1715 and 1745 had made the throne of the Georges rock; and, as fear of the Catholics vanished, the feeling of need for dependence on Britain vanished too. Irishmen began to demand two things: some real constitutional safeguards and some relaxation of the restrictions on Irish commerce; with this demand there soon blended a cry for relaxation of the penal code against the Catholics. The early years of George III., so miserable in their political squabbles in the British Parliament, were years in which political ideas developed at an extraordinary rate among the upper classes of civilized European countries; years in which many otherwise sensible people began to believe that Golden Ages could be created by Acts of Parliament and by giving people votes. The Irish House of Commons was a singularly 'unrepresentative' body, it was also singularly 'corrupt,' in the sense that the Viceroy could always buy a majority in it by bribing the Borough owners with ribbons, titles or hard cash; but, as the spirit of 'Liberty' began to develop, the cost of such purchase became very great, and votes had now sometimes to be bought by concessions to that spirit. The quarrel of Great Britain

with America came at a terribly opportune time for the Irish 'patriots.' For instance, by 1770 the Government had been obliged to buy an increase of the troops on the Irish Establishment to 15,000 men, and of the pension list to £90,000 a year, by granting (1768) an Octennial Act, to the effect that there should be a General Election in Ireland every eight years. As the American quarrel grew into a war, the demands of Irish patriots rose: "If we vote you extra taxes," they said, "if we allow you to use our troops for the subjugation of Americans, with whom, please to understand, we have no quarrel but a good deal of sympathy, you must give us a substantial reward. Our linen exports, much of which went indirectly to America, have been hard hit by this quarrel of yours: if the war becomes European, and it looks like that, where will our smuggling trade with France be? Suppose we were to follow the teaching of Dean Swift and the example of America, and refuse to import your British products? Ah! we should touch you to the quick there."

Ireland was, in fact, after America, the best customer of the British shopkeeper, and the British shopkeeper began to tremble. In 1777–8 we begin to hear the names of the Irish patriots, Henry Grattan, Henry Flood, Lord Charlemont. The country is being drained of the fresh troops it has raised; a French invasion is by no means improbable. A movement for enrolling Volunteers on a gigantic scale begins in Ulster and Leinster. It is at first wholly a Protestant, and even a loyal movement by a loyal and Protestant Colony; but that it may, that it must develop into an engine for putting the screw on Lord North's Government, can easily be foreseen.

And what was Lord North's Government that it should

resist a screw turned sufficiently hard? In four years it gave way all along the line, and at all outposts of the line at once. All the enlightened public opinion in England was now in favour of giving way on most points, and even of going farther than the wisest heads in Ireland thought prudent. All the unenlightened opinion in England was in favour of a dogged resistance on the two capital points of free trade and religious equality. Grattan began the game (February, '78) with a motion in his Parliament in favour of free trade, and Burke supported him in the English House. Lord North obediently prepared a far-reaching measure of relief, but, when the outcry among the English merchants seemed to threaten him more than the demands of Irish orators, as obediently whittled his measure down to nothing. He permitted the Irish to pass a first Catholic Relief Bill, allowing Catholics long leases of land, and abolishing the compulsory division of their estates. With less judgment he presented the Volunteers with arms for sixteen thousand men. The Volunteers immediately assembled, in these and more thousands, round King William's statue in Dublin, and labelled one of the Boyne cannons that stood there with the words "Free Trade or This." The Irish Parliament, deliberating amid armed men (not a favourable circumstance for sobriety of debate) cut short the supplies to the Crown; and 'non-importation agreements' were largely signed in Dublin. North put his helm about again, and granted a great measure of free trade on many essential points, 1779: the Test Act of 1704 was also repealed, and Protestant Dissenters could once more hold office under the Crown.

Grattan was the hero of all this, and of more to come.

Whether he were a true statesman or not, he was the nearest approach to one that Ireland had yet produced. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he was utterly incorruptible. He was certainly a very eloquent orator, and, like other eloquent men of his time, occasionally a froth- and rant-monger. Of democratic movements of all kinds he professed an unmitigated dread; but he was on an inclined plane, and on such a superficies it is notoriously difficult to stop. "Partial free trade," he now said, "has been granted us by the English, but what the English can grant they can also take away. We must, therefore, have a Free Parliament. Shout, ye Volunteers! (he did not actually say "Shoulder your arms!"); organize your mass meetings; another turn of the screw!" His first 'Declaration of Independence'—ominous name—was introduced into the Irish Parliament in 1780, but the purchased Government majority, and perhaps some lingering fear in soberer men as to what was to be the upshot of all this, were as yet too strong for him. North only allowed a Habeas Corpus Act, and offered to tinker Poynings' Law a little. At the end of 1781 a mass convention of the Volunteers at Dungannon terrified Lord North even more than the victories of George Washington in America, and in April, 1782, his Government fell. Lord Rockingham and the Whigs, *i.e.* Fox and Burke, came in, and in May hastily granted all Grattan's demands. Poynings' Act and 6 George I. were repealed; Appeals from Irish law-courts to the English House of Lords were abolished, Irish Judges could no longer be dismissed at the pleasure of the Crown, and the Irish Parliament obtained by annual Mutiny Bills some control of its Army. 'Home Rule' was an accomplished fact.

Could this Parliament, which contained a galaxy of brilliant orators, which represented the culture, such as it was, of Ireland, which professed and perhaps really felt much loyalty to the Crown, be trusted to bear its share in the responsibilities of the Empire? Could it be trusted to do full justice to Catholics and Dissenters, without thereby imperilling Imperial interests? The answer must in both cases be a reluctant No; or rather, that it could be trusted to act loyally only so long as it continued corrupt, bribable and unreformed—so long, therefore, as the British Ministry could job a majority in it.

It *was* hideously 'unreformed'; more than two-thirds of its House of Commons were returned on the nomination of single borough 'owners'; but, if it should be reformed and the franchise extended, as some of its more ardent 'patriots' now began to demand, to the lower classes, irrespective of religion, the only means of control over it would vanish, and a democratic Ireland would be certain to follow the example of America. Grattan would have died rather than admit this for a moment, and yet Grattan was led by his own glowing eloquence and popularity into motions which tended that way. 'Seven hundred spectators of the first fashion' applauded that eloquence day after day in the splendid rotunda of the Irish House of Commons, but of practical statesmanship they heard very little. It seems to me that the one narrow plank of safety lay in establishing complete religious equality *plus* a very considerable restriction of the franchise. Had Grattan demanded a Parliament freely elected by all persons of both religions possessed of property worth £100 a year, he might not only have 'liberated' Ireland, but set a

good example to Great Britain. But the 'forty-shilling freeholder,' who in Ireland, as in England, enjoyed the county franchise, would not be a person to be trusted with that engine of power in a reformed Parliament in which Catholics could sit. Such freeholds could be, and afterwards were created in enormous numbers for political purposes; and yet Grattan, who during the next two decades brought in frequent 'Reform Bills' as well as 'Emancipation Bills,' never seems to have been alive to this future danger. For the moment all went well. Catholics were allowed to purchase land, the Penal Laws against priests and schoolmasters were abolished. But the Volunteers were not disbanded, as they should have been after the Peace of 1783, not, indeed, till the British Government put them down with a strong hand in '92; and they passed more and more under democratic and separatist influences.

To Pitt, now at the helm in England, this Home Rule business began to reveal several awkward possibilities. It was now open to Ireland to impose protective duties against British manufactures, and one Irish leader, Henry Flood, notoriously wished to do so; it was open to her to refuse to go to war when England went to war; it was open to her to censure the Lord-Lieutenant, and yet not open to her to change him; the Irish Ministry, though appointed by the Crown, and responsible to the English Parliament, was at the mercy of the Irish Parliament also. The commercial question, however, loomed largest in Pitt's mind, and in '85 he prepared a great measure, which would really have neutralized many of the mischiefs of Home Rule and have been perhaps the first step towards a Federal Union. Great Britain still protected many of her manufactures against

Ireland, and Pitt now proposed perfect free trade and a Treaty of Commerce between the two islands, but in return for a regular contribution towards the Imperial Navy. Grattan carried the ungenerous and unworthy modification that such contribution should not be made until all Irish loans were paid off—in other words, only from year to year at the pleasure of the Irish Parliament. Pitt would have accepted even that but for a furious outburst of commercial jealousy in England, to which, as if he had been a mere Lord North, he gave way, and the negotiation dropped.

In '88 there was another very awkward collision between the two Parliaments on the Regency question. In England, you remember, Pitt carried a Bill appointing the Prince of Wales Regent, and with restrictions. In Ireland Grattan carried, in the sense of the English Opposition, an Address to the Prince to 'take upon himself' the Regency, and without restrictions. Pitt's Lord-Lieutenant refused to present the Address, was censured by the Irish Parliament, and supplies were stopped. The deadlock was ended by King George's convalescence, but a similar one might recur at any moment.

Meanwhile Ireland, after the removal of restrictions on her foreign trade in 1779, had entered upon a period of rapid, if somewhat delusive prosperity. The fisheries, the cotton, the glass, the dairy produce, above all the linen trade took enormous strides, especially after the Close of the American War; and as about this time the growth of population in Great Britain dried up the export of corn from her shores, Ireland began to supply her with corn. This was in the long run disastrous to Ireland, which is not naturally a cereal but a grazing country; magnificent pasture was then and afterwards

ploughed up to produce very poor corn, emigration ceased (for arable work creates tenfold the demand for hands that pasture does), and population increased at a ruinous rate. Lavish expenditure on roads, canals and public buildings was the order of the day; Dublin in particular became a Capital city of great external splendour, and was thronged with a brilliant society from which religious bigotry seemed to have wholly disappeared, and people began to say, 'Redeunt Saturnia regna.'

Then came the French Revolution, and with it the beginning of the end of this glittering masque of freedom and progress. We at once become aware that beneath the surface there are elements of disorder never really laid to rest since 1641; there is an ignorant and prolific peasantry, taught only by an almost equally ignorant priesthood, and from its lay masters learning only one lesson—contempt for law. We have hardly noticed their 'Whiteboy,' 'Oakboy,' 'Steelboy' outrages, their occasional civil wars of Catholic 'Defenders' with Protestant peasants called 'Peep o' Day Boys' on the borders of Ulster; these have really gone on throughout the century. We have occasionally had to pass stringent Acts against 'persons who go armed to commit outrage by night,' and they have occasionally shot one of ourselves. But then, we have so much more frequently shot one another[1]; human life has always been cheap, and the very man who shot at you overnight would often be showing you the best way out of a boreen in the

[1] Sir Jonah Barrington enumerates two hundred and seventy duels fought, during his manhood, between leading and official persons in Ireland, beginning with one between the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. A regular code of duelling was in existence, printed, published and occasionally revised. Duels took place in sight of enormous fields of spectators.

hunting field next day. If we ever had a dim consciousness that we were dancing on a volcano, you could surely not expect us to give up dancing—still less drinking?

Nor have we realized as a source of danger those fierce handicraftsmen in Presbyterian Ulster, still excluded from seats in Parliament, still 'socially nowhere.' They more than any one else have learned lessons from America; to them first and most convincingly the message from France has now penetrated. Least of all have we realized that a combination between the Ulster craftsmen and the Southern peasantry is possible; yet in 1791–2 this was exactly what happened. There was a 'Catholic Association' sitting in Dublin, mildly patronized by some of the Parliamentary leaders, but catching up rapidly the French claptrap about the 'Rights of Man.' To it the Ulstermen held out no uncertain revolutionary hand. Theobald Wolfe Tone founded in 1791 the secret society of 'United Irishmen.' This did not at once avow separatist or republican tendencies, but its leaders meant separation and Republic from the first. It grasped the Volunteers, and enrolled the lower classes of both faiths by the hundred. It cried out for 'an equal representation of the people of Ireland'; 'away with your Charlemonts and your Grattans, your moderate Reform Bills, your step-by-step concessions! We stand for equal electoral districts, manhood suffrage, annual parliaments' and all the latest jargon of blood-dripping Paris.

The true leaders of progress in Ireland, and among them I still reckon Grattan, at first held bravely on their way, and the Government put down 'Catholic Conventions,' the Volunteers, and attempts to form insurrectionary 'National Guards,' with a strong hand.

Two successive Catholic Relief Bills were got through in '92 and '93. Catholics might now again marry Protestants, might be lawyers, grand jurors, magistrates, might hold almost all offices under the Crown, might found and endow schools, and finally might have the electoral franchise. Having given that, it was madness to stop short of giving them seats in Parliament; for Catholic constituencies which might have elected their own gentry, could now only elect Protestant agitators and demagogues. Mr. Lecky rightly says this 'laid the foundation of the political anarchy of our own day.'

There, having gone either too far or not far enough, the Irish aristocracy stopped. The violence of the United Irishmen threw them back on the English connection at all costs; their lives and their property were at stake; all measures of parliamentary reform were rejected; Grattan, hitherto their leader, became a voice crying in the wilderness. And France, recognizing in England the one determined opponent to her scheme for regenerating the world by a massacre of the intelligent classes, spared no pains to sow the seeds of civil war in England's most vulnerable point, Ireland. In '94 began the first definite intrigue of the 'United men' for a French invasion. Tone, and soon afterwards a young hothead called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, were the leaders in this, and Belfast was its first centre. Revolutionary clubs, atheist in Belfast, Catholic in Dublin, began to spring up. The South hesitated long; all the Catholic Bishops were perfectly loyal, and abhorred the idea of alliance between their flocks and an atheistic, regicide Republic. It is just possible, though not probable, that, if Pitt had stuck to his guns, and had forced complete religious equality through the Irish Parliament, the

South would never have moved at all. But he allowed the hopes of the Catholics to be excited at the beginning of '95 by his Viceroy, Fitzwilliam, and, when he found himself confronted by the deep-rooted bigotry of King George, drew back, as he was to do again in 1801. The best that can be said for him was that the King's prejudices were those of the British people also ; to carry Emancipation in Ireland without carrying it in Britain would be difficult, to carry it in Britain in the middle of a great war impossible.

Anyhow, the chance was lost. Fitzwilliam was recalled after the briefest of Viceroyalties, and the preparations for civil war began. From this time onwards we can hardly acquit Grattan of factious opposition verging on disloyalty. We must remember that he was under the spell of Fox and the English Whigs, now degenerating into disloyal Radicals, who put party before country and rejoiced at every English defeat. He drew with him his friend George Ponsonby and two leading members of the House of Lords, the Duke of Leinster and Lord Moira. All '95 a French invasion was expected ; but Pitt, at death-grips with France, could spare only 10,000 British Militiamen, while the Irish Militia was of very doubtful loyalty. Loyal Ireland, therefore, organized itself into 'Orange' Lodges against the Catholics, and created a Yeomanry force of its own. Then we begin to see on what a basis of savagery Irish society really rested. The more printable parts of the 'Orange Toast,' drunk on the knee at the Orange Lodges on the anniversary of the Boyne, are worth recording :—

> "To the glorious, pious and immortal memory of the Great and Good King William, not forgetting

Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money and wooden shoes : and may we never want a Williamite to kick [unprintable] . . . a Jacobite ; and he that won't drink this toast, be he bishop, priest, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger or any other of the fraternity of the clergy, may he [still more unprintable] . . . may he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm and a leaky vessel to carry him over the Styx ; may the dog Cerberus make a meal of his rump and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull, may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with each pin [most unprintable] . . . and blow him with a clean carcase to Hell. Amen."

Inspired by this toast, and under the ægis of an Act of 1796 establishing martial law in suspected districts and granting a general indemnity to magistrates who violated the laws, the ' Orangemen ' sallied forth to put down rebellion by methods hardly less savage than its own ; in many cases it is to be feared they put innocent persons to death. Tone, Lord Edward and Arthur O'Connor had gone to the Continent, and had succeeded in gaining, each without the knowledge of the others, the ear of the French Directory. The British Government, though warned by the Viceroy, Lord Camden, of the critical situation of affairs, was slow to take action, and at first loyal Ireland was saved rather by the cruel Orangemen than by Mr. Pitt. A French expedition, with 16,000 men under the gallant Hoche, succeeded in slipping out of Brest, but was dispersed by a storm ; the whole South would have risen to greet it, but although most of its vessels reached Bantry Bay, neither its

Naval or Military Commanders did; and Grouchy, the senior officer present, though he stayed for nearly a fortnight within sight of the shore, did not risk a landing (December, '96). In the next autumn a similar force was prepared in Holland, but the Dutch Fleet that bore it was smashed to pieces by Admiral Duncan at Camperdown. General Lake had meanwhile been acting vigorously, if cruelly, in Ulster, and had disarmed the Protestant-republican wing of the rebellion without much actual fighting; he got an enormous haul of muskets and pikes there, for side by side with the 'patriot' rebel always moved the informer. No Irish conspiracy ever escaped betrayal by its own friends, and early in '98 the Government succeeded in pouncing on Lord Edward Fitzgerald and some other leaders.

Hardly was this done before the South-Eastern counties, which Lake had not had time to disarm, burst into a final flame, still known as the Rebellion of '98. Many priests were leaders, one Father Murphy in particular, and a very few Catholic gentlemen were also involved. But in the main it was an agrarian movement, of peasants against landlords, democrats against aristocracy, Nationalists against English, rather than of Catholics against Protestants. Horrible outrages were committed by the 'croppies' (men were tossed alive on pikes), horribly avenged by Orange Yeomanry and by British Militiamen Dublin and the North were with difficulty held down; even the brave Lord Camden thought it prudent to send his own wife over to England, for, by the end of May, it looked as if Father Murphy and fifty thousand rebels might be at the gates of the Capital. But the battles of New Ross and Arklow checked their advance, and at last, on June 21st, Lake with English regular troops,

which had arrived almost too late, was able to storm the rebels' camp at Vinegar Hill, County Wexford. A tiny French force which managed to land in Mayo in August, and to defeat Lake with some Militiamen, was soon compelled to surrender to Cornwallis.

The Irish Parliament counted for very little in the period of the struggle. Grattan and George Ponsonby, who had never ceased, in season or out of season, to advocate Emancipation and reform of Parliament, lost no opportunity of laying all the disorder at the doors of Dublin Castle, and of appealing beyond the walls of a Parliament which had ceased to listen to them, to an abstraction called the 'people of Ireland,' of whose adult males at least a fourth part were by 1796 enrolled in the Society of United Irishmen.

> Viva la! the French is coming,
> Viva la! our friends is true!

That was the tune that was moving the hearts of Irish 'patriots,' and Grattan could hardly fail to know it; but his name was still one to conjure with, and, if he had possessed true statesmanship, he might have done much to quiet his misguided countrymen. Instead of that he and his friends, on the eve of the rebellion, openly seceded from Parliament, and thus left the Houses more 'Orange' than before.

Lord Camden had done his very best, but he had been imperfectly seconded by the British Government, which didn't see till almost too late how serious the rebellion had become. Both the Viceroy and his Commander-in-Chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, shrank with horror from the cruelties of their Orange allies, but, until Great Britain would send a sufficient force of regulars,

little choice was left to the Castle but to trust to the Orangemen. The two ablest living Irish statesmen, John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare and Chancellor, and Robert Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, at last prevailed on Pitt to send to Ireland, as Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief, that good soldier Cornwallis, who landed the day before the battle of Vinegar Hill. Castlereagh was to act as Chief Secretary; and to him and Cornwallis the pacification of Ireland was due. Both combined in the highest degree the qualities of mercy and firmness, and were soon able to restrain the excesses of the Yeomanry. Both were strong pro-Catholics, and utterly refused to look upon the rebellion as a religious war; Cornwallis, indeed, considered it to be purely 'Jacobin,' *i.e.* democratic, and underrated the undoubtedly Nationalist, separatist and agrarian character of it. He was pitiless to all ringleaders, who were gradually hunted down and executed or banished, but he wished to grant the widest possible amnesty to their dupes. By the summer of '99 Ireland was quiet.

One result of the rebellion was that all clear-sighted statesmen saw that there must be an end of Home Rule. An incorporating Union of the two Parliaments was the only plank of safety for Great Britain, and, in the opinion of Pitt, Castlereagh and Cornwallis, the only means by which equal justice could be secured for all parties in Ireland. There had been talk of such a Union at intervals during the last hundred and forty years; and up till 1772 the English Colony would probably have acquiesced in it. The rapid prosperity of the years 1779–93 had made all in the other direction, but the last five years had shown that the Irish Parliament was incapable either of ruling justly or of upholding

Imperial interests. Castlereagh rightly foresaw the danger of total separation if the next French landing should be successful, and saw therefore that no time was to be lost. But he ardently desired that such a Union should be accompanied by complete civil equality for both religions and by a large endowment of the Catholic Church. Luckily the Irish Parliament was so corrupt that, if England would only pay the price, it was certain to vote itself out of existence.

The Irish 'patriots,' with Demosthenes-Grattan at their head, would naturally resist, and one is constrained to admire their resistance. They could plead that it was a British measure, introduced in the interests of Great Britain; that their Parliament had been on the whole loyal, and had nobly borne its share of the burdens of the French War; that it represented the intelligence of the country. Dublin 'society' of course was on the same side, and so were the Dublin shopkeepers and lawyers. On the other hand, the more loyal among the Catholics were in favour of Union; all their Bishops were favourable; favourable, too, but for other reasons, was their greatest opponent, Lord Clare, intellectually only second to Castlereagh. He paid a visit to Pitt in October, '98, and won him over to his view that the Union was not to be accompanied by Catholic Emancipation.[1]

Now Pitt's great fault in politics was a certain aloofness, perhaps a shyness, which made him unwilling to discover his whole mind until it was perfectly made up. He had no doubt been brooding over this question for a long time before he mentioned it to his Cabinet in

[1] Pitt intended Emancipation, which he considered could be more fairly granted in the Imperial Parliament, to follow immediately after the Union.

June, '98. Cornwallis went to Ireland in that month, ignorant of Pitt's intentions, but was told in October to sound the Irish leaders of all parties on the subject of Union. In December he was told that the Government meant to carry it at all costs, and that the Catholics must not press their claims until it had been carried.

In January, '99, therefore, Castlereagh introduced the measure in the Irish House of Commons, but was beaten by two votes, whereas in the English House only fourteen votes were given against it. The Irish Houses were prorogued on June 1st, and Cornwallis and Castlereagh spent seven months in the sordid task of buying a Government majority. When the last session of the Irish Parliament opened, in January, 1800, sixty-three seats in the Commons had changed their representatives and were now, in obedience to their 'Borough-owners,' filled with Unionists. These owners had been bought with twenty-eight new Peerages, with twenty-six steps in Peerage, with pensions and with ribands: Borough-owners who proved unbribable had been compensated as well as those who took such bribes for the loss of their 'property'; and, though no actual bribes in money were given, a million and a quarter was spent in such compensations. Grattan reappeared in Parliament, and made two of his most fervid orations against the measure; other strong efforts were made by the Opposition, as much as £5,000 being paid for a single vote against the Union. Clare in the Lords and Castlereagh—no eloquent orator, but a cool master of debate—in the Commons led for the Government, and bore unflinchingly the torrents of patriot eloquence. The best card that the Opposition had to play was the iniquity of forcing

the measure through without a General Election; but Government knew well that to hold an Election was to risk another insurrection, and to give France another opportunity. Its majority dwindled a little, as the fateful weeks ran on, but the work was done and the final victory won by forty-six votes in the Commons and forty-nine in the Lords. The Bill received the Royal Assent on August 1st, 1800. King George put the harp of Ireland on his Royal Standard, and took the opportunity to drop the title of King of France, which his predecessors had held since Edward III.

By the Act of 1800, Ireland was to be represented in the Imperial Parliament by four spiritual (Protestant) and twenty-eight temporal lords, the latter elected for life, as 'representative Peers,' by the rest of the Irish Peerage; by one University, sixty-four County, and thirty-six Borough members. The debts of the two countries were to be kept separate, and Ireland was to contribute to the Imperial Exchequer in the proportion of two to fifteen. Her taxation was not to be equalized with the English, but never to be raised above the English standard; those of her manufactures which would suffer from the otherwise perfect free trade now established between the countries were to be protected for twenty years by a special tariff. The Protestant Church remained established by law, and 'for ever' united with that of England.

That the Union did not fulfil all the expectations of its authors towards restoring peace and prosperity to Ireland cannot be denied. At its date she was, in spite of the last terrible seven years, still a prosperous commercial country. No one in 1800 could have foreseen the fifteen exhausting years of French war which were

to add half a billion to the debts of the United Kingdom. Few foresaw that Britain was near the outset of a policy of free trade, for which Ireland was not nearly as ready as she. One thing and one only Britain demanded from Ireland with increasing appetite, and that was corn. This demand again doubled her population in the next forty years, and it needed the terrible famine of 1846 to halve it again. Least of all could any one have foreseen, with the great Pitt at the helm and the great Castlereagh one day to succeed him, that justice to the Catholics would be refused till 1829. The endowment of their clergy, their admission to Parliament, the redemption of tithe, were all measures upon which Pitt had set his heart. But when, in September, 1800, he opened the question to his Cabinet, he found few supporters. Lord Clare for Ireland and Lord Loughborough for England had 'got at' the King, and when Pitt told George, in January, 1801, that he must carry the Emancipation measure or resign, George answered that he should violate his coronation oath if he were to admit Catholics to Parliament. "None of your damned Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas," said that 'good old' monarch to his Secretary for War, who endeavoured to point out the fallacy of this argument. George, moreover, had another card to play; he could always go mad if you squeezed him too much, and he threatened to do so now. The truth is that Pitt discovered too late that the British people were as hostile to seeing the Catholics in Parliament as the British King. It was the ghost of Bloody Mary that rose up and prevented justice to Ireland.

Pitt, Dundas, Grenville, Windham, Cornwallis, Canning and Castlereagh at once resigned. When in 1807 Gren-

ville moved again the same question, the King again compelled him to resign. Pitt and his friends have been blamed for ever taking office again without forcing Emancipation down the throats of people and King; but we must remember that in 1804 the country was again at death-grips with a France now inspired by the imperial genius of Napoleon. To weather that storm—and Castlereagh was the true pilot who finally weathered it—to save Britain by her exertions and Europe by her example, was a grander task than even to do justice to Irish and British Catholics. But injustice was done, and has left a terrible legacy behind it. Ireland has always fancied, and in later days has been encouraged by unscrupulous English politicians to fancy, that the main injustice was not the withholding of Emancipation, but the abolition of the independent Parliament. If that was so, Ireland has avenged herself terribly, as indeed had already been prophesied by two of her leaders. "A discontented and unguided Ireland," said George Knox, "may one day become as formidable a source of aggressive Jacobinism (*i.e.* democracy) to the English-speaking peoples, as France is upon the Continent, and its baleful influence may extend to the furthest limits of the globe." Grattan's prophetical foresight was even more remarkable :—"We will avenge ourselves by sending into the ranks of your Parliament, and into the very heart of your Constitution, *one hundred of the greatest scoundrels in the Kingdom*." [1]

[1] Lecky, 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' p. 205.

CHAPTER III

INDIA, 1600–1805

In order to understand the history of British India, so far as it comes within our period, we must begin by trying to grasp a few simple geographical and ethnographical facts; first that modern British India is in extent nearly as large and about eight times as populous as modern European Russia; secondly that it is not geographically one country, and only appears on the map to be so because it is a peninsula; thirdly, that, as is the case in most peninsulas, its inhabitants are the leavings of successive race-waves, which have flowed over it from age to age and fought with each other for its riches; fourthly that it was never really united under one Sovereign Power before the days of the Empress-Queen Victoria.

The Peninsula consists of two parts, geographically divided from each other into North and South by the Vindhya mountains, which also send out one long spur Northwards into the plain between the system of the Ganges and the system of the Indus, and another Eastwards into the plain of the lower Ganges. South of these mountains begins a high tableland, studded with innumerable rocky eminences admirably adapted for defence; this tableland, roughly called the Deccan, descends both to Eastern and Western seas in a series

of hill ranges called the 'Ghauts,' and between these Ghauts and the sea lies a strip of plain, narrow on the West coast and broader on the East coast. At the northern back of all lies the greatest mountain chain on earth, that of the Himalayas, rising in places to six miles above sea-level; this is drained by enormous rivers, which make Northern India, or Hindostan proper, the richest and most densely peopled agricultural plain in the World.

In this Peninsula to-day Edward VII. rules by his Viceroy over two hundred and thirty million subjects, and over sixty millions more governed by Princes depending on him. Of these millions an enormous majority consists of agriculturists or peasants of some sort; that is to say, of men whose prosperity is liable to be seriously affected by any unusual manifestation of the forces of nature. In the West we grumblers are so much accustomed to the seasons going wrong that we are almost astonished if the summer is warm or the winter is cold; but in the East the seasons have more normal habits; a wind called a monsoon blows from North-East so many months, and from South-West so many other months; in July, August and September[1] of each year it ought to, and nearly always does rain in torrents; if it does, 'March comes in with the roses.' But if it doesn't there are not only no roses, but no wheat or rice, *i.e.* no food. Then there is a famine and usually a pestilence to follow. On the other hand, if, in consequence of any little dispute among the Elder Gods up in the Himalayan peaks,

[1] On the South-East coast the rains come with the North-Eastern monsoon, not the South-Western; October to December are the rainy months there.

the rains are too heavy or too prolonged, Mother Ganges comes down in double strength and wipes out fences, walls, bridges and villages; she is capable of lifting in one night Ram Pershad's entire landed property and depositing it on the top of that of Ditta Mull farther down stream, out of which accident there will probably arise a very pretty lawsuit between Ditta and Ram. No wonder they and their kind deify Mother Ganges; the wrath of the gods is really only known to people who live face to face with Nature in her most stupendous moods.

Surprises and overwhelming disasters have come to the husbandmen of India from human as well as natural agencies. The whole history of the Peninsula seems to be made up of deluges of invasion from the North. Whence the Aborigines came, we can hardly tell, nor of what stock they were; but they may be still reckoned at over a tenth of the population; their languages are mostly spoken in the far South, and are perhaps akin to those of the Malays; but one finds isolated Colonies of them in many parts of India. The pure Hindoos, of Aryan race and speech akin to our own, undoubtedly came from the North, perhaps three thousand years ago; and from a mixture of these with the Aborigines over half the population is descended. This mixed race is to-day largely Hindoo-ized in religion. Through Persia came Greeks with Alexander in the Fourth Century before Christ; from somewhere 'at the back of beyond' came 'Scythians,' whoever they were, three or four centuries later. But the greatest immigrations in historical times have been the successive races of Mahommedan conquerors, whose invasions cover the period between the Eighth and

Eighteenth Centuries of our era. And these Mahommedan conquerors have probably been for the most part branches of the 'Turanian' family, akin to the Turkish stock, although no doubt some have been Persians and therefore 'Aryans.' Religions have been and are as mixed and as changing as race-elements; the old Hindoo religion was a simple deification of the great Powers of Nature, but has since been much overlaid and corrupted; Buddhism, the fairest flower among Eastern faiths, had its day, but was persecuted almost out of existence; Mahommedanism has proved itself, with some notable exceptions, less persecuting in India than elsewhere.

Traffic with India was well known to Herodotus,[1] who says that the 'farthest men towards the Sunrise' are Indians; Strabo says much the same. Ptolemy, who suspected that India and China were two different countries, divided India into a 'Nearer' and a 'Farther,' the mouth of the Ganges being his dividing line. Mediæval geographers were inclined to add a third India, and to think the Nile rose in one of the three. The only things of which they were sure were that St. Thomas' tomb was somewhere in the Peninsula, and that Adam had been born in Ceylon. There were Christian kings somewhere there, if one could only get at them, but there was also a 'Soldan great and powerful' at Delhi; there, too, were elephants and much gold.[2] It was, of course, the rise of Mahommedanism in the Near East which cut off our real knowledge of, and

[1] III. 98, 106.

[2] A charming picture of India, and indeed of the whole East, is given in the 'Catalan Atlas' of 1375. The kings in this picture sit on their countries and wear their crowns; some of them have Christian names.

our old trade-routes to the Far East. The Red Sea became a Mahommedan lake, and only the almost impossible land route remained even partially open. Hence the heroes of the Renaissance sought to open a new, if longer road by the Ocean. Columbus 'took the wrong turning,' and blundered into the New World on his way to 'India and Cathay.' The Portuguese took the right one, by the Cape of Good Hope, and got there. On the Malabar coast, *i.e.* the South-Western coast of India, they met traders who had come from the true Spice Islands still farther East. These, and not Hindostan, were the goal of Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century traders of whatever nationality, and the Portuguese were the first to reach these Islands. But then the Dutch ousted the Portuguese, and we tried vainly to oust the Dutch.

Both Dutch and Portuguese had made the spice trade a national concern, and devoted national resources to it. But such was not at first the method of the English. It is in the year 1591 that we first hear of an Englishman, Ralph Fitch, returning to London after a residence at the Court of the 'Great Mogul,'[1] Akbar, who was nearly Queen Bess's contemporary, and who ruled from

[1] Whom, once for all, I decline to call 'Mughal.' Most of us learned, in fifth-form holiday tasks, that Clive seized the fort of Budge-Budge, and Chief Justice Impey hanged Nuncomar; I am too old to write 'Baj-Baj' and 'Nanda-Kumar,' or to call the Cuddalore of my childhood 'Gudalur' (with accents at the pleasure of the Reformer); I begin to fear that, under the reformed spelling, I may even fail to recognize my old friend Hurry Punt when I come to him. What a strange age is this which busies itself with correct spellings of Hindoo names and correct (?) pronunciations of Latin and Greek words, while taking vigorous steps to prevent English boys from learning the Latin and Greek languages!

Afghanistan to the Vindhya mountains; his capital cities were Agra and Delhi. About the same time we have the first recorded voyage of an English ship to India, that of Captain Lancaster in the *Edward Bonaventure*, 1591–4. A year or two later the London merchants of the 'Levant Company,' finding their Mediterranean trade to Turkey getting crippled by the Spaniards, applied to the Queen for leave to trade to India by the route of the Cape. Hence was formed, in 1599, the 'Governor and Company of the Merchants of London trading with the East Indies,' or, more shortly, the 'East India Company.' Their Charter, granted on the last day of the great Sixteenth Century, gave them, for fifteen years, exclusive privilege of such trade, leave to export from England a certain amount of silver, and leave to visit any lands in the East not in the possession of 'friendly and Christian Princes.' The irony of the wording was probably unconscious; but the truth was that a heathen Prince might quite probably be friendly to traders of other nations than his own, whereas a Christian was certain to be hostile. What the Queen meant was, 'but don't you embroil me with Spain or Portugal.' They proceeded to embroil her successors with both and with the Dutch.

From the first they were unpopular at home for four main reasons: (*a*) because of their enormous profits, (*b*) because they exported silver, (*c*) because they had a monopoly, (*d*) because they imported fabrics of silk and cotton, which competed in the home market with home-made woollen goods. This unpopularity lasted, off and on, until the trade was thrown open to all British subjects in 1813. Let us consider in a little more detail the four heads just given. (*a*) The profits were enor-

mous; two hundred per cent. on your 'venture' was not an uncommon return in the reign of James I. At first all the subscribed capital of the Company was embarked in a single voyage (of one or more ships), and the 'concern wound up,' as we should say, when the ships returned. The subscribers might, and probably did embark fresh capital in the next voyage, but were not obliged to do so. From the date of Cromwell's Charter, 1657, the Company's stock became permanent, in fact became a true 'joint-stock,' whose shares might be bought and sold 'on Change.' Down to the dissolution of the Company in 1858, these shares, though liable to great fluctuations, remained one of the best possible investments of capital in Great Britain.

(*b*) A fierce controversy raged throughout the Seventeenth Century on the question of the export of silver. The demand for silver in India, whose mines were very imperfectly explored, was enormous. All our silver came from the New World, and one school of economists said we ought to keep at home every shilling we could get. But the East India Company was able, on the whole, to prove that by the export of a small quantity of silver it was able to buy in India goods of enormous value, which it could afterwards sell to other European nations for far more silver than had been exported to buy them, or even for gold.

(*c*) The affairs of the Company formed a favourite battle ground between the old principles of monopoly and of trade regulated by governments, and the growing principle of 'free trade.' From the first there were numerous 'interlopers,' whom the Company called pirates; and very early in its history it had to make some concessions to these. For instance, the carrying

trade from port to port in India was left tolerably free; in much later days ships built by British subjects in Indian ports were allowed to bring home a limited quantity of goods. When our American Colonists began, early in the Eighteenth Century, to feel their naughty feet, they proved to be the most adroit and successful infringers of the Company's monopoly. But, long before that, the monopoly was in danger at home; Charles I., *more suo*, turned a dishonest penny by now selling and now revoking permissions to interlopers to violate the Company's Charter, which was always renewed for periods of years. Always, in fact, the Company had to bribe somebody; the King before the Revolution and the Houses of Parliament after that event. And so gradually King, Houses and Nation began to treat the Company, and the Empire which it was so quietly founding, as National Concerns.

(*d*) To the Company's quarrel with the makers of woollen goods I shall referred elsewhere,[1] but it is worth remembering here that cotton fabrics were not allowed perfectly free entry to England until 1774. With this exception, however, all Indian goods were welcomed and eagerly bought at home.

But 'Indian goods' proper were really an afterthought. When the first Charter was granted, men's palates and stomachs, rasped and acidulated by salt food, were crying out for spices, and spices were the real object of all the early voyages. It was only when the Dutch beat us utterly out of the true Spice Islands (and they had finally done this before the Seventeenth Century was half over) that the Company turned all its energies to the coasts of Hindostan. There it had very

[1] *Vide infra*, p. 206.

early established a Factory at Surat, in the teeth of Portuguese opposition but with the favour of the Great Mogul. Captain Best in 1612, and Captain Downton in 1615, strewed the Gulf of Cambay with the wrecks of enormously superior Portuguese 'Armadas,' of 'galleons, frigates, grabs and gallivats'; and it was this Best, or perhaps Captain William Hawkins a few months before, who obtained for us our first real licence for trade. This licence, says Mr. Orme, the best historian of early British India, was at first a mere *husbullhookum* (apparently an inferior article signed only by the Grand Vizier), but soon strengthened by a real *firman* or edict from the Mogul himself. But we must try to realize that, once a Factory or House of Trade was established in such a country as India, it would very soon have to protect itself by force either against European rivals or against temporary outbreaks of Native hostility. The Mogul Empire, the greatest in India before our own, dated only from the early Sixteenth Century, and though it survived as a shadow till 1857, it lost all its power with the death of Aurungzebe in 1707. It was only during his reign of fifty years that the Mogul power was extended into the Deccan, and in the process of that extension its hold on the North was very much weakened. After 1707 the Empire was split up among 'Nabobs' and 'Subahdars' (viceroys), owing but not paying allegiance to Aurungzebe's successors at Delhi; such men were, like the Moguls, usually Mahommedans in religion; but in some parts of India old Hindoo Kings and 'Rajahs' recovered their kingdoms or carved out new ones. Orme well points out that, even under Mahommedan Sovereigns, the real power was often in the hands of Hindoo ministers, for a successful

Mahommedan usually becomes sensual and lazy, whereas the temperate and vegetarian Hindoo, adapting himself better to his own climate, has free scope for his master-passions of avarice and intrigue,[1] and easily outwits his Sovereign. On the whole it was a Hindoo and not a Mahommedan India that we had to conquer.

The Mogul with whom we now were dealing was Jehangir, an honourable sovereign when he was sober, and to him in 1615, to get confirmation of these grants, came Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from King James. The Mogul had in fact not a little to gain from a Treaty with a Sea-Power, which could protect Mahommedan pilgrims crossing the Indian Ocean on pilgrimages to the Holy City of Mecca, for that ocean swarmed with pirates.[2] But on the Eastern coast of India, whither our attentions were soon afterwards directed, we had less claims on the Mogul's courtesy, nor had he, as yet, any power at all South of the Vindhya mountains. On the East coast, too, we were to meet tougher rivals in the persons of the Dutch, who had already got factories at Chinsurah on the Hooghly and at Masulipatam; and, in later days, the French. In 1632 we managed to establish ourselves at Cuttack in Orissa, and thence in 1650 we moved to Hooghly on the Hooghly river, having also, between these dates, built a factory in 1639 far away South at Madras. At the end of the Seventeenth Century our Hooghly settlement finally took root, under the auspices of the valiant Job Charnock, at Calcutta, a village seventy miles from open sea, on a noble reach of the great river, and

[1] Such are the persons whom we to-day call 'Baboos.'

[2] And with Portuguese, whose crusading spirit prompted them to cut off Moslem pilgrims.

therefore admirably situated for trade, but desperately unhealthy :—

> 'Power on silt,
> Death in her hands, but gold!'

Meanwhile Bombay, part of the dowry of his Portuguese Queen, had been in 1668 leased to the Company by Charles II. for the modest rent of ten pounds a year; fifteen years later the Factory at Surat was abandoned in favour of Bombay. And so, before the first hundred years of the Company had run out, the 'Three Presidencies' were already in existence. Each of these boasts some special founder or defender in some hour of peril; Madras owes all to Francis Day, Bombay to Gerald Angier, the first Englishman to enlist and drill native troops or 'Sepoys' for the Company's service, and Calcutta to Job Charnock. At each step forward which its servants in India felt compelled to take, the Directors of the Company in London, anxious for dividends and peace, but never really without visions of future Empire, grumbled yet acquiesced in the opinion of the 'man on the spot.' In 1673 a great step towards power was taken when the Ocean rock of St. Helena was seized as a watering station for the Company's ships.

The leaders in the Great Rebellion, after long looking askance at the monopoly, ended by accepting it and the Company as National Facts, and Cromwell treated India as a Concern of State. Charles II. was a most staunch, if not wholly a disinterested friend. His reign was the age of Sir Josiah Child, greatest of East India merchants at home, and of his brother Sir John Child, President of the Factories at Surat and Bombay. At

that date, too, began to appear the first symptoms of the break up of the Mogul Empire; Sivaji, of noble Rajpoot descent and Hindoo faith, began to create the Mahratta Nation and to ravage Hindostan from end to end. In 1664 he plundered Surat but spared our Factory; a few years later, Angier at Bombay beat off Malabar pirates by sea and Mahrattas by land. Meanwhile the Pathans from the North-Western passes of the Himalayas began to raid the Punjaub. And about the date of the English Revolution it became clear that no *husbullhookums* or even *firmans* from the Peacock Throne of Delhi would protect our settlements much longer. The Directors of the Company sighed, but began to prepare for war with troublesome Viceroys, or, if necessary, with Aurungzebe himself; its Presidents began to collect the revenue in the little strips of territory round their forts, and to enlist and drill Sepoys. And then, of course, the shares began to go down on the Stock Exchange.

The Revolution brought the Company for a time into a very awkward corner. Child, its leading spirit, a strong Royalist and Tory, had carried matters in Leadenhall Street with a high hand. There were Whigs, and powerful ones, among the shareholders, but he had triumphed over them. Interlopers, to whom Whiggish shareholders wished to make concessions, had multiplied exceedingly. But Child stood firm, brought and won against a Mr. Sandys an action in which the whole question of the lawfulness and expediency of the monopoly was thrashed out, and then prosecuted Interlopers wholesale. Some of these persons took to piracy and robbed the Company's ships; others went to India and got private concessions from native Princes in the teeth

of the Company. By 1690 the Interlopers were a body with a respectable amount of cohesion, clamouring either for free trade, enlargement of the Company, or a rival charter. William III. most sensibly favoured the second of these plans; but, after much fumbling and bribery of courtiers and members of Parliament by both parties, the Whigs won the day. In 1698 a 'New East India Company' was formed and a charter granted to its merchants, who in return subscribed largely to a great loan to the Government. The leaders of the Old Company appeared beaten, though their charter was not yet revoked; they lay low and said little.

They had, in fact, one great card to play. All the 'good will and stock' of the trade was their private property; theirs were the *firmans*, theirs were the ships of great draught and excellent staying power, specially built and heavily armed for the trade, theirs the buildings and the experienced servants. The 'New' led off with a great splash, created, on paper, three Presidencies at Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, and sent a pompous embassy to Aurungzebe, who was then busy with a Mahratta war. The Mogul seems to have been honestly puzzled by the whole business; party government and its consequences were out of the sphere of his concepts, and the embassy failed to obtain any favours from him. His Nabobs, who were getting stronger as he got weaker, conceived that they might make something out of this quarrel of the intrusive strangers, and so in 1702 the Nabob of the Carnatic, the country between the Eastern Ghauts and the sea, attacked Madras, which was valiantly defended for the Old Company by Thomas Pitt, grandfather of Lord Chatham. And the New Company was soon in

such a bad way that it was ready to accept almost any terms of amalgamation that the Old might be willing to grant it.

Marlborough's wars had just begun, and with them a new and serious danger for British India—the danger from French rivalry. And therefore in 1708, both parties at home willingly accepted Lord Godolphin's 'award,' by which the basis of the Old Company was so far widened as to admit the shareholders of the New; the monopoly was confirmed to the United Company. A French East India Company had received a charter as far back as 1609, but the earliest French Factories only date from about 1668; in 1674 was founded the French settlement of Pondicherry, on the Coromandel Coast, about eighty miles South of Madras. On this coast, seventy years later, the duel between the two nations was to begin, and in the interval the commerce of the English Company had made gigantic strides. Meanwhile, the Mogul Empire had gone to pieces, and we begin to hear of a 'Nizam' of the Deccan, ruling in practical independence at Hyderabad and Aurungabad, and nominating Nabobs at his pleasure.

France, however, had provided herself, against the opening of the duel, with a station of great importance. After her failure to plant colonies in Madagascar she had occupied, towards the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, the Mascarene Islands, in latitude 20° South, and called them 'Isle de France,' now Mauritius and British, and 'Isle de Bourbon,' now Réunion. In the year 1735 a Breton gentleman called La Bourdonnais became Governor there, and, in nine years, had made Mauritius, both in strength and wealth, a rival and a halfway house to the French settlements in India, which now

comprised, besides Pondicherry, Chandernagore[1] on the Hooghly and Mahé on the South-West or 'Malabar' Coast. La Bourdonnais appears to have been a man who could build you a fleet out of nothing at a few months' notice. But French India was weakly supported both by its Company and its Government at home. The former had gone bankrupt in 1720 and had been with difficulty reconstructed. French investors are timid; "every one in my country who possesses anything," said Napoleon III. once to Queen Victoria, "has little courage." The French Company threw up one or two servants of great ability, but always dreaded their impetuosity; it recalled them at critical moments, and then there was no one to take their places. In the English Company's service the same thing occasionally happened, but there were always numbers of men not afraid of responsibility ready to step forward and to save the situation.

On the other hand, French Governors, by greater imaginative power and greater concessions to native feeling, appealed with more success than Englishmen to native prejudices and ideas.[2] The title of 'Nabob'

[1] Chandernagore, now perhaps the tiniest 'Colony' in the World, must always have been at the mercy of the Power that held Calcutta, for it lies a little way up the river from our Capital.

[2] We have seen the same results of the French temperament in operation among the simple natives of North America (*vide supra*, Vol. III., p. 190); but in India was a wider field of credulity to which to appeal. The ignorance of the natives of India concerning the habits of Europeans is well illustrated in the Autobiography (?) of a Sepoy called Seetaram, who joined the Bengal Army in 1812. Though he lived in Oude and was of the highest caste he had never seen a '*Sahib*' (Englishman) till he grew up, but he had believed that Sahibs were born from eggs which grew on trees, and that '*Mem-Sahibs*' (ladies) had wings!

used to be given in derision to Englishmen who returned home with a bad liver and a *crore* of rupees to purchase seats in Parliament; but a French Governor of Pondicherry actually assumed the title out there without a wink of shame and dressed for the part. The career of M. Dupleix, Governor of Chandernagore 1730–41, of Pondicherry 1741–54, well illustrates the causes of French success and failure in India. In the former settlement he had done wonders and extended its trade from Persia to Japan; in the latter he had to fight for dear life against Madras, and he almost won.

In treating of the history of this contest, I will try to spare my readers details, dates and names, especially Indian names, as far as possible. The first period which we must set ourselves is the surrender of Pondicherry to the British in 1761; and we must remember that although between 1748 and 1756 there is peace at home, there is really none in India. We may treat it all as one war from 1744 to 1761, and we may safely call it 'Clive's War.' For the first few years it is, roughly speaking, Stringer Lawrence and Clive *versus* Dupleix on the Coromandel Coast; then it is Clive *versus* the Nabob of Bengal on the Hooghly; finally it is Forde, Stringer Lawrence and Eyre Coote, all inspired by Clive, *versus* Count Bussy and Count Lally all along the Eastern coast of India. In the background looms, if not always a British Navy, at least a British fleet of armed 'East Indiamen.' Whenever there is peace at home these leaders can go on fighting each other under the guise of 'assisting Native Allies.' Of the two great Native Powers of the immediate future, the Sultan of Mysore has not yet appeared above the horizon, while the horsemen of the Central

Confederacy known as the Mahrattas flash hither and thither levying tributes and raiding, but play as yet no leading part. It is, then, with deputies of the shadowy Mogul, or deputies of these deputies, such as the Nizam of the Deccan, the Nabob of the Carnatic, the Nabob of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, that both France and England will have to deal. And if we incline to be astonished at victories won by three or four hundred Europeans and a couple of thousand Sepoys over native Armies of fifty thousand men and a hundred guns, we may read Orme's startling account of the military art as understood by Indian Princes. Orme had seen it in working, or rather in failure to work; 'the Infantry a multitude of people assembled together without regard to rank-and-file, some with swords and targets, some with matchlocks of most uncertain fire, some with lances too long or too weak to be of any service.' The Cavalry is better, but 'as each man provides his own horse, it is the interest of the rider to fight as little as possible, for if the horse is killed the owner is ruined. When a Chief is killed his followers usually run away at once.' As for the guns, we learn elsewhere that if they were fired once in half an hour it was reckoned a feat. Indeed, then, it was a case of 'the thicker the hay, the more easy to mow it.' To the French, acting under the orders of the civilian Dupleix, belongs the credit of first discovering these facts; and, from the date of that discovery, odds of ten dark faces to one white one have always been reckoned fair for Europeans to face.

On the other hand, we must remember that there were fighting races in the Peninsula who, when we did meet them in later years, gave a very different account of themselves and of us; such were the old aristocracies

of Rajpootana, several of the Mahratta clans, the Sikhs of the Punjaub, the Ghoorkas of Nepaul, and the fanatic Pathans of the far North-West; and we must also remember that, when well led, British Sepoys of all races fought by our side with a valour unsurpassed by any European troops and endured privation far more cheerfully than these.

It was distinctly in imitation of the French force already existing at Pondicherry that Major Stringer Lawrence began to enlist and drill Sepoys upon a large scale, to defend the Madras Presidency. India was, indeed, at that day the happy hunting-ground of broken men and military adventurers ready to serve for pay; Lawrence's rank-and-file were often purchased slaves from all parts of the Asiatic world; it was not till about '58 that the Madras Government began to enlist natives of the Carnatic. The Bengal Army which Clive founded came to be made up of Hindoos, Rajpoots, Afghans; that of Bombay had at first a large admixture of natives of Africa. But in all three Presidencies the recruiting was at first quite haphazard. Native subalterns and captains, with a very slight sprinkling of Europeans, seem to have been the rule in early days; gradually the proportion of European officers became greater. When in 1796 the Native Army was first reorganized as a whole, it was found to number in the three Presidencies, 57,000 men, Bombay having only 9,000 of these, Madras[1] and Bengal 24,000 each. A native cavalry regiment of 426 sabres would then have 15 British commissioned to 12 native commissioned officers; the non-commis-

[1] One is sorry to learn that in 1756 the Madras Army was for the first time clothed in uniform because the Company had a great quantity of unsaleable cloth in its stores!

sioned officers were 4 British and 39 natives; an infantry battalion of 800 men had 22 British and 20 native officers, 1 British and 100 native 'non-coms.' At the same date the European troops on Indian service numbered 13,000, but, a few years before, Lord Cornwallis, no bad judge, criticized very severely the rank-and-file of which the Company's European regiments were composed; for the Sepoys as a whole he had great praise; "in size," he once told the Duke of York, "they would not disgrace the Prussian ranks." The word of command in the native Armies seems to have been given either in '*Urdu*' or in some sort of travesty of English[1]; uniforms were at first exceedingly various; to this day, I am told, some of the feudatory Princes dress their officers and men after the pattern worn by my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim in King William III.'s wars.

News of the declaration of war between France and England having reached Pondicherry in 1745, Dupleix, though ordered by his Company at home to avoid hostilities as far as possible, was all on fire to begin

[1] 'Every Officer of Sepoys,' say 'General Orders' at Madras, 1770, 'ought to be acquainted with the Moorish [*i.e. Urdu*] language.' The standard height for the ranks was 5 ft. 6 in. The pay was six rupees a month for a Sepoy, sixty for a *Subahdar*. The difficulty in the cases of all native Armies was to prevent the Sepoys sending *all* their pay to their families. The centre of the whole system was the commander of each battalion, who was supposed to be 'a father to his children.' After Lawrence, Joseph Smith was the true organizer of the Madras Army. The Bengal Army was slightly better paid (seven rupees a month per Sepoy) and was always of much higher quality than that of Madras; this was emphatically the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who attributed it to the higher castes from which the men were drawn.

them ; but he was obliged to wait until La Bourdonnais' Fleet arrived, and then, in 1747, he pounced upon Madras and took it with ease. He professed to the Nabob of the Carnatic, who ruled at Arcot, that he would hold the captured city for him, but that potentate, when he came to claim his conquest, was surprised to find his 10,000 men driven in headlong flight back to Arcot by 230 Frenchmen and 700 French Sepoys. Some English fugitives had escaped from Madras to the English Fort of St. David, a few miles South of Pondicherry, and among these was Robert Clive, aged twenty-two, a 'writer' or civil servant of the British Company. Clive is one of those instances, much rarer than they are commonly believed to be, of a man with no previous military experience leaping at once to the front in every branch of the soldier's profession. He was the soul of the defence, under Stringer Lawrence, of Fort St. David, which the French vainly besieged till 1748, when the arrival of Admiral Boscawen with a British Fleet turned the tables and led us to a counter-siege of Pondicherry. There, too, Clive greatly distinguished himself, but Dupleix's resolution foiled all attacks. Then in '49 came news of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which restored Madras to the British.

Peace on the Coromandel Coast? Not a bit of it; Dupleix was busy nursing candidates for the 'thrones' of Arcot and Hyderabad, to each of which there was a disputed succession. The British thereon espoused, in each case, the cause of the rival candidate, and the two Powers went on fighting as 'auxiliaries.' In the Deccan, by the year '51, the French seemed to be completely successful; Count Bussy kept his man on the throne of Hyderabad and, under his shadow, extended French

influence over much of the coast lying between Madras and Calcutta, especially in the district known as the 'Northern Sirkars.' But in the Carnatic Dupleix was foiled by the daring of Clive and the strategy of Stringer Lawrence. Although for a long time our candidate for the Nabobship and a good part of our troops were shut up and besieged far away south at Trichinopoly, Clive turned the French flank by his astonishing seizure and defence of Arcot itself, sixty-nine miles inland from Madras. He had only 200 British and 300 Sepoys, and he held the citadel of Arcot for two months against a host of men (1751), and inflicted a severe defeat on them as they retreated. This enabled Lawrence, early in '52, to relieve Trichinopoly. All '52–3–4 the war went on with varying success, but wherever Clive appeared he snatched victory out of what had looked like certain ruin. When, in 1753, his health compelled him to go home for a season, Lawrence worthily upheld the cause, and thrice defeated in open field forces sent by Dupleix to renew the siege of Trichinopoly. It was in '55 that Colonel Coote came to Madras with the 39th Regiment, the first 'King's Regiment'[1] that had been seen in India—hence its motto :—'Primus in Indis.' In the autumn of '54, just as Great Britain and France were getting on uneasy terms with each other again, the French Company recalled its one strong man, Dupleix,[2] and replaced him by a silly fellow, who patched up a truce with the British, giving up much that France

[1] Not actually the first King's troops. Some few soldiers had been sent to Bombay as early as 1665, and on board Boscawen's Fleet in 1748 there had been some Royal troops.

[2] France to-day commemorates Dupleix in the name of one of her cruisers, but the British Navy has no *Clive* or *Hastings*.

had won and more that she had claimed. Our candidate received the throne of Arcot as Nabob of the Carnatic.

The truce was, however, but little observed, and when, in '56, Clive returned to India as a Colonel and Governor of Fort St. David, he was full of the intention of upsetting the influence that Count Bussy had established in the Deccan and the Northern Sirkars. He was, in fact, just going to tackle this job when bad news arrived from Bengal. In that province French, Dutch, and English Companies had been alike prosperous and had, so far, avoided serious disputes. All had pushed their commercial establishments far up the Ganges, and even beyond the Nabob's Capital, which was at Moorshedabad. The great river brought trade enough for all, and occasional Mahratta raids had done little to interrupt it, although one of these led to the digging of the so-called 'Mahratta ditch' as a defence for Calcutta on the land side. Charnock's old fort, called Fort William, was in sad disrepair, but the late Nabob, Allaverdy Khan, had been, on the whole, a good friend to Calcutta. Now, however, he was dead and a wretched debauched youth called Suraja Dowla reigned in his stead. This person, apparently from mere lust of immediate plunder, attacked first our Factory at Cossimbazar, which was nearest to his Capital, plundered it successfully, and then jumped at Calcutta. The Governor made but feeble attempts to defend Fort William, then fled to the shipping in the river and dropped downstream. The few English left behind, 145 men and at least one lady, fought valiantly till their powder was spent; they then surrendered and were thrust, apparently without the knowledge of the Nabob, into a little guardroom called the 'Black Hole,' where

all but twenty-three died of suffocation in the night, June 20th, 1756. Suraja plundered the town, left a garrison, and marched away. When this news reached Madras it was resolved to send Clive with every available soldier at once to Bengal. The difficulties and delays incident to Indian warfare and navigation are well illustrated by the fact that Clive, who sailed from Madras in Admiral Watson's Fleet in October, did not land in the Hooghly till the end of the year. He brought with him some 700 British, 100 half-breeds, and 1,200 Sepoys. He at once seized Budge-Budge and recaptured Calcutta and Hooghly. The Nabob advanced, 40,000 strong, to chastise him, but his horsemen, after receiving a volley or two from Clive, ran away, and the poor creature was obliged to agree to a Treaty restoring all our Factories and promising compensation for his raid.

So far so good, or so bad; Suraja might have gone on reigning at Moorshedabad and plundered the British again when he next thought of it. But in March, '57, Clive learned that France was again at war with Great Britain, and it seemed to him a pity to leave the French settlement at Chandernagore untaken. So he took it. Then it seemed a pity to leave such a fellow as Suraja (who not unnaturally flamed up again at this insult to his 'sovereignty') unthrashed. Moreover, plenty of offers came to Clive, from Suraja's own servants, to betray him; and so the Colonel selected one of these traitors, called Meer Jaffeer, and resolved to do with him what Bussy had done with his tame viceroy in the Deccan—namely, put him on the throne at Moorshedabad and let the Company rule his provinces in his name. Letters were passing and repassing between Clive and Jaffeer, when the agent in the intrigue, one Omichund,

suddenly came to Clive and threatened to tell Suraja what was going on unless he got an enormous bribe. Clive deceived this blackmailing rascal by a written promise to pay the bribe, to which he was afterwards accused of having forged Admiral Watson's name. Watson seems to have had scruples about signing the promise, but apparently did not object to some one signing behind his back on his behalf. It would have been more honourable, for both Clive and Watson, if they had paid Omichund his bribe and immediately hanged him. Clive also to some extent sullied his own fame by accepting enormous presents in hard cash from Jaffeer. True, it was not then forbidden for the Company's servants to accept such presents, but Clive's were on an unheard-of scale, and a man so great as he ought to have risen above the temptation; when in later years he administered Bengal for the Company, he did his best to extirpate the vile practice of accepting large presents from natives.

Meanwhile, the Nabob's Army was advancing down the river again, and Meer Jaffeer was nominally in command of one wing of it. In mid-June, 1757, it lay at Plassey, some thirty miles South of Moorshedabad; of infantry there were 35,000, of cavalry 18,000, of guns fifty, while fifty brave Frenchmen had four little guns of their own. Clive, by no means sure that Jaffeer would keep troth with him, advanced to Plassey with his 700 British, his 100 half-castes, and an increased force, say 2,000, of Sepoys; thus the odds were nearly twenty to one. Plassey, however, which won for us Bengal, can hardly be called a regular battle. On June 22nd Clive's little Army took good cover behind a mudbank and let Suraja's heavy guns play on them till they

were tired. A fierce shower spoiled this practice at midday, and when the Nabob's troops advanced to try and force Clive's position, they were met by withering volleys and their only faithful general was killed. Suraja thereon fled, and his main Army followed him, only the few French gentlemen standing firm. Jaffeer's troops, however, moved ominously round as if to take Clive in flank, and perhaps, indeed, Jaffeer was still hesitating which side he should betray, when the English sprang at him from their cover and attacked him fiercely. That settled his views, and by five o'clock the battle, such as it was, was won. Next day Clive greeted Jaffeer as Nabob of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and proceeded to install him at Moorshedabad. To keep him good Clive selected as Resident at his court a young civil servant, aged twenty-five, called Warren Hastings. Suraja was put to death by Jaffeer's orders, and I don't think we need waste much pity on him. Omichund, tricked of his promised bribe, went on a pious pilgrimage to a Hindoo shrine, and returned to his old trade of banker a somewhat disappointed man; he probably never attempted blackmail upon quite such a royal scale again.

Jaffeer is indeed the person most to be pitied; he was not a strong man and he was in the grasp of a terribly strong man. He was also surrounded by treachery, as black as had been his own towards Suraja. Before the end of '57 his province of Behar was in revolt, and he was obliged to call to his new masters for help. Clive quietly moved troops up to Patna, the capital of Behar, put down the revolt, and returned in May, '58, to rebuild Fort William at Calcutta. Every one, meanwhile, dipped their hands in Jaffeer's purse. All that year

Madras kept crying for Clive to come back, for the French Government was awake at last and was sending royal French troops to Pondicherry. But Clive knew that Bengal was yet but half subdued, and therefore, instead of returning, he conceived the fine idea of striking swiftly at a point lying between the Northern and the Southern spheres of danger. So he sent his best lieutenant, Colonel Forde, to Vizagapatam in the Northern Sirkars, where Bussy had established French power. Forde rallied a local Rajah to help him, defeated a French Army at Condore, marched South and, in the face of fearful odds, stormed Masulipatam. This not only had the effect of expelling every Frenchman from the coast between Orissa and the Carnatic, but paralysed all would-be allies of the French in India.

In '59, after again putting down a rebellion against Jaffeer in Behar, Clive made the sad discovery that poor Jaffeer had been making advances to the Dutch, who still kept their Hooghly Factory at Chinsurah. Holland was indeed at peace with Britain at home, but that did not restrain Dutch agents in India. In October, '59, a considerable Dutch Fleet having arrived at Chinsurah, the Dutch were ready to listen to Jaffeer; but at the same time Forde returned to Calcutta victorious from Masulipatam. Clive hurled him at the town of Chinsurah, hurled the three small Company's ships then in the river at the Dutch seven, and sank or took six of these, while Forde wiped out just double his own numbers of Mynheers on land. Jaffeer trembled to the bottom of his slippers, and Clive made no reproaches to him for his intended treachery. The end of Dutch as of French rivalry in Bengal had come, and Clive, having won for the Company the practical dominion of

Bengal, Behar and Orissa, sailed for England in February, '60.

Probably none of these victories would have borne lasting fruit had the British Fleet not been successful over the French in other parts of the World. The command of a distant dependency like India must ultimately rest upon sea-power and the succour which sea-power can bring. France might hold the excellent naval base of the Mauritius, but, unless she kept it constantly full of naval stores for repairing and victualling ships, and unless she kept on sending ships to hold the seas, it would be of little use to her. The last act of the drama was really played out by Admirals Pocock and d'Aché. The latter arrived on the Coromandel Coast in April, '58, with a dozen French sail of the line, a valiant soldier of Irish descent called Count Lally, and twelve hundred good French troops, an enormous Army for the India of the day. But, before Lally could attack Madras, up came Pocock in inferior force and knocked d'Aché's ships about so badly that he had to go to Pondicherry to mend his rigging. Lally, however, landed and took Fort St. David and Cuddalore. But he then exhausted his men in a long southward march to Tanjore, out of whose Rajah he wished to squeeze money with which to enlist more Sepoys. In August Pocock fought d'Aché again and drove him to Mauritius, where he found little comfort either in victuals or rigging, and so at last Lally had to begin his siege of Madras without help from the sea. Five long months his men starved before our walls, and then fell back on Arcot, which he had lately occupied. It was the last time the French took the offensive. All '59 they hung about in the 'hinterland' of Madras; d'Aché reappeared in the autumn, was again

beaten, and left Indian seas for good. Soon afterwards arrived Colonel Coote with six hundred fresh English troops, beat Lally after a desperate battle at Wandewash (January, 1760), and began to retake one by one all our lost strongholds in the Carnatic. At last Lally was driven into, and besieged in Pondicherry. Most valiantly he held its walls, and most vainly he looked for d'Aché's topmasts on the horizon. Pondicherry was at once the Quebec and the Montreal of French India, and it surrendered at last to starvation in January, 1761. In July, '62, occurred the memorable expedition from Madras against the Spanish post of Manila in the Philippine Islands ; memorable because for the first time Sepoys were induced to cross the sea—a most perilous thing for their caste. The expedition, though not 2,000 strong, was completely successful and Manila was stormed on October 6th ; but it soon became clear that to hold the Philippines would be another matter. However, the Peace of Paris soon relieved us of the responsibility, for Manila was restored to Spain ; and the Treaty also allowed the French to reoccupy Pondicherry as well as Chandernagore and Mahé, but with the stipulation that the second of these should only be a trading and unfortified station.

Thus, in less than twenty years, the British East India Company had ousted its rivals and become, on the lower Ganges and in the Carnatic, practical, though not yet legal, sovereign of wide districts which it defended and administered in the name of local Rajahs and Nabobs. Each step in the aggression had seemed to be necessary as a measure of defence, and each such step was destined to lead on to another, although never again were any steps to be so rapid, so cheaply purchased,

or so startling in results. The results were indeed startling, and seem to have turned the heads of the young and often half-educated civilians who had to administer the new territories. These, being ridiculously underpaid by the Company, had long been in the habit of enriching themselves by private trade, and now the 'possibility of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice' was too much for them. In Bengal especially a perfect reign of plunder set in, and the shame of it afterwards recoiled on the heads of the very men who tried to stop it, Clive and Hastings. Meer Jaffeer being obviously squeezed dry, it occurred to the civilians at Calcutta to depose him, and to set up another new Nabob who would pay almost anything for his elevation; so they chose Jaffeer's son-in-law, Meer Kossim, a much falser and much more able man. He was no sooner seated on his new throne than, first of native Princes, he began to train an Army in European drill and discipline, employing for this purpose a renegade Alsatian called Reinart.

Meanwhile, other trouble was brewing for the unconscious British. The Great Mogul of the day, Shah Alum, was a very Small Mogul territorially, and indeed an Afghan raid had just driven him from Delhi and he was a wanderer on the frontier of Oude; but his name still counted for something, and he had a sort of Army. Kossim, already seeking to throw over his Calcutta masters, addressed himself to this Mogul, who was willing after some haggling to recognize him as Nabob. Early in '63 Kossim and Reinart sprang upon Patna, slaughtered the garrison, and imprisoned some two hundred British survivors there. Then came the valiant Major Thomas Adams, whose half-forgotten campaign of 1763 is one of the real wonders of Indian history;

he won the victories of Sooty and Oondwah Nullah, stormed Patna, though too late to save the British prisoners whom Reinart massacred, and finally drove Kossim's Army in headlong flight into Oude. These victories were not over mobs such as Clive had beaten at Plassey, but over disciplined troops in strongly fortified positions, and never less than eight to Adams' one. In Oude ruled another Nabob, Shuja Dowla (not to be confused with Suraja Dowla), and now he and Kossim and the Mogul made a triple alliance and hardened their hearts against the British, for whom matters were made worse by the successive breakdown in health of Adams and his able lieutenant Knox, and then by mutinies both of the European and the native troops.

These complained that the civilians had defrauded them of pay and prize-money, which was only too true, and Carnac, who succeeded to Adams' command, was incapable of dealing with the situation, although he managed to defend Patna against an advance of the Allies. He was soon replaced by Hector Munro, who blew the native mutineers [1] from guns, restored order, and successfully hurled his little force against the enemy at Buxar near Benares (October, 1764). The effect of his victory was that Kossim was abandoned by both his friends and disappeared from the scene, while Shah Alum sought our friendship; and so Clive, who landed in May, 1765, as Governor of Bengal, was able to conclude a good Peace with the latter as well as with the Nabob of Oude. To the Mogul was given a considerable strip of territory called the province of Allahabad, and he, in return for this, confirmed in legal

[1] The mutiny of the Europeans was over before Munro's arrival.

fashion our Sovereignty in Bengal, Behar, Orissa and the Northern Sirkars. This gave us legal right to raise and enjoy the vast revenue of these provinces, which was mainly paid in form of a land-rent, and gave us also the command of all troops. There was still to be a Nabob at Moorshedabad, and he was to be allowed the criminal jurisdiction of the three provinces, and to have a modest pension of £300,000 a year. The Mogul was to have a tribute of twice as much, which we did not insult him by calling a 'pension.'

Clive's other task, during his brief visit of twenty-two months, was a heroic and partly successful attempt to purge the civil and military Services of the taint of corruption. He raised salaries, and absolutely forbade private trade and the acceptance of presents from natives. The Calcutta civilians were furious, and even inspired the officers of the gallant little Army to kick against their 'field allowances' being cut down. Two hundred of these threatened to resign their commissions; Clive arrested and cashiered the ringleaders, gave commissions to civilians in their places, and threatened to shoot if necessary. His success was immediate. For himself on this occasion he refused all gifts; even a legacy, which old Jaffeer left him by his will, he devoted to a fund for impoverished officers. When he left India in March, '67, at least the principle of a purer administration had been laid down. It is a sad fact that some of the Directors at home, who had not quarrelled with his own acceptance of large presents in '57, fell upon him at once on his return and persecuted him to the death, because he had now exposed the corruption of their servants and so spoiled the value of their patronage. A two-year-long 'examination into his conduct' took

place in the House of Commons, where the Company was very powerful; in the end he was acquitted of all peculation, and voted to have rendered great services, but the persecution preyed upon his mind, and he shot himself in 1774. Thus a most evil example had been set, which was to be followed in the case of Clive's greatest successors, Hastings and Wellesley. "This House" is, indeed, "a place in which to investigate all the evils of this Commonwealth"; but, then as now, a tribunal less fit to take a dispassionate view of the affairs of such a distant and diverse dependency as India it is hard to imagine.

The events of the next few years were not startling in any of the Three Presidencies, but the minds of men at home had been awakened to the importance of India, and to the anomaly of a Sovereignty exercised by a Mercantile Company; and they were to be still more awakened by the financial distress into which the recent wars and a great famine in Bengal in 1770 now plunged the said Company. It was our first famine there, and the results were appalling. The Directors thought that the good days when there were three-score great East Indiamen lying in the Hooghly, full up to the hatches of rich cargoes, were gone for ever. Dividends went down, and shareholders shook fists at meetings. Most people thought that King and Parliament should 'devise some scheme' for the better regulation of the Company's government and trade. In the last resort the Directors were ready to agree to this if King and Parliament would tide them over the present financial crisis by a loan. It was not a new idea; Parliament had already in '67 limited the lawful dividend of the Company, and exacted a yearly payment from it; Chatham always contended

that the Sovereignty of British India ought to lie in the Crown. Lord North had his hands very full with the rising trouble in America; but Burke, little prescient of the different line he was soon to take, poured forth all his Whiggish wrath against those who would 'violate ancient charters.' The first 'India Bill' was, however, passed, in spite of Burke, in 1773, and is called the 'Regulating Act'; mistaken and stupid in many ways, it was an honest beginning. It created a 'Governor-General' and a Council of four persons, at first nominated by Parliament, afterwards by the Directors subject to a royal veto. The seat of government was fixed at Calcutta, which was to control the other two Presidencies. A Supreme Court of four Judges was to administer English Law to British subjects in India. The weakest point in the Bill was that the Governor had only one vote in his own Council,[1] and was thus liable to become a mere figurehead without any power.

And so all depended upon the persons first selected for these various high offices, for they would have the shaping of tradition. The choice for the highest post fell upon the best possible candidate, Warren Hastings, already Governor of Calcutta. Like Clive, this man was descended from an impoverished family of rural squires, but, unlike Clive, he had had an excellent classical education, had been the first scholar of his year at Westminster, but had then, in order to live, been obliged to take a humble post in the Company's service (1750). He never forgot his elegant scholarship, which enabled him to master with ease the vernacular speech[2]

[1] Add a casting vote in case opinions were equally divided.

[2] When we are told that such and such a person is a 'master of the vernacular' it probably means of the *Urdu* or 'camp-

of India as well as the Persian, then the official language of all Eastern courts. He had been a prisoner of Suraja's up country in '56, had resided at Jaffeer's court after Plassey, had sat in the Council at Calcutta in '61, been on leave in England between '64 and '69, and in '72, after a brief sojourn at Madras, he became President or Governor of Calcutta. The years '72–4 were no doubt the happiest period of his sway; the old Calcutta Council, at first hostile to him, had been won over by his perfect tact and sweet temper, and he had begun the series of administrative reforms which were the foundation of our present system of government. We shall soon see how the new Council of four, appointed under the Regulating Act, did all in its power to thwart him in these reforms as in everything else, but, whenever their opposition ceased for a moment, Hastings quietly picked up the threads of his great work again, and continued it for the whole of his thirteen years. Let us therefore consider for a moment what these reforms were.

The main source of revenue for all Asiatic governments has always been a share in the produce of the land, usually levied in the form of a direct land-rent. Out of the collection of this rent all the subsequent functions of the Company's Government, judicial and executive, ultimately grew. Hastings, who found an empty Exchequer, a huge debt, and one of his provinces, Orissa, overrun by Mahrattas, found also the collection of this rent in the hands of a corrupt gang of native agents, who ground the *zemindars*[1] as these in their turn

language' which grew up from a blend of the Northern tongues spoken in the Mogul camp with the Aryan tongues of Northern India. Hastings seems also to have known Bengali.

[1] A *zemindar* is one who has a customary right to collect the

ground the peasants or *ryots*. Hastings therefore appointed English 'Collectors,' and put them at the head of Civil and Criminal Tribunals, to which the *ryots* could appeal; he gave the *zemindars* leases of their rents for five years, proposing that, in the future, the Government should revise the scale of payments which the *zemindar* made to it whenever these leases fell in. Further, he created Courts both of Civil and Criminal Appeal in Calcutta; to Hindoos these were to administer a code of Hindoo Law, which he caused to be drawn up from the best authenticated sources, and to Mahommedans they were to administer the code of the Law of Islam, which owed its origin to Aurungzebe. He took the first step towards the creation of a Police, which was to suppress a particu'ar form of murder and violent robbery practised, in the name of religion, by the caste of the *dacoits*, and he fined the villages in

revenue of a certain district (this is presumed to have originated in a grant by the Sovereign, and tends to become hereditary); he is neither true farmer nor true landlord, but rather a beneficiary of the Government. The meaning of the term gradually disappeared and all sorts of people came to be reckoned as *zemindars*, from old native chiefs dating before the Moguls to modern rent-collectors. Before Hastings' time the *zemindar* was always liable to be 'screwed' by the Government, and was tempted to screw the peasants, whom, however, he could not evict, in turn. In some aspects we may consider the *ryot* as the nearest thing to a real *owner* of the land he cultivated. The *ryot* had a customary duty to cultivate his land, and a customary obligation to pay his rent to the *zemindar*; he was, in fact, legally unable to quit his land, and the whole village was responsible in common for the rents and for the cultivation. But the disorders of the Eighteenth Century had thrown this whole system into the melting-pot; lots of *ryots* had left their homes, and whole villages were deserted. If we must have a theory, it would perhaps be safer to treat the State as the only original owner of all land. See Baden-Powell, 'Land Systems of India' (Oxford, 1892), i. 22–3.

which such crimes took place. He abolished by a stroke of the pen Clive's tribute (or pension) to the shadowy Mogul, because that worthy had just put himself under the protection of the Mahrattas; and he cut down by one-half that to the still more shadowy Nabob. And by these and other means he not only created peace and order out of chaos, but raised for his masters an extra two millions of annual revenue.

In his 'foreign policy' Hastings made no attempt to extend the frontier of the Empire, and was indeed averse from doing so. But he inaugurated that system of subsidizing and defending those native Princes who would accept our perpetual friendship, on which we still largely rely. In this, as in everything else, he received little support from the Directors at home, who were always on the verge of sacrificing him. They, in fact, saw only too clearly that his reforms were building a future not for their own Sovereignty in India, but for that of the Crown of Great Britain. And if the Directors were hostile, infinitely more hostile were three of the four Councillors who were appointed under the Regulating Act to 'assist' the Governor-General. They arrived at the end of 1774, and their quarrels with him began at once; only one of them, Barwell, had any Indian experience, and he remained Hastings' steady friend till he went home in '80. The leading spirit of the four was Philip Francis, recently a clerk in the War Office, who had used backstairs knowledge there acquired as material for a series of anonymous libels upon every one in public life whom he disliked, from the King downwards.[1] He grafted on to a naturally

[1] This is not intended to convey any opinion that Francis was the author of the 'Letters of Junius'; on this difficult question

bitter Radical spirit of opposition to every one in place and power, an infinite capacity for the lowest and dirtiest intrigues and slanders against public men. The origin of his hatred to Hastings seems merely to have been a desire to supplant him as Governor; for, although his own salary as Councillor was eight thousand a year (enough, one would have thought, for such an esurient knave), Hastings' was twenty-five thousand. Of the other two Councillors, General Clavering and Colonel Monson, the former was honest but passionate, and totally ignorant of India, and the latter, who had seen service in India in Coote's wars, was rash, incompetent, and not by any means honest. Both fell entirely under the influence of the far more able Francis.

From the date of their landing until the end of 1780, when Francis went home baffled to plot against the Governor-General with parliamentary jobbers and hot-headed enthusiasts, Hastings' only periods of respite from their hostility were when one of the three fell ill, or when Monson and Clavering successively died in the years '76 and '77, and so left him and Barwell on an equality with the enemy; then the Act provided that the Governor should have a casting vote, and he never spared to use it, in order to undo the mischief these men had done. At other times no accusation of crime was too gross for Francis to bring forward, no native evidence too much tainted for him to use and even invite; often the only

I am rather inclined to agree with Sir William Anson, who, in his edition of Grafton's 'Autobiography,' thinks that the writer of those famous letters was, if not Lord Temple, somebody more closely in Temple's confidence than Francis. Many other anonymous libels have now been definitely traced to Francis.

resource left to Hastings was to leave the room, and so to break up the Council meeting.

Francis began in 1775 by getting hold of a peculiarly disreputable Brahmin called Nuncomar, who, having some private grudges, and perceiving which way the wind was blowing, brought against the Governor charges of peculation. Hastings boldly indicted Nuncomar, before the new Supreme Court, for a conspiracy, but before this could be tried, Nuncomar was also indicted by a private individual for forgery, and, after a trial before Chief Justice Impey, perfectly fair according to English standards, was condemned and hanged. Neither Clavering, Monson nor even Francis ventured at the time to question the justice of this sentence, though the last named ever afterwards insinuated that Hastings had got up the whole case in order to stifle Nuncomar's evidence against himself. Long afterwards Burke, inspired by Francis, reasserted this, and also alleged that Impey, who was an old friend of Hastings, had been an accessory to this malversation of justice. The Whig historian, Lord Macaulay, has, in his very worst manner, given colour to the charge.[1] At another time, so fierce was Francis' persecution that Hastings was goaded into sending home a conditional resignation, although he immediately withdrew it; the Directors accepted it as if unconditional and sent orders to Clavering to succeed to the post of Governor. Hastings at once appealed to the Supreme Court, which decided in his favour. Thus from 1774 to 1780 the great Governor-General was often absolutely powerless, either for good or evil. The Councillors who succeeded to Clavering and Monson

[1] The worst of it is that Macaulay had every opportunity of knowing the facts, and probably did actually know them.

were, with the exception of Eyre Coote, men of little note ; but if they gave the Governor less trouble, they gave him little help, for the tradition of opposition had been established. In 1780 Francis became so insufferably rude that Hastings challenged him to a duel, and wounded him ; and at the end of that year he went home to England. As for the English Government, Lord North always professed friendliness to Hastings, but was quite ready to sacrifice him to any clamour.

Yet so great was Hastings' intelligence that he was able to take the widest views of British interests in the Peninsula as a whole, and so great was his industry at every moment at which he could regain power that he was often able to give effect to these views. In Bengal, indeed, his reign was free, on the whole, from the great dangers which then threatened Bombay and Madras, and one of his greatest titles to fame is the way in which he gave assistance, both diplomatic and military, to his hardly pressed subordinates in both these quarters. The one power which he seems, with true instinct, to have dreaded and sought to pacify was that of the Mahrattas, whom up till now I have frequently mentioned without explanation. Since the days of Sivaji [1] a series of able Hindoo chiefs had built up in Western and Central India a great Confederation, whose centre, so far as it had one, was at Poona. Its forces were riders and spearmen not unlike the moss-troopers of the Scottish border ; its objects were not so much Territorial Sovereignty as plunder and tribute from all settled States. But all the hill fortresses of Western and Central India passed into Mahratta hands, and from these their cavalry issued forth to levy twenty-five per

[1] *Vide supra*, p. 121.

cent. on the revenues of their neighbours throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula; branches of the Mahratta clans ruled at Nagpore (Bhonslas), at Indore (Holkars), at Gwalior (Scindias), at Baroda (Gaekwars), while the Peishwa, or 'hereditary Prime Minister' at Poona was a standing terror to Bombay and the Deccan. There was also, indeed, a Rajah of the Mahrattas, who lived at Sattara; nominally he was the head of the whole Confederacy, but the Peishwa had usurped all his power. Seldom did they all combine for a general purpose, and they had recently suffered a terrible defeat (1761) at Paniput from an Afghan tribe which had occupied Delhi and evicted the Mogul. But in ten years they were stronger than ever, and Hastings' governorship was contemporary with the rise to power of Madaji, the greatest of the family of Scindia. Scindia's ambition was to act as Prime Minister to the Mogul, and he did finally succeed in freeing poor Shah Alum from his Afghan foes and restoring him to Delhi; but he was always as anxious to avoid provoking the British as Hastings was to avoid a war with the Mahrattas. The first Mahratta war, 1775–82, originated neither from Calcutta nor Gwalior but from Bombay and Poona.

This we shall have to consider later on; let us, to begin with, dismiss the events which happened during the same period on the frontier of Bengal. The Nabob of Oude, our old foe Shuja Dowla, was, in Hastings' opinion, our best friend there, and Oude our best 'buffer-State.' He was perpetually threatened by Mahrattas, who made overtures to some feudatories of his called the Rohillas. The latter were an Afghan clan who, in the recent break-up of the Mogul Empire, had seized the North-Western corner of Oude, and called it Rohilcund.

Shuja could not get them to fulfil their feudal obligations to him, and, as he had recently concluded a subsidiary Treaty with Hastings for the defence of Oude against all and sundry, he was able to claim the use of a British force, led by Colonel Champion, to suppress and finally drive out these troublesome Afghan Rohillas. The latter, being born fighters and nothing else, made a most valiant defence, but were handsomely beaten by the skill and valour of Champion. The Nabob's troops followed, and no doubt committed, after our victories, excesses on the Rohillas, some twenty thousand of whom were driven from their homes. Over a million Hindoo husbandmen, whom they had cruelly fleeced and oppressed for fifty years past, breathed in peace again. This 'attack on a peaceful and defenceless people' was the first count in the numerous charges brought by Burke against Hastings in his subsequent indictment; but Burke's rant and froth were too much even for the House of Commons, which refused to allow the impeachment to be founded on this charge.

Well, Shuja Dowla died in 1775, and we lost a good ally; his son Asuf was a poor creature, and, in defiance of Treaties, Francis and his two friends in Council compelled him to pay enormous sums to the Company—one notices with pain that no Whig impeached the Whig Francis for this 'robbery.' The Directors were delighted and Hastings and justice were set at nought. They also allowed Asuf's mother and grandmother to appropriate some two millions of the late Nabob's property. But when Francis had gone home, Hastings proceeded to compel these venerable ladies to disgorge, from their treasure-house at Fyzabad, much of this stolen cash. This act was known to his enemies as the

'Robbery of the Begums (Queens) of Oude.' Horrible tales were whispered in England of the tortures and violence which Hastings had urged the Nabob to use in the process; and the latter really had imprisoned one or two of the Queens' attendants. The two Queens, however, afterwards bore testimony to the moderation wherewith Hastings had treated them, and admitted that they had been aiding, with some of the said cash, a rebel vassal of the Company known as Cheyte Sing, sometimes called Rajah[1] of Benares. Benares had been annexed to the Company's territories, in the days of Hastings' powerlessness and against his will, by Francis and his brethren. Cheyte (appropriate name) was bound by compact to supply both money and troops for the Army of Bengal; he had refused both. Hastings, supported by Coote, resolved to make an example of Cheyte, demanded an enormous fine for his contumacy, and went in person with a very slender guard to enforce payment. Cheyte had troops concealed, and the Governor's life was for a short time in great danger. But force was quickly sent to his assistance; Cheyte was beaten and deprived of his Rajahship. In the subsequent impeachment of Hastings the 'Robbery of Cheyte Sing' was only less black a count than the 'Robbery of the Queens of Oude.' But in spite (or perhaps because) of these 'robberies,' it was a prosperous and contented Bengal that the Governor-General left behind him when he departed from India for good in February, 1785.

In the other two Presidencies things were not going so well. In Madras the French war was hardly over when a new danger arose in the person of a new 'Sultan

[1] Cheyte was really little more than a big *zemindar*, but he was enormously rich and had a considerable body of troops.

of Mysore.' Hyder Ali, a Mahommedan soldier of real genius, had carved out with his sword, mainly at the expense of small Hindoo Rajahs, a Southern kingdom, in the district of Mysore with a Capital at Seringapatam. He was now (say 1766–8) extending it towards both Western and Eastern seas. Mahratta-like, he relied principally on a swarm of light horsemen. Clive, who just saw his rise, had been inclined to think of Hyder as a possible counterpoise to the Mahratta power, but, had there ever been a chance of using him for that purpose, it was wasted by a series of weak and vacillating Governors of Madras. Our tame Nabob of the Carnatic was the shakiest possible ally, and, in all our campaigns against Hyder, he steadily avoided fulfilling his promises to supply us with food and transport. A new Nizam of the Deccan, who was supposed, since the expulsion of the French, to be at our disposal, was little better, and it was quite likely that both would join with Hyder against Madras. This danger, however, was averted by the energetic blows which our great soldiers, Munro, Joseph Smith and Coote, dealt at Hyder himself. In the first war, 1767–8, Colonel Smith, though almost without Cavalry, twice routed enormous Mysorean Armies in the open, but could not prevent their light horse from sweeping over the Carnatic, nor the imbeciles at Madras from allowing Hyder in the latter year to dictate a Peace almost on his own terms. One of the clauses of this Peace was that Madras and Mysore should aid each other if the Mahrattas threatened either. But when, two years later, the Peishwa of Poona attacked Mysore, Madras calmly refused its promised aid to Hyder, who was obliged to buy off the wild riders by enormous cessions of territory.

In 1772—for Mahrattas rose and fell like locust-swarms—Hyder had recovered all he had lost, and again offered his friendship to Madras; it was again refused, and from that hour till 1799, when Hyder's son, Tippoo, fell defending Seringapatam against us, the Sultans of Mysore were our most implacable foes.

Bombay meanwhile had been fanning a little flame of its own. It coveted, and not unnaturally, the neighbouring Islands of Salsette and Elephanta and the great mainland port of Bassein. But Poona and its Peishwa dominated its immediate 'hinterland,' and other Mahratta Powers dominated the whole of Western India from Goojerat to the frontier of Mysore. A disputed succession at Poona gave the Bombavians their first chance. In 1775 they 'ran' for the Peishwaship a candidate who, in return for aid in troops, promised to cede the coveted places. Hastings thoroughly disapproved of this move, for Mahrattas were to him hornets to be left alone wherever possible. Francis and his friends disapproved of it even more, and, much against the Governor-General's wish, inflicted on Bombay the humiliation of disavowing all its proceedings. Bombay refused to be disavowed, and went on with the said proceedings, but it was not until, in 1778, it became manifest that the French, who already had an agent at Poona, would support the rival candidate, that Hastings would send any help. Meanwhile Bombay had found itself in dire straits. A precipitate, ill-planned and worse executed advance upon Poona in January, 1779, ended in the disgraceful Convention of Wurgaum, by which Colonel Carnac agreed to give up everything in order to purchase a safe retreat. This Convention, negotiated by Madaji Scindia, was nominally made with the rival Peishwa, to whose aid

had come other Mahratta chiefs. The Convention of Wurgaum was disavowed by Hastings, who now actually sent flying columns of men across India from Bengal to Bombay, a stupendous feat before the days of Grand Trunk roads,[1] etc. Colonel Goddard, in command of one column of Bengal troops,[2] overran Goojerat, took the great city of Ahmedabad, defeated Holkar and Scindia, the most warlike of all the Mahrattas, in open field, and ended up with the capture of Bassein. Another handful of men under Captain Popham stormed Scindia's virgin fortress-rock of Gwalior, and this made an enormous impression upon Indian opinion. But meanwhile matters in the Carnatic got to look blacker every day. The danger of a General Confederacy of all the Mahratta clans with Hyder Ali and the French loomed before our eyes, and so, in 1782, the Governor-General wisely concluded with Madaji Scindia the Treaty of Salbai which closed our 'First Mahratta War.' Salsette and Elephanta were left to Bombay, but Bassein, Goojerat and Gwalior were restored to their several Mahratta rulers, and our candidate for Poona was pensioned off without a throne. The Mahrattas expressly pledged themselves to hold no friendly intercourse with any European nation except the British. The Treaty was what is vulgarly called a 'climb-down,' but, in view of the Southern danger, this

[1] It was on this occasion that the Princes of Rajpootana first showed their sympathy with us as their natural allies against the Marattas.

[2] An Indian Army on the march carried its 'bazaar' with it and bought all provisions therein without any extra expense to Government. This force of Goddard's, consisting of 6,600 fighting men, was accompanied by camp followers and bazaar to the number of 24,500 persons!

was unavoidable. It is interesting to see that Francis' last utterance in India had been to condemn the splendid feats of Goddard and Popham as 'frantic military exploits,' and to declare—for he was a coward as well as a malignant—that Bengal itself was 'incapable of resistance.' Hastings laughed at his fears and strengthened his frontiers.

The worst of the danger, a possible alliance between Mahrattas, Hyder Ali and the Frenchmen, had been thus conjured away, and we had already seized the three famous French Factories Chandernagore, Mahé and Pondicherry, the last at great cost of life in the attack. The fall of Mahé in 1780 brought Hyder into the field with the largest and best-drilled Army we had yet faced in India—90,000 men, including 400 French. The weak Government of Madras shut its eyes to the danger until Hyder was sending up the villages of the Carnatic in smoke and flame. In the interior Wandewash, heroically defended by Lieutenant Flint, alone held out. Gallant Munro, the hero of Buxar, lost his head, and allowed a large force under Colonel Baillie to be cut to pieces unaided. Then Hastings, acting on his own authority, removed the incompetent Governor of Madras and sent by sea the veteran Coote to take the Carnatic command. He also sent by land a column of men under Colonel Pearse, through Orissa and the Sirkars, and this joined Coote just after his first victory over Hyder. Coote was prematurely aged and very cantankerous, but he was a magnificent handler of troops in the field, and, like Clive, could snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat. In the desert which Hyder's horsemen had made he could get no transport and hardly any food for his troops; more than once he was

nearly starved out; once he was in the gravest danger between Hyder's Army and a French Fleet hovering off Cuddalore. But in June, '80, he gave Hyder a tremendous drubbing at Porto Novo; in '81 Munro, aided by a British Fleet under Sir Edward Hughes, took the Dutch settlement of Negapatam,[1] and in the following January Hughes took, from these same Dutchmen, the great city and harbour of Trincomalee in Ceylon. Hyder thereon recognized that he had failed, and would probably have thrown up the sponge but for the appearance, when almost too late, of a large French Fleet under M. de Suffren.

It was indeed almost too late. Yet perhaps France never had enough ships afloat to engage in the Far East at all. Perhaps it is only the wonderful personality of Suffren that has called attention to this campaign of 1782–3, in which, in five great and bloody sea-fights, neither side lost a single ship of the line. France undoubtedly 'discovered' the greatest sailor in her history —though he was not yet even an Admiral when he reached India—but, having discovered him, she supported him very feebly. What relief she sent, she sent in driblets, which British ships usually snapped up before they reached the Cape; and she had given him neither stores, money nor frigates enough. The British Government, on the other hand, as soon as it learned what was going on, sent a stout reinforcement under Sir Richard Bickerton to join Hughes. Yet, while Coote was winning battles in spite of starvation on land, Suffren was creating out of the merchant-ships which he took, materials for

[1] Remember this year '81 in Europe and America; Spaniards and Dutch joined to French; America almost lost; Eliott defending Gibraltar; Armed Neutrality threatening us in the Baltic,

repairing his battleships at sea. Five times, I say, he fought Hughes, who was in somewhat inferior force in all but the last of these battles; and his merit was not that he beat Hughes, which except on the fifth meeting he did not, but that he was always ready to renew action before Hughes. The latter was an excellent Admiral of the second class, a born fighter, and admirably seconded by his captains, six of whom died on the deck of fame, but he was slow and methodical, and couldn't push on his repairs with the fiery energy of the Frenchman. Suffren, on the contrary, was very badly seconded by his captains, some of whom actually hung back out of danger, yet he thoroughly grasped the importance of the command of the sea for the final issue of the strife on land, and the command of the sea was in his hands when the news of Peace came from home.

He arrived off Madras with twelve ships of the line in February, '82, fought a hot action with Hughes, who had nine, and threw three thousand men ashore to aid Hyder, thus enabling the latter to take Cuddalore; fought Hughes again (great slaughter on both sides) in April and followed him to Trincomalee; tempted him out and fought him a third time off Cuddalore in July, and then, while Hughes was refitting off Madras, hurried South and pounced upon Trincomalee. Thus he had got an excellent naval base for further operations, and had deprived Hughes of the same. Hughes arrived only two days later (September) and fought a fourth action to recover the port, but in vain. Then—for the autumn monsoon, which sweeps the Coromandel Coast from the North-East, was at hand—Hughes had to seek refuge on the other side of India; there he picked up Bickerton's reinforcement of five ships.

In December died the great warrior Hyder Ali; it is said that he urged his son and successor Tippoo to make peace with the British, but Tippoo had no intention of doing so. The latter was as fierce as his father but less crafty, less able, and was besides a fanatic Mussulman. Coote, too, was near his own end and had to quit the war, the far less competent James Stuart succeeding him, while the veteran Frenchman, Count Bussy, arrived in March, '83, to command at Cuddalore, where Stuart immediately besieged him. Suffren kept the sea from Ceylon to Madras until Hughes appeared, eighteen strong to Suffren's fifteen, and the two Fleets met off Cuddalore for the last time. Though Hughes lost no ships he was fearfully mauled and had to retire at once to Madras, leaving his antagonist, bleeding but victorious, in the roadstead of Cuddalore, leaving also Stuart's force cut off from its base at Madras. News of peace arrived in June. Tippoo was not included in the Treaty, and we, now freed from direct French enmity, ought to have followed him up to the death. He was already being severely pressed on his Western coasts, where he had lost several fortresses to our Bombay troops, and we were preparing a great invasion of Mysore from the Carnatic side when, in March, '84, in defiance of all military opinion, the Madras Government concluded another shameful Peace with Tippoo on the *status quo* before the war.

Meanwhile Lord North's Government had fallen. For years it had been tottering, and field-days on 'Indian affairs' had been one of the favourite resources of the utterly unscrupulous Opposition; Lord North wished India was at the bottom of its own Ocean. Burke did not know whether he was more angry with North for violating the 'ancient charters' of the Company or

with the Company for destroying, through its agents, the 'ancient civilizations' of India. Francis had, in fact, 'got at' him directly he arrived home, and intended to use him as the instrument of revenge on Hastings. If Burke had stopped to inquire he might have learned that the 'ancient civilizations' of India, *i.e.* the Mogul Government, had been overthrown, less than a century before, by these very Nabobs, Nizams and Sultans with whom we had to fight out there. Their Governments were the antithesis of civilization, and none of them were seventy years old. But, once the game was afoot in Parliament, reason was at the mercy of passion. Evidence from discharged servants is nowadays treated by our Law Courts as notoriously liable to be tainted, but English politicians had then no such scruples, and there were plenty of discharged servants of the Company in England with grievances, and sometimes good ones, against their masters, and to their tales eager ear was lent. In '81 North renewed the charter for ten years only and confiscated for the Crown all the Company's profits beyond a dividend of eight per cent. As modern Governments, when they are too much worried by fanatics on some subject that doesn't interest them much, appoint a 'Royal Commission' to talk about it, so North appointed two Committees of the House of Commons to examine all stories of the Company's maladministration. Burke was chairman of the one and Henry Dundas, already an enemy of Hastings, of the other. That was how North left the job.

Then in 1782 Rockingham succeeded North, and was at the mercy of his friend Burke, who carried a vote of censure on Hastings. But Shelburne succeeded Rockingham in the same year, and, though he desired

to send Lord Cornwallis to India as Governor-General, he took no steps for Hastings' recall. The Coalition of Fox and North in 1783 ousted Shelburne and again gave Burke his opportunity, and the result was 'Fox's India Bill.' This was really not a bad Bill in itself. It proposed to create a Council of seven persons, irremovable for four years, in whom all the Government and patronage of India was to be vested. These persons were in the first instance to be nominated by the two Houses of Parliament, afterwards by the Crown. An immediate outcry was raised that the whole thing was merely a gigantic Whig job, to secure for a political party the spoils of India. It was an unreasonable outcry, for, after all, in four years the Crown was to come to its own, and would then nominate with advice of its Ministers of whatever party. But so bad, so infamous, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, was the character of the Coalition Government, that there was no job of which Fox and his friends were not believed capable. The King, as we know, by his high-handed interference got the Lords to throw out the Bill, and dismissed the Coalition. The electors, in the spring of '84, warmly endorsed the King's act. Pitt's own 'India Bill,' mainly the work of Dundas, was introduced and carried immediately. It established, in a 'Board of Control' of six persons nominated by the Crown, what was virtually an 'India Office,' and the President of this Board became virtually Secretary of State for India. The Governor-General was to be responsible to this Board, but was to act in India with the advice of his Council. All patronage was to be left in the hands of the Directors of the Company, but on their nomination of the Commander-in-Chief, of the Governor-General, of the Governors of

Madras and Bombay, and of the Councils in the Three Presidencies, the Crown was to have a veto. By a subsequent amending Act the Governor might proceed 'in emergencies' without, or even against the votes of his Council. This was the model upon which India was governed until the assumption of direct Sovereignty by the Crown in 1858.

Then in 1785 the great Governor-General came home, and Burke flew at him at once. Of his three main charges the House of Commons refused to vote that the Rohilla War was a crime, but a small and a large majority respectively voted that he had robbed Cheyte Sing and the Queens of Oude; and on these charges the Ministry allowed an impeachment to be grounded in 1787. Pitt's votes surprised every one; it may be that Pitt, who was still very young and inexperienced and who was, in his quiet way, a more true 'humanitarian' than Burke, allowed the latter's wonderful eloquence to lead him astray; but when he voted for the impeachment, he declared himself to have been convinced by the evidence. The attitude of Dundas is harder to explain; no eloquence ever led him astray, and, in later years, he showed himself admirably alive to the necessities of firm government in India, and did much for its good administration. He appears as an enemy of Hastings first at the end of North's Government, although, long after that, he once publicly called him the 'Saviour of India.' Anyhow, the impeachment began in February, '88, and produced some amazing fine eloquence, of a dramatic kind, in Westminster Hall. But it dragged on till 1795, and by no means all the Peers who had heard it begin lived to acquit the defendant when it ended. The defence cost Hastings nearly all his modest savings, but

enormous majorities finally acquitted him on every count.

In spite of it all Hastings triumphed, and triumphs still at the bar of History. He laid the foundation of one of the best things of which human nature is capable, namely, the Government of conquered races, unfit for self-government, for the benefit not of the conquerors but of the conquered themselves. The Roman Empire at its best, say in the age of the Antonines, had something of the kind; one or two of the small and thinly peopled French Colonies had occasionally been administered in a similar spirit; elsewhere in History, before Hastings' day, one looks for it in vain. Without it one becomes a Napoleon, 'a pagod thing of sabre sway.' And for doing this Hastings was rewarded with such black ingratitude that, in 1814, even the Prince Regent could speak of him as 'one of the worst used men in the Empire.' In India, except his three Councillors and a few disappointed jobbers, high and low retained the greatest faith in, and affection for him. Honourable natives of whatever rank, caste or religion put all their trust in him. Cornwallis, his successor, to whom it fell to build on his foundation, gave, on his return to England in '94, his warm testimony to what Hastings had done for India, and the far greater Lord Wellesley, who had actually voted for his impeachment, acknowledged in after years how wrong his vote had been. Hastings died at a great age in 1818; at the end of his life he was offered a Peerage, but refused it unless the House of Commons would rescind the votes that had been given against him in 1786–7.

For a brief interregnum Sir John Macpherson reigned at Fort William, and, in September, '86, arrived Lord

Cornwallis as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. The universal trust which every one at home put in this good, but perhaps not great man is a pleasing feature in an age of such party rancour. Whether it is the American War that has to be finished, a soldier's advice to be given to the Cabinet, a mutiny to be quelled, Ireland to be pacified, South-Eastern England to be organized to meet invasion, a peace with France to be negotiated, or India to be governed, Cornwallis is reckoned the safe man to entrust with the task. He makes mistakes, and bad ones, nay, he often fails, for he is no genius; but he has infinite doggedness and patience, and is the soul of unswerving honour and of devotion to duty. His horror of jobs is extreme; and he is incessantly worried by great people at home who wish him to provide 'places' for their disreputable friends and relations. George, Prince of Wales, among others writes him the most disgustingly fawning letters, always ending up with a request for a job. In answer Cornwallis almost tells 'George P.' what he thinks of him. All the time, as his letters show, his heart is with his boy in Eton playing-fields, or with his partridges on the golden stubbles of dear Suffolk.

When he arrived in India he believed his task would be one of peace and administration only; from the inevitable war with Tippoo he averted his face as long as he could. In administration he accomplished much; thus, for instance, he divided Bengal into twenty-five Districts, with a Civil and Criminal Court in each, and with four intermediate Courts between them and the final Courts of Appeal at Calcutta; and he took from the Nabob the last vestiges of his jurisdiction. He separated the functions of Collector of Revenue from

those of District Judge, and raised to a reasonable level the salaries of his Collectors. But the legislation for which he is best remembered is the 'Permanent Settlement' of the revenue of Bengal. Hastings had always expected that the Government would from time to time revise the scale of 'rents' which it collected from the *zemindars*, and so would ultimately be a sharer in the increased return from the land. The Directors and Cornwallis considered that the advantages of this would be outweighed by the gain of fixing the rent for ever. An attempt was therefore made to give to both *zemindar* and *ryot* the English remedy of the 'magic of property.' The *zemindar* was to become a sort of landlord, and was expected to show a great interest in 'improving' his property; he would be bound to loyalty and good behaviour in his own interest, for any revolution would be certain to be followed by a new assessment. The common responsibility of the *ryots* for the village rent was at the same time abolished, and each *ryot* was to have fixity of tenure. Sir John Shore, who assisted Cornwallis, although himself in favour of periodical assessments, afterwards extended the 'perpetual' plan to the Province of Benares, and in later years it was applied in the Sirkars and in some districts of the Madras Presidency.[1] In other parts of India the Government, as supreme 'landowner,' deals directly with the *ryots*, or with some 'village authority,' on a basis of periodical re-assessment of the rent. Another reform which Cornwallis, and after him Lord Wellesley,

[1] As a matter of fact the system broke down. Any complete valuation of lands or survey of boundaries was impossible; nor could the old Hindoo families ever learn to pay their rents punctually or to manage their land on European 'business principles.'

had much at heart was the substitution for the Company's 'European' troops of King's regiments, to be paid by the Company while on Indian service; the Sepoys were to continue wholly Company's troops.[1] But this was not fully realized until a later date.

In the middle of his schemes of reform Cornwallis had to face a recrudescence of the question of Mysore. Tippoo had got the idea of French help firmly fixed in his rather stupid head, and, from the Treaty of 1784 onwards, was merely biding his time. The Nizam at Hyderabad, the Mahrattas and the Company were the three powers which curbed his ambition, and, of these, the chronic weakness of the Company's government at Madras invited his attention most. In '87 we find him sounding the Court of France, but getting little comfort there; he was to try the same game with similar results in the autumn of '91; Louis XVI. was then in the grip of the Revolution, and had got a firm idea that it had largely been his interference in 1778 in the concerns of England-beyond-seas which had brought him thither. But French adventurers flocked to Mysore *via* Mauritius and stiffened Tippoo's battalions for him, although the real strength of his arms lay in the famous light horse, which Hyder had employed with such effect to ravage the Carnatic. In '89–90 he suddenly made a Southward dash on our ally the Rajah of Travancore; Madras sent General Medows

[1] The Company's Europeans had always been recruited from very low classes at home, and there were included in their ranks deserters from French and other foreign services. Fight they always could, but of their other habits the less said the better. 'I've seen them give a cap full of rupees for a bottle of brandy,' says old Seetaram; 'they will do anything for spirits, which is no doubt the Water of Life in some shape.'

to avenge this insult in Mysore, but Tippoo fell upon Medows' line of communications and ravaged the Carnatic up to Trichinopoly. Cornwallis thereon determined to take in person the command in the South, and to move methodically forward in ample force with an adequately protected line of communications; in his campaign for the first time elephants were employed by a British Army. Treaties were concluded, for aid in horsemen, both with the Mahrattas and the Nizam, and the former did actually take the field for us; while an expedition from Bombay had already begun to take Tippoo's West-coast fortresses.

The entry to Mysore involves a serious climb of the Ghauts, and this Cornwallis successfully accomplished. Bangalore, within eighty miles of Seringapatam, was stormed in March, '91, but all the British efforts to bring the Sultan to an open fight failed. Tippoo hung on our rear with clouds of riders and ate up every blade of grass for miles around; in May sheer starvation compelled Cornwallis to retreat upon Bangalore with the loss of much baggage and artillery. Hurry Punt, with the advanced guard of a Mahratta Army, met him when the retreat had begun, and had to be told he was just too late. In the autumn of the same year ('91), after again collecting large stores from the coast, we advanced again and stormed, with amazing valour, two rock forts hitherto deemed impregnable. This time Cornwallis succeeded, and Tippoo's Army was discovered in battle array in front of Seringapatam, 50,000 men to our 8,700. David Baird, who had spent three years in one of Hyder's prisons, knew the ways into the city, which is really on a river-island; in the course of one February night we had forced the passages of the river,

entered the outworks at three points, and were in a position to besiege the Citadel. Cornwallis was not a man to run risks, and spent more than a month in preparation for the last attack, making offers of peace the while. At last Tippoo accepted the Governor's conditions, which were the surrender of half his dominions and a heavy indemnity in money to meet the expenses of the war. Cornwallis has perhaps never received enough credit for this patient and difficult campaign; but, on the other hand, some people have considered that it was a mistake to conclude any terms which allowed Tippoo to remain in possession of any part of Mysore.

Cornwallis left India at peace when he sailed for home in October, '93, and Sir John Shore, an experienced old civil servant, who, however, had not always run very straight under Hastings, held the office of Governor until the arrival of Lord Wellesley in the spring of '98. Shore was a man of little initiative, and merely watched the clouds gathering; in the West, wild civil war and utter disorganization, after the death of Madaji Scindia, among the Mahratta States (and no one could tell what phenomenon might arise thence at any moment); in the South, Tippoo, humiliated and shorn, yet ever scheming to recover his losses; and, looming larger and larger everywhere, the possibility of fresh designs on India from the aggressive power of a reconstructed France.

In the autumn of '97 General Bonaparte, crowned with bloody laurels from Italy, was coming home, nominally to take command of an Army designed against the British Islands, really with other dreams in his head. These dreams were Eastern if not Indian, and Bonaparte loved at any rate to sow alarm in England

on the subject of India. It suited his book that mad adventurers should whisper tales of revenge in Tippoo's ears, should play, at Seringapatam, with all the familiar nonsense of the Revolution, trees and caps of liberty, Jacobin clubs and oaths of hatred to all kings except 'Citizen Tippoo.' But it did not suit him to risk sending the few thousand veterans which that Citizen would have preferred to receive. Pitt, however, felt that he had better send to India a strong man, and, in the autumn of '97, he sent the strongest man he had got, his own intimate friend Richard Wellesley, Lord Mornington, better known as the Marquis Wellesley, elder brother of Colonel Arthur Wellesley of the 33rd, who had already sailed for Madras with a letter of recommendation from Cornwallis.

The contrasts and likenesses between the two brothers were alike strong. Arthur's character and career you will find described elsewhere in this book; most people think they know all about him, but not every one does. Richard's true greatness belongs to India, and so it is in connection with Indian history that his points must be discussed. Like Arthur he was an Etonian; but, while the latter's school career was both brief and unmarked, Richard, who enjoyed at Eton the unique distinction of having been previously expelled from Harrow, became the typical and model scholar, especially in the elegant art of verse-making. To Eton all his days his best thoughts turned and, at the close of his long life,

'fortunæ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,'

his body was borne to our Chapel where it lies to-day. He shared with Arthur fiery ambition and self-confidence, scrupulously clean hands and a lofty standard of honour;

but in the elder brother these qualities found expression in rhetorical speech and in a love of display and pomp from which the younger was wholly free. If Richard's devotion to duty was less than Arthur's, less perhaps also than Pitt's, Cornwallis' or Castlereagh's, it was less only than theirs. Very, very rarely did the personal sense of having been 'wronged' get the better of him; when it did it made him the most intractable of servants, the most impossible of colleagues. One cannot feel sure that he would have endured Hastings' treatment with Hastings' patience; but to say that he was a lesser man than Hastings may still leave him very great. If one seeks for a parallel for him among the statesmen of an earlier day, it is with Lord Carteret that he seems to have the nearest affinity. For intellectual conception of the mission of Great Britain in the World he has perhaps never had an equal; but, in realizing his ideas, he was just a little too proud to be the servant of the British Parliament, and much too proud to be the servant of 'John Company.' As for his opinions, like many another sound Tory, he had begun as a Liberal, had supported Grattan's measures in the Irish Parliament, and imbibed the truer Liberalism from Pitt in the British. To the end of his life he remained a strong free trader, a strong pro-Catholic and a supporter of moderate Parliamentary reform.

His arrival in India coincided with the return, somewhat empty-handed, of one of Tippoo's embassies to the Mauritius, an 'explanation' of which Wellesley at once demanded. Tippoo shuffled for a bit, and finally was rude; "for his part he was going a-hunting," he said. Napoleon's landing in Egypt was known in India in the autumn of '98, and Wellesley declared

war on Tippoo in February, '99. His first task on arriving in India had been to frighten the Nizam, who had evidently meant mischief, into disbanding all his troops which were officered by Frenchmen, and to compel him to substitute for these eight battalions of our own Indian Army. The Mahrattas were still in the throes of civil war, and so were not likely to prove immediately dangerous. There was serious danger from an Afghan Shah called Zemaun, who was in league with Tippoo, but Wellesley turned the flank of this by sending an elaborate mission under John Malcolm to the Court of Persia; Persia was still able to keep Afghanistan in order. The campaign in Mysore, of February to May, 1799, was admirably planned and carried out by General Harris, Arthur Wellesley and David Baird; it was less ably parried by Tippoo, whom Harris deceived as to his road of advance. The Sultan, however, fought two pitched battles, was defeated on each side of India, and fell back for defence of his Capital. The outworks of this, after some difficult and gallant operations, were in our hands by the end of April, and on May 2nd, in seven minutes from the commencement of his attack, David Baird stormed the principal gate, and the Sultan fell fighting in the mêlée. Enormous plunder was obtained, but Baird was able to restrain his men from all outrages. Tippoo's family was dethroned but taken under our protection, and the last of his sons, in whom Queen Victoria manifested a frequent and kindly interest, died a rich, charitable and respected citizen of Calcutta in 1877.

Mysore was partitioned between the Company, the Nizam, the Mahrattas and a Rajah of the old family

dethroned by Hyder nearly forty years before. To him was left, under British protection, Seringapatam, with Arthur Wellesley in command of its garrison. The Nizam was to have the Northern province, but, as he manifested a year later symptoms of intriguing with the Mahrattas, he was compelled to increase his British garrison to ten thousand men, and his possession of any part of Mysore remained merely nominal. The Company took the district of Coimbatore, Canara, etc., a strip reaching right across Southern India, all the coast and all the coast-fortresses, all the fortresses commanding the Ghauts. The Mahrattas suspiciously refused the share of the spoil offered to them, which was accordingly divided between the Company and the Nizam. The ruling Nabob of the Carnatic, who had been intriguing with Tippoo, was soon afterwards deposed and the Madras Presidency took over the direct rule of the Carnatic in 1801. The same course was pursued with Tanjore, and this left the territories of the Southern Presidency constituted much as they are to-day.

The South thus pacified, a harder struggle awaited the Governor-General in the North, a struggle of which his rule was not to see the end. In the first place the reigning Nabob of Oude was a most unsatisfactory character, now holding out a hand towards Poona and now towards Cabul, and Wellesley was compelled to strengthen Bengal by forcing upon Oude a Treaty by which the Company undertook the defence of the Nabob's territority. But we asked and obtained, in return, the cession of the great province of the Doab, lying between Ganges and Jumna, and also that old North-Western corner of Oude which in 1774 we knew as Rohilcund. Thus Bengal appeared to be as

well secured as it could be, both against Mahrattas and Afghans. Before the next storm broke Wellesley had had the splendid foresight to refuse to surrender, as he should have done in accordance with the Treaty of Amiens (1802), the city of Pondicherry to the French Republic. He felt sure that Amiens was merely a truce and did not wish to have to retake, when war should again begin, a city strengthened as it might well have been by orders from Bonaparte.

And so we come to the final and the most disputed act of Wellesley's government. He, deliberately and with foresight, interfered with that which Hastings had always wished to leave alone, the feuds of the Mahratta houses. Not only his masters in Leadenhall Street, not only Dundas, up till now a champion of the 'forward' policy in India, but even Castlereagh, who was President of the Board of Control, even, at first, his own brother Arthur[1] at Seringapatam disapproved of this. On the other hand, Madaji Scindia, the friend of Hastings, had been, until his death in 1794, steadily shaping an Army of a coherence and a lasting power very different from those of any previous Mahratta forces; it had been drilled by an able Savoyard, de Boigne, and its battalions were still officered by Frenchmen. Twice Scindia had demanded—1785 and 1792—in the name of the Mogul, whom he kept as a puppet at Delhi, the tribute which Hastings had withdrawn from that Shadow. On each occasion he had been snubbed by Calcutta, and had taken the snub kindly; his successors might not take

[1] In 1804 Arthur had changed his opinion. In a long memorandum on the subject, probably dating from November of that year, he combats Castlereagh's objections. *See* Owen, 'Select Despatches of Marquis Wellesley' (Oxford, 1877), p. 273 *sqq.*

a snub on a third occasion in the same spirit. Once the same Scindia had offered to Cornwallis his services against Tippoo, and had been justifiably hurt when Cornwallis preferred rather to negotiate for help with the Peishwa at Poona. Scindia had meanwhile been keeping his hand in by attacking the Princes and Rajahs of Rajpootana, the oldest and most warlike aristocracies in India.

And now Scindia[1] the Great had been dead eight years, and his successor was at death-grips with the Holkar of Indore. A Regent, who had long held power for the Peishwa of Poona, died in 1800, and a bad civil war raged among all the Mahratta clans. Holkar deposed one Peishwa and set up another. Wellesley at once espoused the cause of the deposed candidate, and concluded with him the Treaty of Bassein in December, 1802. It was the usual subsidiary alliance; the man ceded to us sufficient coast districts near Bombay to enable us to support a force for his defence, and pledged himself to take no French into his service. Another Treaty of the same kind was concluded with the Gaekwar of Baroda, which secured for us predominant influence in the large province of Goojerat. Geographically these Treaties were leaps across a seething and hostile Central Province; politically they threatened to curb for ever the independent Federation of the Mahrattas. Arthur Wellesley was sent to conduct our candidate back to Poona, and this at once produced an alliance between two of the three remaining Mahratta States, Gwalior

[1] There is always a 'Scindia' at Gwalior and a 'Holkar' at Indore—just as there was always a 'Pharaoh' in Ancient Egypt.

and Nagpore. By August, 1803, General Lake was on his way to crush this combination in the North, and Arthur Wellesley, now a Major-General, marched to attack their Southern strongholds. He took the great fortress of Ahmednugger at once, defeated in September, with 4,500 men and seventeen light field-pieces, the joint Armies of Gwalior and Nagpore (40,000 with a hundred guns) at the fierce battle of Assaye, in which he lost over one-third of his British troops; then he again defeated the Army of Nagpore at Argaum in December. Lake swept all before him up to the walls of Delhi and Agra, got possession of the old Imperial Capital and of the Mogul's person, and won a great victory at Laswaree on November 1st. Scindia ceded the whole district up to and including Delhi to the British, who were also already in occupation of the West coast by the Treaty of Bassein.

But just when all seemed over Holkar (Indore) struck in (1804) with an attack on Jeypore in Rajpootana, and treated a detached force of Lake's under Colonel Monson to a real taste of Mahratta warfare; Monson had to beat a hasty retreat through the August rains, and this at once produced a recrudescence of the whole war. Holkar's war was what Arthur Wellesley dreaded most, the fighting with cloud upon cloud of light horse; he evidently was of opinion that only he himself could effectually deal with the true Mahratta. But in the autumn Lake came on in better force; one of his wings took Indore, another beat back Holkar from an attack on Delhi, while at Furruckabad and Deig, he himself and Fraser won fresh victories over the troops of the same Prince. Only from Bhurtpore were we repulsed early in 1805. And the war would undoubtedly have ended

in our favour and left us undisputed masters of Central and Western, as we were of Eastern and Southern India, but for the recall of Lord Wellesley and the reversal of his policy in the same year.

That this reversal would at any other moment in our history have been a mistake so grave that even the most Whiggish Government would hardly have dared it, is beyond dispute. But we must remember the year; the Invasion Scarce at its height; Trafalgar not yet won; every man and every penny in Britain needed for defence of the heart of the Empire. Was that a time to be scrupulous about prestige in India? To argue thus is without all prejudice to the question whether Wellesley was wise in choosing his date of 1802 to interfere with the Mahrattas at all; my own vote would be given, with Castlereagh's, that he was not wise in choosing such a date. Whether Pitt, sore tried and ill, and during his last brief Ministry most lonely with his back to the wall, should not have supported his favourite Proconsul through everything, is another question; in Indian matters he often trusted, sometimes rightly, sometimes wrongly, to expert advice such as that of Dundas and Castlereagh. The answer will depend on whether we take an Anglo-Indian or a European view of the position of Great Britain in 1805.

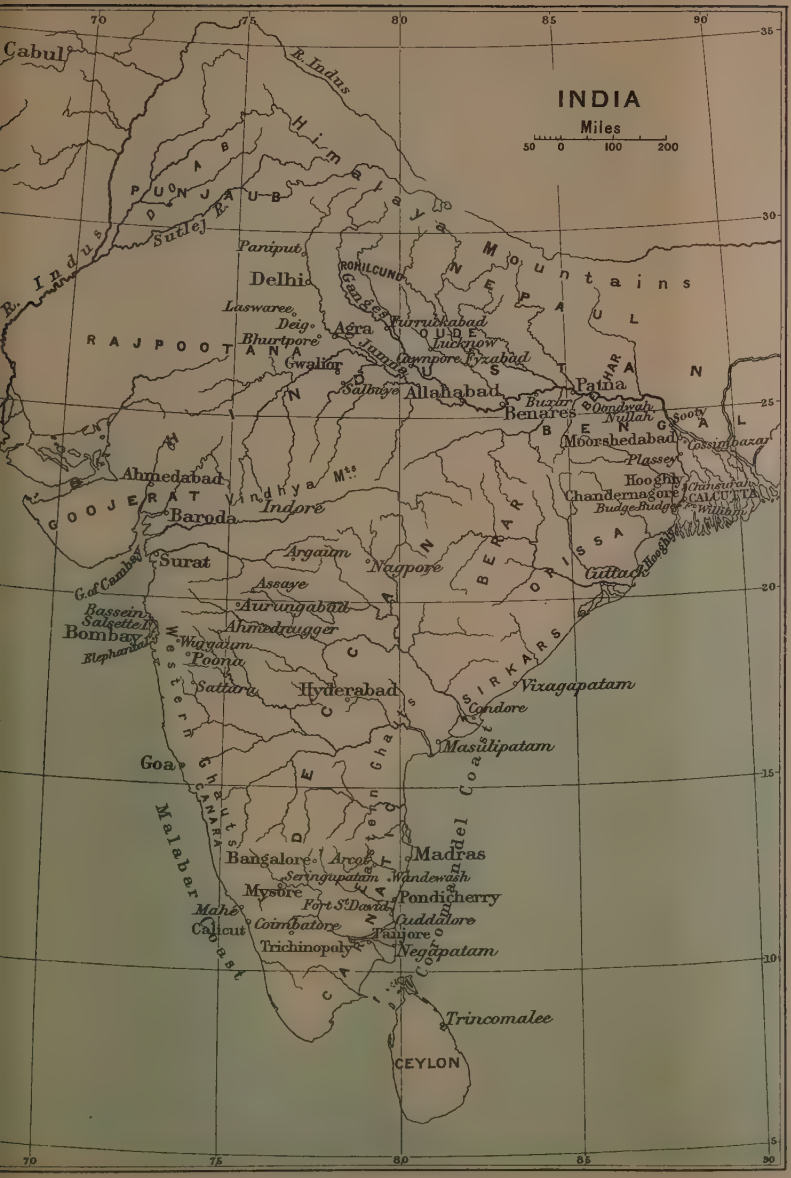
As for the Directors of the East India Company, their Chief Servant had at last become to them as great a

[1] At the close of Lord Wellesley's government the 'Peace Establishment' of India was supposed to be 24,000 British and 130,000 Native troops; thus in less than ten years the British troops had nearly doubled, and the Native troops had far more than doubled; it was a figure which may well be contrasted with that of the Indian Establishment of to-day, not at all to the advantage of the latter.

had just begun to prove themselves serviceable allies, and to restore the fortress of Gwalior to the Scindia of the day.[1] Cornwallis began to do all these things, and, after his death, which followed within three months from his landing, Sir George Barlow finished them. Lord Minto (1807–13) took up again Wellesley's external policy, and captured Mauritius and Java, thus leaving (for Ceylon had fallen to us in 1797) no hostile Colonies at all in the East; but he dared not touch the Mahrattas, and there was no peace at all in Central India during his rule. And so Lord Moira, better known as the Marquis of Hastings, had to face not only a series of outbreaks of enormous gangs of freebooters, called Pindarrees, really the dregs of Mahratta Armies and mainly formidable from their mere numbers, but also the last uprisings of the princely houses of Nagpore, Poona and Indore. When this 'Third Mahratta War' came to an end in 1818, the last Peishwa was deposed, and sent to Cawnpore with a British pension; his adopted son was the leader of the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The last great Native Power, that of the Sikhs of the Punjaub, was defeated, after hard struggles, by 1849. Henceforward the dangers to British rule in India would come either from tribes beyond the Himalayan frontier, from mutiny in our Native Army, or—incomparably the worst of the three—from Radicals in the British Parliament and Press.

The real years of the making of British India were

[1] With regard to Gwalior, its restoration had been promised in a provisional Treaty, and Arthur Wellesley was of opinion that it could not now be honourably withheld: "I would sacrifice," he writes, "every frontier of India ten times over, to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith."



London; John Murray, Albemarle St.

the sixty which elapsed between the rise of Clive and the fall of Wellesley. During them, three great leaders, Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, admirably seconded by soldiers, sailors, and civilians, built up, in spite of indifference, ingratitude and even vehement opposition at home, an Empire which has already lasted nearly as long as that of the Moguls. If it has infinitely exceeded, as it has, the Mogul Empire in power, it has exceeded it infinitely more in justice and in mercy to all natives of the Peninsula.

CHAPTER IV

MEN AND MACHINES, MORALS AND MANNERS

"Whirr! Whirr! all by wheels—Whiz! Whiz! all by steam!"
—The Pasha of Karagholookoldour (EOTHEN, p. 11).

I HAVE now got to describe that which is commonly called the 'Industrial Revolution' of the Eighteenth Century, by which, it is said, England passed from the condition of an agricultural to that of a manufacturing country. The great difficulty that meets one at the outset is that of reconciling the statistics given by various writers. In general I find that very few things are really 'new'; of few do we know the real inventor; in fact most real inventors went, as they still go, bankrupt, and their inventions were lost for a time or exploited by others. I shall therefore be very chary of fixing dates, and will try rather to look for the principles underlying the changes which I have to describe. And I suppose that the first of these principles is that an Age of Invention comes naturally, as soon as the markets are big enough to make it worth while for rich men, vulgarly called Capitalists, to risk their capital in making experiments in new methods of production.

The expansion of the British Empire being one of the great facts of the Eighteenth Century, new markets were continually being opened to British enterprise. The development of Banking and the consequent introduction of 'credit,' while it often led to wild speculation,

as at the time of the 'South Sea Bubble,' led also to the development of trade upon a footing at once sound and capable of enormous expansion. And the complete control obtained by Parliament over the Bank of England had a steadying effect; there would be no more suspensions of the payment of interest, to the prejudice of the creditors of the State, as in 1672; the centre of gravity of the State had in fact passed from the Crown to the 'Old Lady in Threadneedle Street.' The recoinage in William III.'s reign was another enormous boon to commerce. Before that date, if you went to buy a pair of gloves at a shop, you took a bag of bad money in one hand and a bag of good in the other, and you offered the bad first. And another great aid to commerce was the development of the system of Insurance, and especially of Marine Insurance of ships at Lloyd's Coffee House; 'Lloyd's List,' containing all shipping news, dates from 1726. After 1763, when the correct method of reckoning longitude at sea was discovered, voyages were not only much safer but very much quicker also. Lighthouses on the mainland were, of course, known long before; but they now began to be built on outlying rocks—the first Eddystone Light was erected in 1696.

"Human progress," says Mr. Lecky, "rarely means more than a surplus of advantages over evils"; and it must often be very difficult to say whether the advantage of the changes, which occur in any given period of time, outweighs the evils. And, if we turn to records contemporary with the changes, we must always remember to discount the temperament of the writers of such records. A person accepting as literally true Daniel Defoe's accounts of the splendour of English

agriculture, roads and commerce, at the end of George I.'s reign, and then comparing these accounts with the views expressed in Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' written on the eve of the American War, or in Arthur Young's descriptions of his 'Tours through Great Britain,' which began in 1768, would be inclined to say that, in the interval between them, some great cataclysm must have paralysed Britain; whereas the truth is that Defoe was an optimist, Smith and Young, though optimistic for the future, were pessimists when they wrote about many things which they saw around them. Modern writers who compile economic works from contemporary statistics often mislead us as much, without the excuses pleadable for Defoe, Smith and Young. The fact is that statistics can be found to support almost any theory of happiness or misery, wealth or poverty which you please to advocate. The famous Radical Dissenter, Dr. Price, gravely contended, towards the end of the Eighteenth Century, that England was in a rapid state of depopulation, that it had been much richer and more populous in Elizabeth's time or even earlier. I am sure that, if I had any 'theory' in my head, I could make this chapter much more readable and interesting. But I have not, and I must therefore grope in the dark in the attempt to sift and examine the statements and theories of contemporary and of modern writers.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes one, in reading Defoe's 'Compleat Tradesman' or his 'Tour through Great Britain,' is the extraordinary modernity of the whole thing. The manufactures are nearly the same as ours, the crops are the same, the destinations and routes of trades, both internal and export, are the same, the tricks of the trades are the same. It is tolerably

certain that you must not trust this writer in matters of figures, for he is too great an artist (or too natural a liar) not to go astray when dealing with them; yet I have sometimes wondered whether after all he were not more right than recent writers have allowed, and whether we have not all been enormously understating the population and wealth of England in the early Eighteenth Century. So, while we decline to believe with Defoe that in 1727 London had a million and a half of people, I think we ought to hesitate very much before accepting a mere 715,000 as its population in 1801, although this is the figure given in the first (very imperfect) Census of that year. The 'received view' is that the population of England and Wales increased in the Eighteenth Century from about five and a half to about nine and a half millions, and to eleven millions by 1815. But London was, in George I.'s reign, far greater in proportion to other cities than it is now; and when Defoe tells us that 'the bulk of London makes the trade of England'; that every county of England is tributary to its food-supply; that it 'consumes all, circulates all, exports all, and at last pays for all'; that, since the Fire, it has been so well rebuilt that, although the houses are better and bigger, there are half a dozen of them on the area that held one before that event; then we may be sure that he is speaking within his own knowledge.

He was a Londoner, and even a cockney, with an unrivalled eye for observation. The markets inside the City which he describes are much as they were in our fathers' days, if not in our own. I can just remember the bi-weekly cattle market at Smithfield. Clare Market was only swept away within the last quarter of

a century. Leadenhall is still the great provision market, Billingsgate still the great fish market. The Docks have grown beyond the three wet and twenty-three dry docks which he mentions ; but the shipbuilding yards, of which he counts thirty-three, have actually decreased in number. The watermains are no longer of timber, but they still run down each principal street, and still have fire-plugs of which the key can be found at a certain place. The engines of the Fire Brigade have, it is true, superseded those formerly owned by each parish and by each Insurance Company ; but men still living remember the latter. When Drury Lane Theatre was burned in 1812 the engines of

> The 'Hand in Hand' the race begun,
> Then came the 'Phoenix' and the 'Sun,'
> The 'Exchange,' where old insurers run,
> The 'Eagle' where the new.

Defoe mentions all these Companies except the Phoenix. In his days the New River, *i.e.* the Lea, tapped at Ware in the reign of James I., still supplied North London with all its water ; but it was recognized that the supply was too little, and 'they are already making a new basin at Islington,' and talking of tapping the Colne at Rickmansworth and St. Albans.

Within the area of the Capital the Post Office in 1725 delivered letters up to a pound weight for a penny, from four to eight times a day according to the distance. Defoe also notices a 'cross-post' from Plymouth up Severn valley, into the West Riding and eventually to Hull ; the charge for the conveyance of letters, outside London, was actually higher at the end of the Eighteenth than in the Seventeenth Century. The greatest of the London

hospitals were already built; Guy's was just being founded, Bethlehem, St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's were in full working; the London Hospital originated a little later (1740), and the Foundling dates from 1739. Defoe had not detected the abuse which well-to-do-people so often make of medical charities, but he was fully alive to the fact that 'Alms are not Charity,' and wrote a pamphlet to prove it. So far from living over their warehouses, as many modern writers would lead us to believe the London merchants did, it is quite clear that many well-to-do tradesmen 'went to the City' daily from a circle of villas extending far into Surrey, Essex and Middlesex. Is it not striking to be told that in 1725 Hampstead had grown from a country village to a city, 'largely inhabited [as to-day] by Jews and some of them very wealthy'? So there were Jews in England on a big scale before the Act of 1753,[1] which first allowed them to be naturalized.

The number of alehouses and gin-shops had vexed the minds of thinkers before the Licensing Bill of 1908. Their keepers, says our author, 'live without morals and trade without method.' We need not believe with him that there were 200,000 alehouses in England, or nine millions of barrels of strong beer brewed in 1725, for Mr. Porter in his 'Progress of the Nation' gives us for 1811 only six million barrels, and even that makes twenty-four gallons per head of the population. But as for the 'new-fashioned compound-waters called Geneva (or Gin) which hits the palate of the poor,' the consumption of it was appalling. Twelve thousand persons were convicted in two years, 1738–40, of the unlicensed sale of gin, and two years later the annual consumption

[1] Even this Act was repealed in the following year.

of this vile stuff was three and a half gallons per head of the London population. Yet I should like to know if any one ever saw an original text of the oft-quoted publican's notice :—" Here you can get drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence, and have fresh straw [to lie on] for nothing." Frankly, I don't believe in it, for I think that the schoolboy who translated *Delicta majorum immeritus lues* by ' The delights of our ancestors were unmitigated filth,' was wrong in more ways than one. No doubt the ' populace ' of London was drunken, brutal, cruel ; bull and bear baiting were still popular sports ; the prize-ring and the gambling thereon actually got worse, and prize-fighting took rank as a manly sport. The procession of the condemned criminal from Newgate to Tyburn was not abolished till 1783, and was one of the monthly joys of London mobs. The Criminal Law of England, was and remained till 1808 scandalously draconian, and the first amelioration of it in that year merely removed the death penalty from the crime of picking pockets to the value of five shillings. As late as 1815 over five hundred persons were sentenced to death in a year, although just one-tenth of these were hanged ; juries deliberately perjured themselves rather than run the risk of hanging a poor wretch who stole a pair of boots. The prisons were in a dreadful condition until the reforms inaugurated by John Howard's self-imposed mission to prisoners, 1773–90. The disorders of the fairs at Greenwich, in Moorfields and at Mayfair were very great. But we must discount something from the description of the Methodist preachers, on whose accounts of these things uncritical reliance is too often placed ; it was their interest to represent as infinitely

wicked a society which they did so much to leaven for the better.

The real need of London, thought Defoe, was a second bridge; Blackfriars Bridge was not built until 1760. The activity on the River was still enormous, but it is a foreshadow of modernity that in 1726 the number of hackney coaches was to that of the old wherries as eight is to five. No other city in the kingdom had any cabs then, though there had been, before the Union, a dozen of them in Edinburgh. But was the Thames still 'silver'? I begin to have my doubts of this too: London was already 'a city of smoke and dirt, sin and sea-coal'; 'sea-coal' is coal borne by sea from Newcastle, which cost 4*s.* a chaldron at pit-mouth and 30*s.* delivered in London; it was landed in prodigious quantities at Billingsgate and at the Docks. Defoe does not mention the street-lamps, but, forty years later, a German Prince, coming for the first time, was so astonished at them that he was convinced that the illumination was in his honour. Pall Mall was first lighted by gas in 1812.

Another intensely modern symptom in George I.'s reign is the short life of many shops, especially of ladies' shops such as silk-mercers. These have quadrupled or sextupled in number since the Restoration, and, owing to the constantly changing feminine fashions, their owners are always going bankrupt. Formerly each trade had its particular street; but now trades shift continually from end to end of the town. The gentlemen, too, are extravagant; their passion for clean linen is so grown that they must be having two clean shirts a day, and so 'one must suppose their bodies to be more unclean than their ancestors'.' Every county in England supplies

something towards the clothing of a man, and towards the furnishing of his house, and all is to be bought in London. Again, it is not only in the Twentieth Century that shops are fitted up with 'plate glass windows, chandeliers, silver services, glass-lanthorns, paint and gilding' out of all proportion to the stock displayed in them; it is all done in 1724 in order to dazzle customers. Dickens might have taken his description of Bob Sawyer's method of making people believe that he had a large practice from Defoe's apothecary, who 'kept an assistant in his window pounding and beating all day in the great mortar, though it had nothing in it.' Other tricks of trade, besides deliberate lies to customers, are 'artificial glosses' produced on cloth goods, false lights to create a sheen, English silk passed off as French, with an 'I assure you, Madam, on my word of honour,' etc. 'Thus the tradesmen get the money and the Devil gets the tradesmen.' Shoddy, excessive underselling, sweating of workmen, rings of masters and strikes of men were all going full blast in early Georgian London.

Yet Defoe says, and probably with truth, that we are more honest to each other than men of other nations are. As for trade being 'inconsistent with a gentleman, it is trade in England that makes gentlemen, and has peopled this nation with gentlemen' . . .; the daughters of tradesmen are adorned with ducal coronets . . .; estates are continually coming into possession of new, self-made families, and 'in their posterity you see all the gallantry of soul and all the generous principles that can be found in any of the ancient families' . . .; these new men come every day to the Heralds' Office to search for coats-of-arms Marlborough's Army was full of ex-

cellent officers taken from the shop and the counter. But 'so great is the luxury of the present age' that he fears that 'nearly all our trades have already passed their meridian; other nations are beginning to imitate us and to manufacture for themselves; they already prohibit our woollen goods in most European countries, and we are such fools that at this very time we are beginning to run after foreign wares!' Isn't that just what people are saying to-day while they are crying out for 'Protection'? But when Defoe said it we were already protected to the teeth. Here I seem to smell a potent argument in favour of Free Trade.

It is from the Restoration that Adam Smith dates the full-blown 'Mercantile System,' and the doctrine that, as money alone is wealth, only those trades should be encouraged of which the balance is paid to England in gold and silver; 'from that time,' says he, 'the Home Trade had been despised'; 'England,' it was said, 'would never become richer by it.' But every line of Defoe contradicts him; Defoe falls down and worships the enormous bulk of our Home Trade. 'We are (indeed) the greatest trading country in the World, because we have the greatest export of the growth and product of our land and of the manufactures and labour of our people, and the greatest import and consumption of the growth, product and manufactures of other countries'; but also, and even more, because 'our inland trade and commerce infinitely outdoes that of any nation in Europe.'

You think the roads were too bad to admit of this? He allows them to be bad over a broad belt of the soft Midland clay, and also where the chalk predominates; in the Sussex Weald they have always been proverbially

bad. Arthur Young, right at the end of the century, will have no words too strong to describe the ruts in many places in every district of England, but even he is forced to admit the prodigious activity which he finds upon the roads. In the North, says Defoe, the roads are excellent and the bridges all of stone, whereas in the better-timbered South these are mostly of wood. Turnpikes are coming in everywhere; Acts for them are incessant, though the two greatest Acts are those of 1741 and 1773, after his day. Wherever they are introduced, they lower the cost of carriage of heavy goods something like sixpence per hundredweight. But even on the worst roads, *e.g.* in Kent and Sussex, we have in 1724 heavy timber-wains called 'Tugs,' which will load 2½ tons, and which, on the better roads, will go night and day (*e.g.* between Exeter and London) without a stop. Passengers, it is true, before the improved mail coaches of Mr. Palmer, 1784, travel most easily on horseback; forty years before that, a single stage coach is said to have taken two days between London and Oxford, fifty-four miles. Even in 1798 Mr. Porter cites the 'Telegraph' as taking nineteen hours to do the 'eighty miles' between London and Portsmouth; but when I discover that that distance is, by the two roads marked in Cary's Atlas of 1793, respectively 73 and 73¾ miles, I begin to think that Mr. Porter may be 'out' in his hours also. The journey from London to Edinburgh by stage is also 'said' in 1760 to have been one of sixteen days, and Sir Richard Steele tells a story of how he hired a Frenchman to teach him French while performing it in a post-chaise. Canning, who, like Steele, was a professional humorist, once stuck in the mud (1795) for five hours between Wisbech and

Peterborough, on 'a road only fit for Noah's Ark,' and was obliged to send the postboy on to Peterborough for more horses to pull him out. But by 1792 there were sixteen fast 'Palmers' starting every day from the G.P.O., and Bristol was within fourteen hours of London. Not indeed till towards the close of our period, when Macadam had discovered the true principle of making roads, and Telford the best means of engineering their gradients, was it possible for coaches to keep up a regular nine miles an hour. But, in this rate-burdened age, we may look back not altogether with complacency on the fact that, between 1806 and 1815, the total County Rate for other than Poor-law purposes, that is to say for roads, bridges, gaols, asylums, inquests, Militia-ballot and elections, averaged all over England less than threepence in the pound.

As for Inland Navigation, the great age of that was between 1780 and 1830, when the face of the country was covered with a network of beautiful Canals, of which we are accustomed to say that the first was that of 1759 from the Mersey to St. Helens, and that the first great one was the 'Bridgwater,' built by Brindley from Manchester to Worsley in 1762. But Defoe notices the Foss Dike, an artificial cut founded on the river Witham, from Lincoln to the Trent; and in his day the Thames was navigable to Lechlade; the Trent barges carried beer from Burton, stockings from Nottingham; the Derwent carried the produce of the lead mines of the Peak from Derby; and Aire and Calder, navigable to Leeds and Wakefield respectively, took the produce of the five great clothing towns of the West Riding (Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Wakefield and Huddersfield) down to the Ouse and so to the great port of Hull on the Humber,

and Hull distributed them thence either to London or to Northern Europe. The steel of Barnsley and the cutlery of Sheffield were still carried by land. In the Midlands, the Avon was navigable up to Stratford, which is more (*experto credite*) than can be said for it now, and bore down to the Severn the fruit grown in the rich vale of Evesham, although the navigation, below and even above Gloucester was, owing to the shifting sandbanks and the 'bore' or tidal wave of the Severn, always dangerous.[1]

The great Fair of Stourbridge was still in full swing; it was held in early September on a meadow outside Cambridge on the Chesterton Road, and covered half a mile square of ground with whole streets of booths. So busy was it that the London 'cabbies' made a good thing by taking fifty hackney coaches down there, to carry the buyers and sellers to and fro between the Fair and their lodgings in Cambridge; we have seen them doing a similar thing at Henley in Regatta week. All the heavy goods came to the Fair in barges, up the Great Ouse and Cam; wool and hops were the main objects of trade, though practically everything was to be bought in the Fair. The whole of the Eastern Midlands was, in fact, tapped by the arteries of the three great fen rivers, and Lynn was their chief port. In the same district the Yare had long been navigable up to Norwich, and at the Great Yarmouth 'Fishing Fair' herrings were sold 'red' all the month of October. Scottish cattle or 'runts' were already driven to the rich marshes round Yarmouth to be fattened—was Rob Roy, in pursuit of his more lawful branch of trade, ever

[1] The Berkeley Canal has now partially, but not wholly provided a means of evading this.

as far south as that? As for grazing, cattle were still universally called 'black cattle,' though Defoe is careful to notice that red-and-white was not an unusual colour. The weight of cattle is said by Young to have more than doubled during the century, owing to improved breeding and feeding,[1] though we have no means of testing the size of the 'huge Sussex breed' which Defoe mentions, nor of knowing what sort of beasts were fed in the Vale of Aylesbury, then, as now, perhaps the richest grazing land of England. But, though Lord Townshend is supposed to be the first man who ever grew turnips on a large scale, and that only after his retirement in 1730, people were already in 1724 *ceasing* to complain that turnip-feeding made the mutton and beef taste nasty. The enormous Cheddar cheeses were even then made upon the communistic principle which obtains to-day, all the small landowners or farmers combining the milk of their cows to make one cheese, and being paid only after the sale thereof. Cheshire cheese and Stilton, 'which is brought to table with the mites so thick in it that they give you a spoon to eat them with,' were also famous; another *delictum majorum* which is our own to-day.

The famous Salt-springs or 'Wiches' of Worcestershire were already, since the discovery of mines of rocksalt in Lancashire and Cheshire, beginning to be undersold. In the beechwoods of Buckinghamshire chair-making was a very large industry, and the centre of it was at Marlow. The famous Swannery at Abbotsbury, which is one of the glories of Dorset, with what Defoe calls the 'duckcoy,' or decoy, attached to it, was already

[1] Not only on turnips but on all sorts of artificial grasses; the ordinary pasture lands had also been greatly improved by drainage.

owned by Lord Ilchester's ancestor. 'Railways' were, of course, well known—in the shape of timber lines, on which trucks were drawn in the Newcastle collieries; only in 1767 did iron rails begin to be substituted. The new wet dock at Liverpool would, the writer thought, soon enable that port to cut out Bristol for the American trade. Horse breeding was, as it still is, the main business of the North Riding of Yorkshire. The best Wiltshire bacon was already fed on skim-milk. Dorking was already giving its name to a breed of fowls, and, except timber, these were almost the only thing that the 'sandy desert of Surrey, as wild as the Highlands,' exported, in spite of the fact that the Wey was navigable up to Guildford. Colchester sent its oysters to London in barges, and 'barrelled' them for the whole World. Droves of Norfolk turkeys waddled up to London every autumn, driven by their owners. Devon cyder and Devon and Cornish pilchards were as famous then as now. Fifty thousand firkins of butter, each weighing 56 lb., reached London every year from Cambridgeshire and Suffolk. Portland had sent its stone and Purbeck its marble to build St. Paul's. Was it such a very different England, after all, from our own?

Hitherto I have spoken only of the minor trades and products of this rich country, and have tried to show how comparatively small is the change in them at the present day. Now we have to turn our attention to the far greater and more important branches of industry connected with Agriculture proper, with Iron-works, with Mining, and with the Woollen trade, the oldest, and the Cotton trade, the newest of British sources of wealth. Many difficult problems will meet us there. And we shall be shortly introduced to that

wicked person, the Capitalist, whether as Farmer or Manufacturer. That he was and is often wicked, that he occasionally ground his workpeople and fleeced the poor and the ingenious inventor, is demonstrably true. But the inventor often fleeced him too; "When we first set up business together," says one of his kind, "my partner had the experience and I had the capital, now he's got the capital and I've got the experience." The ordinary belief is that in the Eighteenth Century he was not only wicked but new, and no one will question that towards the end of the century he developed upon an enormous scale. Still I suspect that there were always, and especially since the Sixteenth Century, Capitalists, always masters, middlemen and hand-workers. In industries like mining, gun-making, paper and glass making, it must have been so. The great question is how far it was new in agriculture and the textile manufactures. Against whom did the Devon weavers strike in 1718, the Norwich weavers in 1754, if not against Capitalists? A stiff Act against such strikes had been passed in 1726. The demand of strikers was always for a return to the old Tudor system, which fixed wages by law and limited the number of persons engaged in a trade; and this Parliament was seldom willing to grant, though there are instances in which it empowered the Justices to fix wages, one as late as 1801.

Defoe in 1724 shows us the history of a fleece on its way to clothe the back of a Londoner, and at every stage of its career we see it passing through the hands of sundry Capitalists. The lamb is born in the flock of a large grazier, say on Salisbury Plain;[1] it will

[1] The Cotswolds, Romney Marsh, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire were the other great feeding grounds.

be sold as a yearling at Weyhill fair near Andover; shorn by its buyer, who will then sell the wool at Stourbridge fair to a 'stapler,' or wool merchant; he sets to work first the carder and then the comber, and mixes the wool with finer Spanish stuff, which some other Capitalist has imported from Bilbao. Another middleman sells it to the spinner who spins it in his own home, and then sells it direct to the hand-loom weaver, from whom again it passes in breadths of cloth to a cloth-merchant; and the tailor will buy these breadths either at Blackwell Hall in London, or at some other emporium in one of the two great districts of which the centres were respectively at Bradford-on-Avon in Wilts and Bradford in the West Riding. In these districts were congregated the greater part of the weavers and spinners of England; in the former there were over a hundred and twenty little towns, each engaged in its own special branch of the manufacture of cloth; in the latter district the centres were fewer and larger. But though Norwich, the old mediæval home of the woollen workers, was decaying, it was by no means deserted; and perhaps we should not be wrong in supposing that there were few towns in England which had not in early Georgian days some special branch of the woollen industry carried on in them. Arthur Young saw Norwich in its deepest decline; he makes the incredible statement that three-fourths of its population were in receipt of poor-relief.

But the spinning was done on the wheel at home, and the weaving on the hand-loom at home. Industry was in the 'Domestic,' as opposed to the 'Factory' stage, of which we shall soon have to speak. Men and women were men and women, not 'hands.' This is quite true;

and it is also true that cottagers, with only an acre or two of land, only one or two strips in the Common Fields and the right to graze a cow or two on the waste, could really supplement their earnings by these 'bye-industries' of spinning and weaving. So, too, could the families of small freeholders and copyholders, whose daughters probably married later than those of the ordinary peasant. So, perhaps, could married peasant-women with no children; 'wage-earning wives' are, however, a most dangerous luxury for the poor, although we have had to wait till the Twentieth Century to have this truth expounded to us by Miss Loane.[1] But, if we take the country all over, I think we may fairly guess that a successful weaver was always a weaver only, and a successful ploughboy always a ploughboy only. Each had his 'main industry,' and if to him the 'bye-industry' were not harmful, it was just in proportion as it was not particularly gainful. To all 'half-timers' I admit it as a real source of gain; and in their case, but in their case alone,[2] I admit that the coming change, from the Domestic to the Factory system of labour, contributed to diminish the earnings of the Agricultural Classes.

So by a side issue we find that we have now got face to face with the Agricultural Question, the Manufacturing Question and the Problem of Poverty. These three

[1] See her extraordinarily illuminating books, 'The Queen's Poor,' 1905, 'The Next Street but One,' 1907, 'From Their Point of View,' 1908.

[2] My view will, I suppose, be called a frightful heresy; and I admit that 'minor domestic industries,' baking, brewing, candle-making and the like, for home consumption, by the women, and tool-making and harness-making by the men, may have been profitably carried on in cottage homes.

combined form the text of a discussion of the ' Industrial Revolution.'

We have certain data to go upon, which I had better give you in a horrid ' table.'

(1) England began the period before us (1700–1815) as a country whose main source of wealth was Agriculture ; she ended it as one whose main source of wealth was Manufacture.

(2) By 1815, owing to the discovery of Steam and to other discoveries applicable to all branches of industry, most of the great manufactures of the country were being carried on by machinery and in large factories.

(3) Prices began to rise in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and Wages did not rise sufficiently to keep pace with them.

(4) In the last fifty years of the period Population increased at an alarming rate, and, in spite of vastly increased cultivation, bread rose to famine prices.

(5) And so more and more poor people ' came upon the Rates,' and the poor rate increased faster than anything else, *viresque acquirebat eundo.*

(6) But the total capitalized wealth of the country also increased prodigiously, and this wealth enabled us to beat Napoleon.

I have purposely not included in this table a heading which some readers may expect, namely the total disappearance of the small freeholder and the concentration of landed property in far too few hands, because until Surveys and Land-Tax Rolls, which have practically never been explored at all, are laid under contribution, economists are still very much in the dark, both as to the dates of disappearance and as to the classes which

disappeared. A wholesale disappearance there certainly was at some period before 1840; but it seems to have received a temporary check between 1785 and 1804; again, in some places it seems that those who farmed their own land disappeared later than the small landowners who lived on the rent of it.[1]

Now I should be much happier and my readers would be much less bored if I could keep all these six heads separate and argue them out one by one; but that I cannot promise to do to any satisfactory extent. When the period opens we were on a considerable scale a Corn-exporting country. Even France occasionally bought the staff of life from us; Holland, Germany and the Mediterranean countries took more. The 'corn-factor' was one of the richest of middlemen; he often bought the farmers' crop standing or even unripe; Defoe tells of flour-mills near great towns which would let for four hundred a year; he tells also of the great corn market, second only to that of London, at Farnham, on the edge of Surrey and Hampshire, from which the whole of the Export trade of the West found its way to the ports. The Corn Law of William III. worked admirably; it gave a bounty[2] on export when crops were good, and prohibited export when they were bad. For the first half of the Eighteenth Century the average price was about 35*s.* a quarter; in very bad years import was allowed, but before 1750 was seldom

[1] This at least is the evidence as yet discovered by my friend the Rev. A. H. Johnson of All Souls College, who is now making a careful study of this particular subject, and who has given me invaluable help with the present chapter.

[2] A bounty is defined by Dr. Murray as 'a sum of money paid to merchants or manufacturers for the encouragement of some particular branch of industry.'

needed. In 1773, when the 'pressure of population upon subsistence' was beginning to be felt, the bounty was dropped when corn was over 44*s*., and import was allowed at a duty of sixpence per quarter when it was over 48*s*. This again was amended in 1791, when the scales both for lawful export and import were somewhat raised. But, in the eighteen intervening years, we had almost ceased to export, and were beginning to import on a steady if small scale; the last excess of export over import was in '92.[1]

Undoubtedly the object of these laws was to keep the price of corn steady and also to keep the home market for the home producer. Undoubtedly, too, this was then a prudent policy. But, as population began to outrun the food that, by any possible extension or improvement of cultivation, England could raise, it was a policy that could not be pursued for ever; and it was, perhaps, pursued too long (till 1846). In the last five years of the old century wheat averaged 80*s*. a quarter, and the highest price of all, 122*s*., was reached in 1812. All along, the import was insignificant—an annual average, from 1801–15, of little over half a million quarters of corn. Finally the law of 1815 actually fixed 80*s*. as the lowest price at which import should be allowed. This was wicked and absurd; it was a deliberate attempt to keep up, in the interest of landlords and farmers, the prices which had been current during the war. But it was equally wicked and absurd to abolish the duty on import altogether, as was done, to the utter ruin of British agriculture, in the Nineteenth Century.

[1] 1808 is an apparent exception, accounted for by the necessity of forming magazines of corn for our Army in Portugal and Spain.

It must never be forgotten that import was very difficult; before 1815 very few countries had any corn to spare.[1] In bad years, during the war, the Government actually offered bounties to any one who would import grain and even rice. Meanwhile after 1760 every effort was bent to the improvement of the existing soil of Great Britain and Ireland, and with such effect that in England and Wales alone, whose total acreage is thirty-seven millions, over five million fresh acres were brought into cultivation before the close of the Great War. From the beginning of the Eighteenth Century improvements in Agriculture had been steady; and enclosures of the 'open fields,' in which, perhaps, half England still lay, went on apace.[2] Between 1760 and 1840 it has been stated that over seven millions of acres were enclosed, and a great General Enclosure Act of 1801 marked the high tide of the policy. Remember that enclosures involved, as in the Sixteenth Century, not merely the throwing into large connected parcels the land that had lain, since the days of the earliest Saxon ploughboys, in innumerable little narrow strips, cultivated by villagers, but also the abolition of all the old grazing rights over these open fields, which the said villagers had enjoyed after harvest from time immemorial. For the loss of these rights compensation had, of course,

[1] It was only after the development of America and Canada, and the contemporary development of Steam-transit, that any European country could import corn upon a serious scale.

[2] Not all enclosures were made for the purpose of corn-growing; until the middle of the century, and even after, much newly enclosed land was devoted to pasture. A Report on Enclosures states that in 1802 even less land was under arable cultivation than in 1760; all other statistics, however, point in the other direction.

to be paid, but was extraordinarily difficult to assess. Enclosure involved also the setting up of fences and hedges, and so was a very costly process. Only rich men could afford to undertake it, and only enlightened men would do so.

But landowning was the foundation of political power, and was becoming more so every day. 'New' men were on the watch to snap up old acres, and so enclosures and large farms became the rule because, under the new conditions, only large farms would pay. In my two earlier volumes I have repeatedly pointed out how uneconomical was the old system of cultivation, how backward and blind to all improvements was the old race of peasant cultivators, whether copyholders or freeholders. Arthur Young, the prophet of the coming era, is never weary of saying how hard the small freeholder had to work, how wretchedly he lived; he had better 'go' and make room for a race of men who would produce enough to feed the growing population of Britain. Young became Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, a new creation of Pitt's, in 1793, and lived to see the complete triumph of his principles in an England of enterprising landlords and large capitalist farmers, but also of increasingly discontented agricultural labourers.

But the processes of improvement and enclosure had been going on long before Young was born. Defoe tells us of the fields in the Eastern Counties, which were fertilized by lime and marl dug from the Kentish shore of the Thames and shipped across to Essex. Not only the ever-memorable turnip, to which other root crops were soon added, but also clover and artificial grasses had been introduced, on all soundly worked farms, long before 1750, and we must always remember

that all these not only fed cattle and sheep, but also formed the best substitute for fallow. Under the pressure of competition new methods and new instruments for sowing, ploughing, winnowing and thrashing were continually coming in. Finally the returns reached, by this improved agricultural system *plus* the improved means of communication in better roads and in the great network of canals (which before 1815 covered the whole face of the country), were out of all proportion to the capital employed in the job.

Yet, great as was this increase, it was still not enough to keep pace with the increase of the mouths crying out for food. This brings us to consider the development of Manufactures, a development wholly due to the application of new machinery to old trades. The real start in the Industrial Revolution on this side comes when it is discovered that you can use raw pit-coal on a serious scale for the smelting of iron. No actual date or place for this discovery is fixable; not more places have claimed to have given birth to Homer than to the new iron trade. Some will sing of the ingenious Dud Dudley in the reign of James I., some of Abraham Darby and Anthony Bacon in that of George II.; South Wales, Coalbrookdale in Shropshire and Carron in Scotland have all fair claims. The earliest experimentalists seem to have set to work owing to the increasing denudation of the oak woods for the iron-foundries; and their first experiments went in the direction of making coke from coal, in place of making charcoal from wood. This was a fearfully extravagant process; raw coal is the real weapon, although, even now, it takes about four tons of raw coal to smelt one ton of iron. But it is clear that the 'Revolution' was not in full swing till

you could apply to your foundry a really powerful blast by means of Steam.

And who invented Steam? Here again the claimants are legion. Mr. Newcomen, an ironmonger of Dartmouth, was building 'steam engines'—stationary ones, of course—which would raise water out of mines more quickly than horse pumps, before the death of George I. One of these engines came for repair into the hands of James Watt, an ingenious Scottish mechanic, about 1763. He, ten years later, entered into partnership with Mr. Boulton of Birmingham, and by 1784–5 these men were building steam engines which would work iron furnaces with a blast a hundred-fold more powerful than any previously known; a blast with which you could 'puddle and roll pigs' (of iron; I do not profess to understand the process) at an amazing rate, and which soon enabled you to do with the most useful of all metals almost anything which you pleased. An iron bridge had been built over Severn in '79; in '90 the first hideous iron ship was launched. The output of iron, which in 1740 had been a mere 17,000 tons a year, was 250,000 by the end of the century. And every one was crying out for more coals and more steam.

See how discovery in one trade reacts on every other trade. Improved coal-mining at once came in. As late as 1795 over forty per cent. of the coal in a mine used to be left in the shape of pillars to prop up the roof; fifteen years after, superior construction enabled you to take eighty to ninety per cent. upstairs, and in 1815 Sir Humphry Davy invented the miner's 'safety lamp' to prevent explosions of gas; at that date Newcastle was shipping almost two million tons a year, and other coalfields, especially those of South Wales, Durham and

Cumberland (all of them well known to Defoe) had increased their output in proportion. Not only coal-mining but all other mining benefited by these discoveries. Even of the rare metal, copper, the British production doubled in the forty years before 1815; the sheathing of vessels with copper, to prevent fouling, began about 1760 and was universal in the Navy before the Great War. In every trade it was the same story. The Potteries of Staffordshire, thanks to the ingenious Mr. Wedgwood, even managed to preserve and increase beauty of form and design as well as to increase their output a good fifty-fold. Lady Shelburne saw in 1785, at Birmingham, 'gun making to a prodigious extent for exportation; they send above 150,000 guns every year to the coast of Africa' (in exchange for slaves?), 'some of which are there sold for 5*s.* 6*d.* apiece; but, what is shocking to humanity, above half of them, from the manner they are finished, are sure to burst in the first hand that fires them.' Alas! these Brummagem wares!

But, above all, it was the two great textile trades, woollen and cotton, that felt the change most. We have glanced at the processes of spinning and weaving in Defoe's time, and we have seen how that writer considered that the woollen trade was still the mainstay of English manufacture. For almost fifty years after his time its supremacy, often challenged by its younger rival, remained unshaken, although the output was seriously handicapped by the fact that weavers could weave ten times as fast as spinners could spin. Mr. Bakewell, towards the end of the century, introduced such improvements in the breeding of sheep that the weight of both carcase and fleece was, in 1800, nearly double what it had been a hundred years before. The estimated

number of these peaceable creatures was then just double that of the species *homo sapiens*, as recorded by the first Census of England, namely nineteen millions, and the average weight of a fleece was 5 lb. Meanwhile, by a series of inventions such as a 'flying shuttle,' 1733, a 'spinning-jenny,' 1764, a 'mule,' 1779, a 'power loom,' 1785, machinery began to be applied both to the spinning and weaving processes, and was at first worked by water power. From about 1789 it was by steam, and the results were immediate and enormous.

If, however, the old and native Woollen manufacture developed at a great rate, the much newer Cotton manufacture soon utterly outdid it. We hear of 'cotton goods' produced at Bolton, Lancashire, as early as Henry VIII.'s reign, although some people think this to have been only a wrong name for a particular kind of woollen cloth. Cotton is a vegetable product growing on bushes in hot countries, and the Levant Company certainly imported small quantities from Turkey to Manchester before the Civil War. Ready-woven cotton goods were also brought, all through the Seventeenth Century, by the East India Company from India. In 1719 the London woollen-weavers rioted and pulled the new 'Calico' (or Calicut) gowns off the ladies' backs in the streets. Parliament yielded to the outcry of these 'unemployed' in a fashion more suggestive of the Twentieth than of the sober Eighteenth Century, and passed Acts prohibiting the wearing of cottons and calicoes, but, sixteen years later, allowed such goods to be made or imported, provided that in the weaving process they were mixed with linen. Not till 1774 were pure cotton goods lawful product or import. This was just in time for the application of the new processes to

the manufacture. Then Manchester stepped forth, and in twenty years was all a-clang with roaring looms. Raw cotton to feed these greedy monsters was brought from India, from the Levant, above all from the Southern States of North America. Like all trades dependent for their raw material on foreign countries, that of cotton was subject to great fluctuations, and liable to 'famines' in time of war; hence the operatives or 'hands' have always been a turbulent race, given to strikes and riots. But, cotton being a cheaper form of clothing than woollen, the demand for 'Manchester goods' soon exceeded that for any other British produce; as for the figures of yards of cotton, 'printed' or unprinted, produced in 1815, I am quite afraid to put them down; the mere export had reached the annual value of seventeen million pounds sterling, while that of our woollen goods was estimated as worth nine millions.

The output of both was, in fact, limited by but three things: (*a*) the quantity of raw material obtainable, (*b*) the extent of the market, and (*c*) the number of hands available. At the date of the Peace, the markets of the whole World were reopened to us and we had as yet no serious competitors, while, as for 'hands,' those employed in the cotton manufacture had doubled since 1800, and their wages had risen ten per cent. But their condition was by no means ideal. In the first place they were now collected in factories, huge gaunt sheds, noisy, draughty, cold or stuffy (often both), full of dust from the looms; they worked for cruelly long, if regular hours; men, women and alas! children of the tenderest years worked; overseers were often brutal, though there is no reason to suppose them more brutal than farm bailiffs or any other supervisors of hand labour.

The concentration in towns and the factory system were necessities, for of course a steam-machine able to move a hundred spindles can't get inside a country cottage, and before we condemn it wholesale we must remember that the pallid cottage-weaver would often have to sit at his loom, in a far stuffier place, for fourteen or fifteen hours to earn half what the 'hand' earned in a factory in twelve. The greatest of the cotton manufacturers, the first Sir Robert Peel, was also the author of the first 'Factory Act' of 1802, which provided at least that these workshops should be 'inspected' by Government agents, and that the children employed should have some modicum of schooling; it also forbade night work and regulated the lawful hours of labour. But much still remained to be done, and there was no other Act to protect the operatives until 1833. However much we may deplore and detest, as we should, *all* governmental interference with free contract, no one could refuse assent to the general policy of Acts designed, in the interests of the future of the race, to restrict and ultimately abolish the labour of children, and to prohibit women from working at trades unsuited to them. Men of course ought to be able to look out for themselves.

It cannot be denied that the new conditions of life have carried forward to the account of the future a rather gloomy debit. The number of persons in 1700 engaged in sedentary and indoor industries, whether in villages or towns, had been small compared to the number employed out of doors; in 1815 the proportions were almost reversed; town had beaten country. Defoe could say in 1724, "Our men are the stoutest and best; if you strip a given number of Englishmen, give them

no weapons and lock them in a room with the like number of men from other countries, they shall beat the best men you shall find in the world." In 1815 he would have had to except the stunted, narrow-chested factory operatives from this generalization. And with the physique of these men, their intelligence also inevitably diminished. The intelligence required from the average rustic labourer is, in comparison with that required from a factory hand, very great; a comparison of their respective moral qualities will be found equally unfavourable to the town-dweller. Crime, disease, discontent and Radicalism, though far from rare in villages, are the natural children of great cities.

The country, however, had, in the Eighteenth Century, its own grievances, among which not the least was the extreme difficulty of finding cottages to live in; an old law of the Sixteenth, originally enacted in the interest of the villagers, to the effect that no cottage should be built with less than four acres of ground attached to it, remained unrepealed till 1775, and often operated against the proper housing of the poor. The Laws of Settlement annexed to the Poor Law tended in the same direction. Adam Smith points out how the Act of 1662 and subsequent amending Acts had enabled the Overseers of the Poor to eject from a parish all persons not legally 'settled' or born in it, lest at any time they should 'come upon the rates'; and of the worst of these Acts, not repealed till 1795, he says it put it in the power of the Overseers to imprison a man, as it were, for life in the place of his birth. Hence, though wages may be 16*s.* a week in Lancashire, where every one is squealing for more hands, they are apt to remain 7*s.* in Dorset. And, whether it were gin-drinking, as Defoe thought, or

tea-drinking, as Arthur Young thought, or the growth of Enclosures, as Mr. Eden in his 'State of the Poor' thought, wages kept lagging, lagging behind prices.

On the whole, till 1750 there had been no serious increase of poverty or rise in Poor Rate; a wise Act of George I. had allowed parishes to combine and build workhouses, and to refuse relief to persons who refused to enter them. But Gilbert's Act of 1782, passed during the mistaken wave of 'humanity,' which at that date affected other countries besides France, allowed this Act to be relaxed, and 'work' to be provided at their own houses even for able-bodied unemployed; thereupon tender-hearted Justices of the Peace resolved in many cases to grant 'relief in aid of wages,' where wages were too low, to men who were in actual work, and to grant it in proportion to the size of their families. An 'eighteen-penny child' was a common phrase, and was actually regarded as a good investment of capital. Pitt's own ideas upon the subject were most extraordinary and most 'uneconomic'; fixing his eyes only on the demand for soldiers and sailors for his wars, and being himself a bachelor, he thought that a labourer and his wife who had produced twelve children ought to be kept by a grateful country (not by their grateful children) for the rest of their natural lives.

Now the British farmer knows his own business, and, if gentlemen are ready to pay a proportion of his labourers' wages out of the Rates, he will naturally not raise those wages, and he did not. In this state of things free contract and fair wages both went to the winds, and the Poor Rate increased by leaps and bounds till, at the end of our period, it had reached seven millions per annum. In the country districts this rate

fell wholly on landowners, and if their rents had not been increasing, owing to the increase in the price of corn, they could not have borne it at all. Probably nothing contributed so much to the depression and ultimate disappearance of the small yeomen landowners as the rise in the Poor Rate. The whole thing, in fact, became a vicious circle; the high price of corn starves the labourer who reaps it; he asks the farmer for more wages; but the landlord has just asked the farmer for more rent; so the farmer refuses the labourer; the labourer at once comes on the rates; and the rates would crush the landowner were it not for the extra rent just paid by the farmer. So when wages in every other trade were steadily increasing, those in the noblest of all trades did not increase proportionally.

In other industries we may take it that, by 1815, wages were equal to meeting all prices except that of corn; in all manufactures the demand for operative hands had become so great, that, if corn had been steady, even at the highest conceivable price, they would have quickly met even that price; but of course no one knew when a year of splendid harvest might not suddenly halve that price. And so wages remained a perpetual source of friction between masters and men. As for trade unions, combinations, strikes and the like, there was nothing new in them; certain mediæval Acts are supposed to have prohibited them, but when we read that one trade union, that of the frame-knitters, actually petitioned Parliament in 1778, these Acts cannot have been very operative. The really operative Acts directed against various trade unions date mainly from George III.'s reign, and do equally prohibit 'rings' of masters; the strongest are those of 1799 and 1800.

A far more dangerous symptom, however, than strikes was the series of riots against the introduction of the new machinery; these were going on practically in every town in which such machinery was introduced. Nearly all the first inventors had to weep bitter tears over broken looms. It was very natural; the hand-loom weaver heard, saw and smelt the great oil-fed, steam-driven, whirring, hissing monster that was going to take the bread from his mouth, and he broke it whenever he could. So did the Highland boatmen, God bless them, to the first steamer that ever defiled Loch Katrine, in whose unplumbed depths she lieth unto this day. So would Mr. Weller, senior, have done to a railway engine if he had been strong enough to hurt it. In 1811–12, so dangerous were the 'frame-breakers' in Nottingham, under the banner of a perhaps wholly imaginary person called Ludd, that seven Militia regiments were required to maintain the peace. 'French principles' were appealed to by these rioters, and, during the struggle for bread, patriotism went to the wall:—

> As the Liberty lads over sea
> Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
> So we, boys, we
> Will die fighting or live free
> And down with all Kings but King Ludd!

(No, this was not written by Mr. Ludd, whoever he was, or by the ghost of Tom Paine, but by Lord Byron—from the luxurious safety of his self-exile on the Lake of Geneva—and after the riots were over.)

Of minor textile trades, that of linen, mainly centred in the North of Ireland and the South of Scotland, also accepted and profited by machine-processes, but nothing like to the same extent as cotton and woollen; while

the silk trade, though carefully and even extravagantly nursed by parliamentary protection, was never more than an exotic with us, although the finest silk dresses in the World were still woven on the hand-looms of East London, dresses which our great-grandmothers bequeathed to our grandmothers, and which were so stiff that they would stand up without a grandmother inside them. Rope-making, equally with linen dependent on the cultivation of flax, or on the importation of hemp from Russia and elsewhere, made comparatively little progress, and it is certainly strange that no attempt was made to cultivate hemp for ship-cables, although during the war its price went up six-fold.

Finally, the total value of the exports of Great Britain, which in 1791 had been only sixteen millions, may at the close of the war be reckoned at fifty millions sterling; and for these the customers may be placed in the following order: the United States, Northern European countries, Canada and West Indies, Southern European countries, Asiatic countries, South America. In the last ten years the tonnage of our merchant shipping had trebled, the revenue of our Post Office had doubled, and all this in spite of the fact that since 1792 the interest on our Debt had more than trebled, and our expenditure had increased five-and-a-half-fold; in spite also of the fact that the medium of exchange was, since 1797, mainly in the form of £1, £2 and £5 notes, which were not convertible into gold, and which were therefore seriously, though never dangerously, depreciated.[1] And so we

[1] Hardly any silver was coined at the Mint during the last fifteen years of the period, and only twice did the annual coinage of gold reach half a million sterling. 'Bank tokens,' as they were called, *i.e.* old or foreign coins with a bank-stamp on them, as

say that it was this wonderful increase of riches that enabled us to beat Napoleon. Indeed it is supposed to be a truism that our victory was owing more to Watt and Arkwright (the inventor of I forget which wonderful machine) than to Nelson and Wellington. Was it indeed so, or was it rather due to Defoe's 'stoutest and best men in the world,' trained and led by those consummate captains? Even to-day I think much is to be said for Sir Francis Doyle's view:—

> Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
> Vain those all-shattering guns,
> Unless proud England keep untamed
> The strong heart of her sons!

The activity of Britons in the Eighteenth Century was by no means wholly confined to the making haste to be rich. Alike in exploration, in literature, both poetry and prose, in painting, in religious reform, the reign of George III. has fair claim to be called a Golden Age. All these things properly belong to 'History,' but it would be, I think, a mistake for me to dwell long upon any of them.

Explorers, as a rule, are, like inventors and like St. Paul, 'poor yet making many rich,' although Lord Anson, who took a galleon worth half a million, is an exception to this rule. His name, with those of Byron, Carteret and Wallis, are all worthy of record among English navigators, and their voyages to the 'South Seas' form a link between those of Dampier and those

low as 1*s.* 6*d.*, did most of the small work. 'Tradesmen's tokens' of leather or base metal, or scores kept on 'tally sticks,' were the good wife's principal 'housekeeping money.' Remember that anything is money which does money's work.

of the greatest of all explorers,[1] Captain Cook. Anson's main object, in his great four years' voyage round the World, 1740–4, was not so much discovery as the crippling of the Spaniard in the Pacific, and in this he displayed an energy and skill worthy of Drake himself. Byron, 1764, sailed the same voyage in the 'record' time of twenty-two months, but strangely enough missed making any serious additions to geographical knowledge. Carteret started two years later than Byron, and added to the map a great many islands in the Southern Pacific. Wallis discovered Otaheite in '69.

James Cook we have met before as the pilot of Saunders' ships past the French guns at Quebec. He was already famous as a marine surveyor when he was chosen by the Admiralty in 1768 to take some distinguished men of science out to Otaheite for the purpose of an astronomical observation. On his return voyage Cook's *Endeavour* was the first ship to sail round New Zealand (to which the name had been given in 1642 by the Dutchman, Tasman), the first to discover the Eastern coast of Australia and to separate that island-continent from New Guinea. After barely a year in England, Cook started again with the *Resolution* and the *Adventure* on a voyage of discovery pure and simple; they sailed to the Cape and from the Cape Southwards, with the intention of verifying the legend of a great Antarctic Continent. During a three years' voyage, the *Resolution*, early separated from her consort, skirted the Southern ice almost round the World and back again, and, finding only a few detached islands, succeeded in destroying the legend she had gone to verify. Again came a year ashore, and in '76 Cook,

[1] Perhaps one ought to except Magellan.

in the same good ship, together with the *Discovery*, Captain Clarke, was off to the other Pole to attempt to solve the problem of the 'North-West Passage,' for the opening of which, in the reign of George II., Parliament had offered a reward of £20,000. Cook decided to make his venture from the Pacific side, and therefore started *via* the Cape, and explored once more the latitudes, which he had already made famous, of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. On his Northward journey he discovered the Sandwich Islands, with whose natives he so ingratiated himself as to be almost worshipped. Thence he struck across to California, visited Nootka Sound (now Vancouver), and found the Northern ice in Behring's Sea. There he met Russian sailors, but the 'White Gate' remained obstinately closed. The *Resolution* returned to winter at the Sandwich Isles, and there Cook fell a victim to an accidental outburst of native rage, provoked by some severity exercised by his men against the islanders, who could not be restrained from stealing iron tools (February, 1779).

The addition, in the brief space of eleven years, of a quarter of the globe to the Map of the World, the addition of a new Continent and of numerous Islands to the British Empire, which we owe to this modest and lovable sailor, were perhaps lesser gifts than his victory over the scurvy, the disease which, until his time, had habitually reduced crews on long voyages below two-thirds of their original strength. Cook discovered the use of limejuice, a powerful alkali, which alone is capable of combating the effects of a long-continued diet of salt meat; henceforth a ship might often sail round the World and return with all hands in good health. An immediate result of his voyages

was that the Government of Britain established at Botany Bay, in 'New South Wales,' a penal settlement for persons who had, in spite of our not very mild criminal laws, escaped the gallows. Sydney, the future Capital of the Colony, was at first called 'Port Jackson,' and the first shipload of convicts was despatched thither in '87 and landed in '88 :—

> True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good.

Since we had lost our American Colonies, whither we used to send criminals as 'indentured servants'—a euphemism for temporary slavery—it had been a problem what to do with such persons; in '76 the experiment of building 'galleys' for convicts had been tried, but was not successful; henceforward they were shipped off to Australia. Whether or not it was a wise experiment, it was certainly a merciful one; after a greater or lesser period the convicts of both sexes out there regained their freedom, and in twenty years were sufficiently advanced to need a schoolmistress for their children, who was surprised to find on her arrival that tea in Australia cost 30*s.* a pound, brown sugar 6*s.* and butter 7*s.*

Another Colony of a somewhat different origin, Sierra Leone on the West coast of Africa, was founded as a refuge for freed slaves. Ever since Lord Mansfield in 1772 had declared, in the case of James Somerset, that no man can be a slave on British soil, the 'Negro Question' had been agitating men's minds, and we have seen in another chapter what strenuous efforts had been put forward by Wilberforce, Pitt and others for the abolition of the Slave Trade, with a view to the ultimate

abolition of Slavery. The occupation of the Falkland Islands in 1764, and of Nootka Sound in 1789, though of less commercial effect than the above discoveries, were daring strokes of seamanship and policy, inasmuch as they were both overt challenges to the effete claims of Spain in South Atlantic and Pacific waters; each of these challenges would have led to war if France at the moment would have supported Spain. As regards exploration on the African Continent, we must not forget James Bruce, the discoverer in 1770 of the Blue Nile, and Mungo Park, who was killed during his second journey in the region of the Niger in 1806. *Sic vos non vobis;* in all this roll of heroes, Anson was almost the only one who made his fortune.

When one turns to the literary side of Eighteenth Century history, such a book as mine can give little more than a catalogue of names, which, like the 'fortis Gyas fortisque Cloanthus' of the Æneid, is apt to become wearisome. Until about the middle of the period the tradition of 'classicism' in poetry is unbroken, or broken only by the exquisite, if slightly unreal Elegiacs and Odes of Gray. The giants of the so-called 'Augustan' Age of Anne are still alive; Pope, until his death in 1744, wears the laurel of Dryden, and thinks that he wields his mighty sceptre. Perfect mastery of form, fancy exquisite within limits deliberately chosen, fail to atone for the narrowness of these limits, for the lack of spiritual fire and the unreality of the whole thing; in weaker hands than Pope's 'the heroic couplet' becomes infinitely tiresome. Yet, say what you will and laugh as you will at Pope's ignorance of Greek, his 'Iliad' is a grand poem and ought to be in the hands of every boy of ten as an admirable pre-

paration for the magic of the original. His heroes are not quite Homer's heroes and they wear too much evening dress, but they are heroes all the same. Of prose writers, Swift lived, increasing in *sæva indignatio*, till 1745. Addison handed on the torch of classicism to Johnson. Defoe indeed, *sui generis* as a writer on Economics, is also *sui generis*, with his 'Robinson Crusoe,' published in 1719, as the pioneer of realistic fiction. Among the mighty gods of learning, Bentley, a scholar almost as great in sacred as in classical research, lived till 1742 and was the scholastic father of Porson, who died in 1808. Of Butler and Berkeley, the champions of learned Christianity against Deism, we have already heard something in a former chapter. On the other side you have Bolingbroke, who took up with false philosophy when he was tired of playing with false politics—"a scoundrel and a coward, sir," as good old Johnson said, "a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality, and a coward because he had no resolution to fire it off in his lifetime, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scot [Mallet] to draw the trigger after his death."

The supremacy of Dr. Johnson as the Dictator of literary taste dates not from his earlier work—he had been writing since 1738, at first in Mr. Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was started in 1731—but from the publication of his 'Dictionary' in 1755. His most perfect production is the little story of 'Rasselas,' which was published in the last year of George II.; his 'Lives of the Poets' were begun, in his old age, 1775. Before his death in '84, the great work of Fielding and Smollett, the earliest of true English novelists, had been done; Sterne had puzzled and delighted the world with 'Tris-

tram Shandy,' 1760; Percy, in his 'Reliques of English Poetry,' had begun to rescue our old ballads from oblivion, 1765; Goldsmith had written the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 1766, and the greatest comedy since Shakespeare, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 1773; Hume had challenged the Whig Legend in his 'History of England'; Lord Hervey had depicted the life of the Court in his Memoirs, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her immortal Letters; Horace Walpole went on writing his Letters till the close of his long life in 1797, but he too is essentially of the Johnsonian period.

It was good for that period to have a Dictator, and thrice fortunate that such a person was found in gallant old Samuel. Nothing that was unlovely or of evil report, nothing that was pinchbeck or sham in the literary world, ever found favour with his pure, intrepid and clear-sighted judgment. He was a stalwart champion of what he liked, and a good hater of what he hated; he loved to knock down the idols of market-places—what a drubbing he would be for giving some of ours to-day! how he would have flagellated 'Headmasters in Conference,' who wish to substitute chewed pap for Greek as the basis of education! That his own diction was, especially in his earlier work, both turgid and classical to a somewhat absurd degree is a small point; it was as a critic, not as a writer that he was super-excellent. The earlier period of his life has sometimes been called the 'Grub Street Age,' and authors have been represented as the contemptible panegyrists of vulgar noblemen and the starved hirelings of tyrannous publishers. One of the few really sound modern critics, Mr. Saintsbury, has effectually disposed of this legend, by proving that nearly all the great writers were very

reasonably paid by the booksellers who produced their works, better paid indeed than any writers except the idols of the market-place are to-day. The first Copyright Act, dating from Queen Anne, had already made 'literary property' a reality for a definite number of years after the publication of a book.

The year after Johnson died the germ of a new literary movement began with the publication of Cowper's 'Task,' 1785. If we seek to analyse the origin and essence of the so-called 'Romantic Movement' in poetry and prose, it is necessary first to realize that the decade preceding the French Revolution saw a vague yearning for a return to a more natural mode of life than the Age of Wigs had allowed. Dress was becoming simpler, hair-powder was being discarded, the humble umbrella was replacing the sword as the companion of a gentleman. A reaction towards country pursuits and country life began; the beautiful 'formal' garden of the Seventeenth Century gave way to the taste for wildernesses and romantic scenery; people even built sham ruins in their grounds to give a mediæval air to them. Ladies nursed their own babies and played at living in cottages; men believed that the World was going to get better all round; it had become fashionable to weep over real sorrows as well as over fictitious ones. Much of this was only an affectation in a direction opposite to the affectations of early Georgian days; but there was in it also a desire to see the realities of life. Burns was indeed little read South of the Border, but if ever a man showed in poetry the naked realities of life it was Burns, whose first volume was published at Kilmarnock in 1786. Blake's 'Songs of Innocence,' 1789, carried the movement a step farther, both in pathos and bathos; but the

truest heralds of the new era were Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose 'Lyrical Ballads' were published in 1798. There was indeed bathos in the new movement; the author of the 'Intimations of Immortality' was also the author of 'Peter Bell':—

> Two voices are there—one is of the Deep;
> . . . . . .
> The other is an old half-witted sheep,
> . . . . . .
> And, Wordsworth, both are thine.

Scott struck another note on the same instrument with his 'Lay,' 1805, 'Marmion,' 1808, 'Lady of the Lake,' 1810. Byron's true fame dates from after the Peace, but most of Shelley's best work had been done before it.

In prose Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' finished in 1788, marks the close of the Classical and stately period, while Burke to a certain extent inaugurates the new age. Burke could play upon the English language like a consummate musician on a perfect organ; he tells us himself that he had based his style no less on the great writers and pulpit orators of the Seventeenth Century than on Greek and Roman models. But he can also be exquisitely familiar, and, while in his speeches he was a constant offender against good taste, he is never so in his writings. The period closes with the inauguration in 1802 of the 'Edinburgh Review,' soon to be followed by the 'Quarterly'; and a reviewer, being a person who before all things must be lucid, studies to present to his readers plain facts in plain language. As poetry, then, becomes more romantic, prose becomes more practical, and both suit themselves to the temper of the times.

In painting, also, the reign of George III. is the zenith

of English Art. Before that date there had been only one great English painter, Hogarth, who sacrificed the beauty, which he could so well have delineated, to his immense power of satire and tragedy. As a composer on canvas probably no one was ever so great as Hogarth, who was perhaps at his best in the year 1745. Reynolds, after a visit to Italy, settled finally in London in 1753, and became the first President of the Royal Academy of Arts, founded in 1768; Gainsborough, his junior by four years, did not finally settle in London till '74, and died in '88; Sir Joshua lived till '92. Romney outlived them both, dying in 1802. The two former alone are enough to have made the British school of portrait-painting famous for all time, and Gainsborough was also the first great painter of English landscape. Constable had already begun to study what his biographer calls the 'natural history of the skies,' and had learned that 'light and shadow never stand still'; but he had to wait for success till 1814. Turner, though elected an Academician in 1802 and already recognized as a great landscape painter, only developed his 'own style' after 1820.

It is impossible to conclude any general review of Eighteenth Century history without particular mention of the work of John and Charles Wesley, and yet theirs is work upon which it is all but impossible for us to pass a fair judgment. The fairest is, in fact, that of Robert Southey, whose 'Life of John Wesley,' 1820, is one of the most perfect biographies in the English language. John and Charles, two sons of the Rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire, and of old Puritan descent, were ordained respectively in 1725 and 1735. At Oxford their great personal piety, to which in John's case was added deep classical and theological learning, gathered round them a little

knot of followers devoted to private prayer and good works, such as visiting the prisoners in the gaol. The nickname of 'Methodists,' speedily applied to them by the baser sort of undergraduate, was not a new one; it had been used for a Puritan sect in 1657. Soon they gloried in the name. Their best-known follower was George Whitefield, who came to Oxford in '28. An overwhelming sense of the sin in which the World was sunk was their common characteristic, and John's first remedy for this was an excessive devotion to the ceremonial, Sacraments and fasts of the Church; indeed there remained in him to the end, both for good and evil, much of the temper of the mystics and also of the later High Churchmen.

But soon all this seemed to him to be hopeless as a groundwork of appeal to the ignorant and the very sinful, and it is the true merit of himself and his followers that it was to the ignorant and the very sinful that their warnings were addressed. Pure 'Bible Christianity,' as they understood it, seemed to them the only way to save souls. But what they understood by pure Bible Christianity was not so much the Sermon on the Mount as the doctrine of instantaneous conversion:—"Believe and thou shalt be saved!' The Wesleyan preachers held that all that was necessary was, first an overwhelming sense of sin, and then, and this too often hysterically, a sudden assurance of pardon and of reunion of the sinner with Christ. No man can probe the heart of another, and Wesley, who was intensely credulous,[1]

[1] He was probably the last educated believer in Witchcraft, and 'possession' by Devils; he constantly used 'Sortes Biblicæ,' opening the Bible and putting his finger on a text at random, in order to decide his course on some particular emergency.

too often accepted as signs of conversion among his hearers horrible outbursts of hysterical passion and actual or simulated physical convulsions. If he, a gentleman and a scholar, could tolerate and even rejoice in such manifestations, how infinitely more dangerous these must have been when they were evoked by the ranting of some lay preacher, the height of whose enthusiasm was only equalled by the depth of his ignorance. We have seen similar 'evangelistic' movements in our own days, productive of little but temporary and unhealthy spiritual excitement. When the 'evangelist' hurries round the heated room at the conclusion of his sermon, asking each individual, "Are you saved?" it is not every one who has the wit and prudence to reply, as a friend of mine once did, "I belong to the Church of England."

No doubt there were many parts of the country in which the Church was neglecting its duties, and Wesley had at first only intended to supplement its ministrations, for he always professed and no doubt felt the greatest horror of Schism. But one step led on to another—open-air preaching, in cases where the clergy would not lend their pulpits, led to itinerary preaching, itinerary preaching to lay preaching, and lay preaching to lay ordination. Organization in 'bands' and 'classes,' and a yearly 'Conference' followed as a matter of course; and 'class-leaders,' who were to hold weekly visitations and enquiries into the spiritual condition of their classes, readily developed into an inquisitorial Confessional, often an exceedingly base and immoral one. The Conferences were occasionally stormy proceedings, but Wesley's immense social and intellectual superiority, and his perfect sincerity and disinterestedness, always enabled

him to triumph over those who opposed him. He had the autocratic temper and will of a mediæval Pope, and did not hesitate to excommunicate those who dissented, although he was quite ready to forgive and to receive back into the fold any one who bowed to that will. As he rejected with horror the extreme Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, he was obliged to see the secession of at least one-third of his original followers with George Whitefield as their Apostle; these form to-day the Calvinistic Methodists or 'Lady Huntingdon's Connexion.'

When, in 1791, Wesley died at the age of eighty-eight, there were in his own 'Connexion' seventy-two 'circuits' in England, three in Wales and seven in Scotland, and the principle of all, since abandoned, was a frequent interchange of preachers. It was natural that Methodism should flourish most in cities. Wesley himself despised the country people, and preached to them much less often than to town congregations. The good man had travelled on horseback nearly a hundred thousand miles over the whole face of the country, and had in early days visited the new American colony of Georgia; America was indeed a splendid field for evangelization, as the Church of England before the rebellion was but poorly represented there, and after the rebellion was, of course, disestablished. Methodism and Methodistic principles of religion are to this day stronger in America than in Britain; in the United Kingdom they are stronger in Wales than elsewhere, but they are strongest of all among the negroes of the United States and the West Indies.

It was for the American congregations that, in 1784, John Wesley first took the weighty step of or-

daining ministers, and thereby definitely became a Schismatic. Charles was bitterly grieved at this step, which he would fain have prevented; less credulous, less buoyant-spirited than his brother, he had always till now exercised a restraining influence over him. We cannot fail to see that it was the many-sidedness of John's character that continually led him farther along than he had originally intended to go; he was seldom for long in agreement with any one, and least of all with his own recent positions. Ambition in the vulgar sense he had none, but power came to him unsought and he was brave enough not to shun the responsibility of exercising it. In one respect we must condemn him utterly. No judgment can be too harsh on a man who wrote that parents ought 'to break their children's wills betimes, to begin this work before they can run alone, before they can speak plain, perhaps before they can speak at all. . . . Let a child from a year old be taught to fear the rod and to cry softly; from that age make him do as he is bid if you whip him ten times running to effect it.' He founded a school once, and allowed no play of any kind and no play hours in it!

Although the older Dissenting Communities, such as the fast-dwindling English Presbyterians, the Independents, and the still powerful sect of Quakers, would have nothing to say to Wesley, there were many links between the Methodists and the later 'Evangelical School' within the Church of England, of which Wilberforce is the best representative. Between them, however, lay the gulf of Calvinism; Cowper's poetry is largely tinged with this religion, and his Letters, otherwise so charming, most painfully so; but his poetry got listeners for the Evangelical school of thought which no

sermons could have obtained. The simple and stern, if rather frigid and narrow piety of George III. was in itself not without points of contact with that of the Evangelicals; at least he had prohibited the public gambling at Court which had been such a scandal since the Restoration. The Church Missionary Society, founded in 1799, the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1802, the growth of Sunday Schools from 1791, were all manifestations of the same excellent spirit; and all to some extent were leavened by the 'enthusiasm' of the Methodists.

15°
20°
30°
35°
40°
FINLAND
Kronstadt
ST. PETERSBURG
Reval
Stockholm
Volga
Riga
MOSCOW
Dwina
BALTIC SEA
Tilsit
Friedland
Memel
Dantzic
Stralsund
Colberg
Eylau
PRUSSIA
RUSSIA
Vistula
Zorndorff
Künersdorf
Dresden
Leuthen
SILESIA
Kollin
Austerlitz
MORAVIA
Wagram
VIENNA
Danube
Dniester
Bug
Dnieper
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
Drave
Save
Danube
CONSTANTINOPLE
TURKEY
Naples
Corfu
Ionian Is.
Maida
Messina
Sicily
GREECE
Malta
SEA
25°

CHAPTER V

ΧΑΙΡΕΤΕ ΝΙΚΩΜΕΝ

You sometimes see it stated that Trafalgar rather than Waterloo was the decisive battle of the Great War, and that the French dominion of the Continent was bound to give way sooner or later to the British dominion of the Sea. There is, no doubt, some truth in such a view; but, apart from the fact that defence alone will not lead to victory, unless backed up by offensive strokes, it remains for us to ask whether France could ever have regained the control of the sea. And the answer is that Napoleon always thought he would one day try to regain it, but that his Continental enterprises always took up too much of his time, money and men. We may take the height of his power to have been between the conclusion of his first war with Alexander of Russia (July, 1807) and the beginning of his serious reverses in the Spanish Peninsula a year later. Now if, instead of his wanton aggression on Spain, and instead of trying to steal the Fleets of lesser Powers, he had put his whole soul and his whole purse into the rebuilding of a French Fleet, he might have effected much.

After Trafalgar he seems to have decided upon removing his main naval bases from Brest and Toulon to Antwerp, where he began to attempt shipbuilding, so far as his utter lack of naval stores would allow him. Antwerp lies on the deep river Scheldt, wherein ships of

any draught can easily ride; but it had great disadvantages for Napoleon's purpose in that the navigation at the mouth of the river is intricate, and that the port is at the mercy of a blockading Fleet. The British Fleet undoubtedly reigned supreme at sea, though it cannot be said that successive Lords of the Admiralty —Lord Howick and Mr. Thomas Grenville (1806), Lord Mulgrave (1807), Mr. Charles Yorke (1810), or the second Lord Melville (1812) made really wise use of it. The want of a good naval base nearer to Toulon than Malta was seriously felt; we ought to have retaken Minorca directly Spain joined Napoleon in 1804. Nor did any really great British Admiral appear; Duckworth, Strachan, Gambier, Popham, Berkeley, Alexander Cochrane, Keith, are not names to conjure with. Pellew's best work was done in the Far East. Collingwood rather mismanaged his Mediterranean command, and died in 1810. Troubridge was lost with all hands in the East Indies, 1807, and never heard of again. Cornwallis retired in 1806 and St. Vincent at the end of the same year. The astounding genius and daring of Thomas Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald, were wasted, partly because of his insubordinate habits and partly from a series of unmerited misfortunes.[1] Although from 1803 to 1815 no British ship of the line was captured or lost in action, while France and her allies lost in the same period fifty-three (if you count the Danish Fleet, seventy-one), yet there must have been error somewhere if, as late as December, 1813, Lord Keith at Plymouth

[1] In his eightieth year Dundonald was anxious to be appointed to command our Baltic Fleet at the opening of the Crimean War. Sir James Graham writes to Queen Victoria in 1854, giving reasons why he could not appoint him ('Letters of Queen Victoria,' iii. 9).

could tell Sir Henry Bunbury (who was going in a brig-of-war on a special message to Wellington in Spain), that there were 'four French frigates cruising in the Bay, and he had no disposable force to go in search of them.'

Excellent work, however, was done all over the World by Admirals and Captains, and the remaining French and Dutch Colonies were gradually gathered in, Guadeloupe in 1810 and the Mauritius and Java in 1811 being the last to fall. The Spanish Colonies would no doubt have followed suit had not Spain been from 1808 our warmest ally. We occasionally let some Frenchmen out for a run, from one of the Atlantic or Mediterranean ports, but generally managed to account for them. The most conspicuous failure was when Admiral Duckworth, who a year before had taken a whole French Squadron in the West Indies, failed in 1807 to seize the Turkish Fleet, and allowed himself to be amused by diplomacy though he had the city of Constantinople under his guns. Collingwood also once allowed the French to get out of Toulon unharmed and to revictual Corfu, where France had for a time a garrison. It is obvious that the transformation of Spain from an enemy to an ally was of enormous advantage to us, for it liberated nearly half our Fleet for services in non-European waters. Much credit is due to the various commanders who between 1808 and 1813 convoyed troops and munitions to the Spanish theatre of war, although Wellington was too ready to grumble at their lack of co-operation, and to 'expect a ship of war to be able to move about anywhere just like a battalion.' We shall have to speak in this chapter of certain naval events, but on the whole our main interest will lie with the British Army, which was now to gather

up the fruits of the work already done by the British Navy.

As for the British politicians—if only we could forget them! But, alas, they fill a big space on the canvas; if you listened to their tongue-war you would realize that they believed themselves to fill it all. And they were mainly occupied in preventing the one statesman who rose above their pitiful intrigues from coming to the front and securing the peace of Europe. Lord Castlereagh never had unfettered power; but from the autumn of 1812 till 1815 he was less fettered than any leader had been since the war began. When he finally came to the front the end was not far off. And he was rewarded by the mob throwing stones at his hearse when he went to lie in the Abbey beside Pitt!

It is not at first easy to understand why the King and country on the death of Pitt, in January, 1806, accepted a Whig Ministry: but we must remember that during the Invasion Scare the Whigs had shown some real patriotism, and also that it was not wholly a Whig Ministry, but rather a Ministry, so called, 'of all the Talents.' Lord Grenville was permitted by his brother to be First Lord of the Treasury; he showed his good old Whig principles by sticking also to his lucrative post called the 'Auditorship of the Exchequer,' perhaps because he knew he had but a short time; Fox, the Radical reformer, had to bring in a special Bill to make this possible. Erskine became Chancellor, and a singularly bad Chancellor he made; Fox, Foreign Secretary; Grey,[1] First Lord of the Admiralty; Windham, Secretary for War and Colonies; Sheridan, Romilly, Auckland, Spencer,

[1] Known as Lord Howick from April 1806, but, as he became second Earl Grey in November 1807, I keep the name.

Addington (then Lord Sidmouth) were all 'provided for' (as the phrase went—what a light that phrase sheds on party government!). Castlereagh went out and kept quiet, Canning went out and did not keep quiet. Fox was thus, after an interval of twenty-two years, again in office. His second tenure was even briefer than his first; indeed, though he worked with the utmost pluck at his job, he was a dying man from the beginning of April, and he died on September 17th.

When he came to power Napoleon was busy dealing the last blows at that effete body called the 'Holy Roman Empire,' *alias* the loose confederacy of German States which under the nominal headship of Austria went by that name. It was abolished in the summer, and its Western States were made into the 'Confederation of the Rhine,' under French influence and in perpetual military alliance with the French Empire. Austria had made peace in the last days of 1805 and had been shoved still farther Eastwards. Prussia didn't like any of this, but King Frederick William III. shivered at the idea of breaking with Napoleon; besides, Napoleon had just offered him Hanover, or what the French had left of that fertile, sleepy land after their twenty-six months' occupation. Napoleon had also just made the statement that the House of Bourbon 'had ceased to reign' in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and in 'Sicily of the mainland' (*i.e.* Naples) it had obediently ceased, and Joseph Bonaparte had become King of Naples. But, though it is little over two miles across the Straits of Messina, the House of Bourbon continued to reign in the Island of Sicily till the end of the war; and it gave a small British force under Sir John Stuart plenty of fun to keep it reigning there. In short, the fortunes of the

Continent now seemed to depend upon (*a*) what Russia would do, (*b*) whether Prussia would do anything.

The Czar had, it is true, been well beaten, by the side of Austria, at Austerlitz in Moravia ; but between Moravia and the Russian frontier lay all Poland—a vast, empty, incredibly poor country, in which Napoleon afterwards said he had discovered 'a fifth element—mud.' To chase a Russian Army over such a plain might be hardly worth while. But on the other hand, was it worth while for the Czar to bother himself with what Napoleon chose to do in Western Europe? Had he not better go on swallowing Asia, with an occasional bite off Sweden and Turkey? Do not think that I am wantonly digressing into European history ; the view that Alexander, now and in 1813, took of these questions was of the first importance to Great Britain, and much therefore depended on the character of that sovereign, who oscillated considerably between the two policies.

Now the Whigs, patriotic or non-patriotic, were hoping for an immediate peace with France, and they began to take their usual steps for stripping the country of its soldiers. Windham repealed the Additional Force Bill, suspended the ballot for the Militia, and abolished all pay and allowances to the Volunteers ; but, on the other hand, he passed a 'General Training Act' by which all men between eighteen and forty were to be drilled twenty-four days in each year, although not embodied in 'corps' ; two hundred thousand persons in each year were to be selected by ballot for this operation. This was a most excellent operation for purely defensive warfare, but for offensive perfectly useless, and with the immediate prospect of invasion over, what we now needed was a weapon of offence. The Cabinet wouldn't even support

Sheridan when he moved a vote of thanks to the Volunteers for their recent services in the Invasion scare. A 'military spirit' in a Nation was the one thing no Whig could stand; and the Volunteers had no doubt shown a most reprehensibly military spirit. At the Admiralty, Grey and his successor Thomas Grenville left the Fleets pretty much to themselves; they sent against Buenos Ayres an expedition which was a complete failure, but that was the fault of General Whitelocke[1] and the War Office rather than of the Admiralty. The one success of 1806–7, the capture of the Dutch Colony at the Cape of Good Hope, had been projected by Castlereagh before he left office. On the whole then, until June, 1806, the attitude of the Government in foreign affairs was 'wait and see.'

But in that month direct overtures came from Napoleon. Since 1803 all British subjects, upon whom French hands could be laid, as they were travelling on the Continent at the date of the declaration of war, had been detained in French prisons or under strict surveillance—many were actually detained till 1814, for Napoleon never cared a straw about international law or the customs of warfare between civilized nations. Now one of the persons detained was the young Lord Yarmouth. He was suddenly released and sent to Fox with the secret offer of Hanover as the price of peace.

[1] The idea of encouraging Spanish America to revolt against its Mother Country (then at war with us) was a good idea, but badly executed; it did not originate with the Whig Government, but with our Admiral at the Cape, Sir Home Popham, or perhaps with the French exile General Dumouriez. When in 1808 Spain became our ally we had, of course, to drop it, but we got plenty of trade with the Spanish Colonies, which never really settled down again and which became independent after 1820.

Fox knew that Hanover had just been offered to Prussia as the price of war (against England), and Prussia had already closed her ports against us. He therefore gasped a good deal at this instance of French duplicity, for he had hitherto lived by upholding in his speeches the perfect sincerity of the character of Napoleon. But he was prepared to treat if it were to be a general peace, and if Russia were also to be a party to the Treaty. He gasped a good deal more over a further demand that the Bourbons should be made to evacuate Sicily, though, with reservations, he was ready to swallow this also. But when in July he learned that Napoleon had tricked an envoy of Alexander's into signing a separate Treaty, that was too much for him. Fox may not have 'lived (and did not live) a Briton'; but, as Sir Walter Scott says, he at least died one :—

> When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
> And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
> And the firm Russian's purpose brave
> Was bartered by a timorous slave,
> Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
> The sullied olive branch returned,
> Stood for his country's glory fast,
> And nailed her colours to the mast.

Sir Walter's chronology is hardly accurate. Fox didn't live to see Prussia 'break,' but his last act was to draw Great Britain closer to the firm Russian, who disavowed his timorous slave and his Treaty at the end of August. Had Fox lived he would probably have managed the sequel better than did Grey, who succeeded him at the Foreign Office. Fox, with all his iniquities, was a man of flesh and blood; Grey was the Spirit of Whiggery walking about in the clothes of a man. At Fox's last appearance in the House of Commons, on June 19th,

he took tea in the Speaker's private room, and seems to have delighted himself more than his host by talking at great length in praise of the Greek historians, and by railing at Adam Smith and all other writers on Political Economy.

Meanwhile we come to question number two on which the fate of the Continent depended—Would Prussia do anything?

Since 1795 she had maintained an utterly selfish neutrality. But when the news of Napoleon's treachery about Hanover leaked out, the whole Prussian people burst into righteous fury; was it for that that the sons of Frederick the Great's soldiers had sold the honour of their country to France, and blotted the name of Prussia from the councils of Europe for eleven dreary years? The officers of the Guards even had the bad taste to go and sharpen their swords on the steps of the French Embassy at Berlin. Instant appeals were made to Russia and to England; and Russia at once put her slow and distant Armies in motion across the Polish plains. Grey, on the other hand, totally failed to grasp the situation; he should have sent a Squadron to the Baltic at once, laden with every soldier he could command, but he dawdled and protocolled till it was all over. It didn't take long to be all over. Napoleon's Army had been 'lying convenient' in Central Germany all the summer; it was at the height of its efficiency, and was never again to be quite so good. The Prussian Army was that of Frederick grown fifty years older; as brave, as ignorant, as ill-treated a set of men as you would find West of Russia; though no doubt it was only by the irony of language that one of its King's most trusted advisers was named General Phull. Its Commander-in-

Chief, the Duke of Brunswick, was no fool, and he knew how rotten his forces were. In two battles of the same day, October 14th, the Prussian Army was annihilated, and Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph. Frederick William fled Eastwards to join the Russians, who came as quickly as they could.

Down to the spring of 1807 two Baltic ports, Dantzic and Colberg, held out, and there would have been ample time for Grey to send any number of Squadrons and soldiers to their relief. But he did just nothing; and when the Tories came in in March they found that Mr. Thomas Grenville had sold all the transport ships out of the Service, so they could do nothing in time. Yet in 1807, for the first time since 1800, there was for France a critical moment. In the terrible battle of Eylau, in a February snowstorm, *on mourait sur les tombes*; the Man of Destiny had all but met his match; Russian valour was of that unintelligent but priceless kind which sees no reason for quitting a battle-field because it is defeated. And for the first time France and even French soldiers began to murmur against the arch-butcher. Germany and Italy had been jolly places to campaign in; you were not too far from home, the people you beat had a decent idea of when they were beaten, and had no overpowering sense of patriotism; while as for plunder! *sacrebleu*, there was something worth plundering. But here it was very different, and in Spain it was to be more different still.

But for the moment the relentless Man pushed on, won the battle of Friedland in June, and brought Alexander to make peace at Tilsit in July. In the meantime he had begun to forge a new weapon against Great Britain. It is well known that in this and in all previous

wars France had with great effect devoted her energies to striking, by means of privateers, at the vast commerce of Great Britain; she had even subordinated to this species of effort the main duty of a Sea Power, namely to beat her enemy's main fleet. The proportion of British merchant ships taken during this war has been variously estimated at from two and a half to five per cent. of those afloat; and the rates of insurance had grown very high, especially for ships engaged in the East India trade, though never so high as in 1781–2. Our Government had fought against this danger partly by compelling, under an Act of 1798, all merchant vessels to go in fleets or 'convoys' escorted by ships of war, and partly by the employment of patrolling frigates as 'sea-policemen.' Napoleon now improved upon a scheme which, as early as '98, had been foreshadowed by the French Republic by issuing from Berlin a Decree (November 21st, 1806) forbidding to France and her Allies any commerce with Great Britain or her Allies, declaring any ship which engaged in such commerce to be lawful prize, and ordering all goods of British origin, even if carried on Neutral ships, to be destroyed wherever taken. He recognized, in fact, that it was by her practical monopoly of the European market for Colonial goods that Britain was sustaining her wealth; and he believed that by this prohibitory system he could break down that monopoly and that wealth. Great Britain answered by a series of 'Orders-in-Council,' the first in January, 1807, declaring lawful prize not only all French and Allied ships but all ships, even if Neutrals, which traded to any port from which British commerce was excluded; another Order in November put in blockade all countries from which British trade was excluded, and declared lawful prize all

Neutral ships that had visited such countries, unless they had first touched at a British port. And Napoleon riposted by saying (from Milan in December, 1807) that all ships which had submitted to British search were lawful prize.

It sounds like a paper war of two enemies, snarling at each other because they cannot meet to bite; but in reality it had great and far-reaching effects. For in the first place Napoleon's Generals had orders to burn, and did burn, in the presence of starving multitudes who were crying out for the goods burned, vast quantities of British and Colonial wares, which found their way from time to time into the Continental ports. In the second place this destruction, and the consequent starvation from all goods not producible in Europe, led to a sullen and a growing hostility of all the Continental peoples against French tyranny; a fat, sleepy North German cared little at this time about patriotism, but he cared a great deal about coffee and sugar, and now he could get none. In the third place it undoubtedly hit Great Britain very hard; the full results of the blow were seen in the worst of the coming years, 1811, a year almost as fertile in our Islands of bankruptcies, riots and misery as 1797 had been. In the fourth place it led to our Two Years' War with America, 1812–14; for, of all Neutrals, the Americans suffered most by the action of both belligerents; they passed a Non-Intercourse Act in 1808 which deprived us of an enormous market. Castlereagh did indeed, in 1812, revoke, as regards America, the whole of our Orders-in-Council, but it was then too late; and on the French side the 'Berlin and Milan Decrees' remained in force till 1814. In the fifth place it led immediately to Napoleon's

attempts to annex Portugal and Spain, in 1810 to his annexation of the whole of the North Sea shore up to the frontier of Denmark, and in 1812 to his war with Russia, which was the beginning of the end. He was obliged to do these things; for, if British goods could penetrate to the Continent by ever so roundabout a route, by way of Spain, Hamburg or of Russia, his "Continental System," as he called it, must inevitably break down. And in the last place, however disastrous its effects were to us, they were infinitely more so to France herself, for the whole question was, Which of the two enemies needs the Neutral trade the more? And the answer obviously was, 'Not Great Britain.'

In the first two years of the 'System' the French Customs duties fell from sixty millions of francs to eleven millions; and they went on failing towards zero. France ceased to be able to obtain the raw material for her manufactures. A shrewd American traveller, Mr. Walsh, visited the two countries, and left on record a startling picture of the contrast between the misery of France and the comparative prosperity of Great Britain, and that in the very year (1810) when there were fierce riots both in Lancashire and London. A shrewd German, Gentz, compared France to a machine wound up so tightly that you could hear the springs of it cracking. No doubt if you traversed England with your ears open and your eyes shut, said Mr. Bowdler, you would hear of nothing but utter ruin, grievances and oppression; but if with your ears shut and your eyes open, you would see nothing but every sign of increasing prosperity. The French machine would probably have broken earlier had not the Emperor found himself compelled to sell to particular French

firms licences to trade with Britain in defiance of the 'System'; he was thus able to clothe and shoe his soldiers when they marched to their deaths in Russia; he couldn't have got clothing for them on the Continent. But this did not add to his 'Allies'' love for him, for it was only to Frenchmen that such licences were sold. And, after all, the persons who reaped the richest harvest were the British and French smugglers; it was the golden age of the lugger and the 'Chase Mary' (*chasse-marée*), which used to meet in mid-Channel, and exchange their goods under the noses of the warships of both Nations. Beyond the French borders Holland, Hamburg and Bremen were the great vents for the smuggling trade, especially after we had seized Heligoland in 1807.

It was the Whigs, then, who rightly began the policy of the Orders-in-Council, but it fell to the Tories to carry it out. The Whigs were busy, as Sheridan said, 'building a wall for themselves to run their heads against.' They had encouraged the impeachment of Lord Melville, who was acquitted by enormous majorities in June, 1806; they had begun to allow a far more infamous attack on Lord Wellesley, just returned from his glorious Proconsulate in India. There was not a shred of justification for this, but it was the proper 'Whig thing to do'; Warren Hastings had been impeached for beginning to build our Indian Empire; certainly Wellesley should be thrown to the wolves for continuing Hastings' work, but, unluckily for Whiggery, no evidence could be found even to colour an impeachment. They had passed (in January, 1807) one really excellent measure, for the prohibition of the Slave Trade to British subjects, a measure which it had been Pitt's dearest wish

to carry before the war. Lastly they had, to their great honour, steadily pursued their determination to secure equality for the Catholics.

The Bill they now introduced was only for the admission of Catholics to offices in the Army and Navy (March, 1807). It must be admitted that the average opinion of the officers in both Services was against it; "Why, we shall have to carry a Priest in each ship," writes one old Admiral, "and then it's good-bye to the wooden walls of old England." Still, the Bill would possibly have passed but for the King, who was adamant. Grey and Grenville not only made no attempt to conciliate him, but went out of their way to irritate him, by stating in a 'Cabinet Minute' that under no circumstances would they give any pledge not to reintroduce this or any other Bill they pleased. This was what Sheridan called building the wall to run their own heads against, and so it was. In itself the Cabinet Minute enunciates a most valuable doctrine, namely, that the King's Ministers are bound to give him the best advice they can under all circumstances; but at that time, and to that King, it seemed a deliberate reassertion of the old principle of the Whigs, of keeping the Crown in utter tutelage, and from this George believed he had freed himself since Pitt had taken office in 1783. He now dismissed the Ministry at once. The probable truth of the matter is that Grey and Grenville had no wish to continue in office; the so-called 'cold shade of Opposition' was yet the shade of their magnificent ancestral trees and libraries, from which they could issue aristocratic snarls at their opponents with much less trouble to themselves than from the Treasury Bench.

The Government that succeeded was, in its individual

members, nearly as pro-Catholic as that which had gone out; and, until 1827, Catholic 'Emancipation' remained an open question in every Cabinet, favoured by most of the great leaders, who yet did not think the pressing of it at any one moment worth the risk of a possible Civil War, and of a certain breach with the Crown.[1] The old Duke of Portland now became First Lord of the Treasury. He had done good work as Home Secretary for Pitt in 1794–1801, and had stood by Pitt again in 1804, when all the other Whigs forsook him; but he was now far too old for responsible office, and had only come forward very unwillingly. The soul of the Administration was George Canning at the Foreign Office; he too, while at Eton and Christ Church, had been steeped in Whiggery, and his conversion had not been complete till 1792. But then it had been very complete, and he believed himself to be the true political heir of Pitt.

Robert Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, who now again took the War and Colonial Office, was, like Canning, an Irishman, and, like Canning, had begun life with Whiggish enthusiasm. He was born, like Wellington and Napoleon, in the '*annus mirabilis*' of births, 1769, was already known as the man who had forced through the Irish Union, and, after the fall of Melville, as the recognized authority on Indian affairs; he had been Pitt's right hand at the War Office in his last Ministry. In an age which attached far too much weight to oratory, Castlereagh was utterly outshone by

[1] It is interesting to find a widely expressed opinion that the result of Emancipation would be to make the Catholic Church even more free than the Protestant, unless the Crown could get the power of nominating the Catholic bishops, to which the Pope was not likely to consent.

his contemporaries. John Courtenay characterized his elocution as monotonous, feeble, querulous, diffusive, involved; 'he accumulates a mass of information and material which he can neither arrange nor animate.' He was in fact wholly a working bee, of enormous and always practical industry. Although in private life the most devoted and affectionate friend, he had in public no 'friends with a big F' to provide for, no party to carry on his ideas; for he was above all parties, and thought of nothing but the honour and profit of his country. One day, if ever the Whig legend is dispelled, he will stand out on the canvas of history as the last great statesman who governed Britain. No man's hands were ever cleaner of intrigue; no man ever more perfectly subordinated all his personal feelings to his duty; and no man ever concealed, under a placid and conciliatory exterior, a more stubborn deterimination to pursue, at whatever cost, the course he considered to be right. But he was pursued during his lifetime and after his death with a rancour almost unexampled in our annals; the two things which the Radicals could never forgive him were his success and his indifference to their hostility. So to Byron he is 'the intellectual eunuch,' 'cold blooded, smooth faced, placid miscreant,' 'the most despotic in intention and the weakest in intellect that ever tyrannized over a country.' The honour and the decency of literature forbid one to quote the epigram which this 'noble poet' made over the statesman's end.

These three men, Portland, Canning, Castlereagh, were strong pro-Catholics; anti-Catholics in the same Ministry were the Home Secretary, Robert Jenkinson, who in 1808 succeeded to his father's Earldom of Liverpool, Spencer

Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Eldon, the Lord Chancellor. Lord Sidmouth would have been upon the same side, could he have been persuaded to sit in a Cabinet with Canning, but he had suffered too much from Canning's wit for that. A General Election in the summer entirely confirmed the King's dismissal of the Whigs, and the Tories started with a good majority of two hundred in the Lower House.

Canning had to face a terrible situation. Three days after the defeat of the Russians at Friedland, he ordered 20,000 men to be sent to Stralsund, in the vain hope of bringing aid to Prussia in her dying convulsions. When General Cathcart reached the mouth of the Oder with the first detachment of this force (July) he was already a week too late. In that month the victorious French Army had reached the river Niemen, the frontier of the Russian Empire, and the Despot of the East thought it best to come to terms, over the prostrate body of Prussia, with the Despot of the West. The main terms of the Treaty of Tilsit do not concern us; they were in effect a partition of Europe between France and Russia, on a common basis of hostility to England. But some one, it is not yet clear who, betrayed to Canning certain secret articles of the Treaty, according to which France was to utilize the Fleets of Denmark and Portugal against Great Britain. Orders to these countries to close their ports against us reached them before the end of July; and so, at the beginning of September, there appeared before Copenhagen, Admiral Gambier with twenty-five sail of the line and a powerful land force, which between them bombarded Copenhagen for three days and then simply towed away the Danish Navy, eighteen of the line and a great number of smaller warships, into British

harbours. It was a most swift and daring stroke, and roused great resentment in Europe, for of course Canning was unable to betray the source of his knowledge.

On the other wing an almost greater stroke of business was performed in November, when British diplomacy persuaded the Prince Regent of Portugal to sail away, with all his Fleet, his Court and his treasure, to his own Colony of Brazil. It was indeed high time, for his sails were scarcely below the horizon when a large French Army under Junot entered his capital of Lisbon. Of these two daring acts the one saved us the Baltic trade, the other saved us the South American trade; while both secured our coasts against a possible renewal of the scare of invasion. And, little as men foresaw it at the time, the French invasion of Portugal was to give Britain the one opportunity which she was perfectly qualified to utilize.

Meanwhile Castlereagh was steadily forging the instrument of our success. For the time being short service, of from seven to twelve years, with the option of re-enlistment, was introduced, but all previous 'Army reforms' were nothing compared to his 'Local Militia Bill' of 1808. By this Bill there was annexed to every regiment in the regular Army a battalion of Militia, raised by ballot for home defence, and each year this Militia was to supply 25,000 men to fill up the line battalions. Service was to be for four years, and no substitutes were allowed; the ultimate figure of the Militia was to be 300,000 men; before the end of the first year 250 local regiments had been raised. This enabled us for the first time to send, not 'expeditions' of ten or fifteen thousand men here, there and everywhere, but Armies of forty thousand apiece to one or two vital points,

And the most vital of all points soon showed itself to be the Spanish and Portuguese Peninsula. My readers will remember how often I have referred to that oldest of British alliances, the Portuguese; it was an alliance closely cemented during the century previous to 1807 by the English preference for the nastiest of all conceivable drinks called Oporto or Port wine. In defence of this drink alone, and even if Spain had not been involved, it seems probable that we should have made a great effort to rescue our ancient Ally from French clutches. But before anything could be done Spain, too, was involved; Napoleon's attack upon Portugal had been a mere prelude, to blind Spanish eyes to his far more serious attack upon Spain. In the spring of 1808, by unparalleled treachery, he got hold of old King Charles IV., of his wife and of his son Ferdinand, entrapped them into France, set them there by the ears against each other, persuaded Charles to abdicate, and sent his great cavalry leader Murat with a considerable force to occupy Madrid. The Spaniards knew that their old King had abdicated, and believed that Murat had come to support their young King Ferdinand VII.; but suddenly they found that their King was to be a man called Joseph Bonaparte. Joseph, who was not at all a bad fellow, was to give up his Neapolitan Kingdom, which he regretted, to Murat.

The shadow of a throne, as Dante says, is broad enough to cover crimes; but it could hardly cover this last one of Napoleon's, and Europe stood aghast when it became known. On May 2nd Madrid rose in fierce insurrection at the news, and was shot down by Murat in heaps. Within a few weeks every Province in Spain had risen for King Ferdinand; and so backward and

unreformed was this glorious old country that each Province at first believed itself to be the only one in insurrection. It was the wild mountain Province of Asturias in the North which first sent to ask help, where all enemies of France knew they might now rely on finding it, at London. The Asturian envoys were received with wild enthusiasm there, June 9th, and money and munitions of war were at once sent to Spain. Even the British Radicals, both in and out of Parliament, had to keep silence or applaud, for now it was the Peoples that were rising against Napoleon, and rising with an enormous P. Portugal was not long in following suit; Junot was one of the least cruel of the French Generals, but he was obliged to try to squeeze money out of the impoverished country, and in the process he very soon found that the Spanish insurrections were cutting him off from all news from France. Oporto was the first Portuguese town to establish a Provisional Government or 'Junta,' which was the usual mode in these parts of organizing an insurrection.

Now, geographically speaking, the Peninsula is both an extraordinarily good place for this sort of game and extraordinarily well situated to receive assistance from a great Sea Power. Even the rugged Northern coast has numerous little ports like Gihon, Santander and Bilbao, while the great harbours of Ferrol, Corunna, Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, Carthagena, Barcelona afforded splendid openings for our Navy. Inside it is a land of unnavigable, unbridged rivers flowing in deep gorges; a land of high, dry plateaus, torrid or icy according to season; a land of huge mountain-chains, with few passes, crossing and recrossing each other without any

symmetrical plan. The only really fertile soil is round the coast. Food is very scarce, roads are few and atrocious. A population of shepherds and goatherds, animated by fierce mediæval Catholicism, by fiercer pride and ignorance and by fiercest patriotism, readily becomes a population of *guerrilleros*, and the Spanish language has indeed given the name to that trade. From France Spain is cut off by the roughest mountain-chain of Europe, penetrable for an army only at the Western and Eastern extremities; French Armies could and did march pretty nearly everywhere in the Peninsula, but the nearer they got to victory the farther they got from their bread-baskets, and the more certain were their lines of communication to be cut behind them.

Napoleon's previous experience told him that, when he had occupied a Capital City, set up a new King and shot a few 'rebels,' he had the game in his hands. In Spain he found out his error. Madrid is not the indispensable Capital of a United Spain, for each Province has its own Capital. If the French thought they had stamped out insurrection in one Province, they found that it had broken out in half a dozen more on the same day. Spanish Armies, indeed, were at first things to laugh at; though brave, their Generals, even the gallant Irish exiles Lacy and Blake, were extremely incompetent, conceited and obstinate, and led their men to slaughter after slaughter readily enough to please the most exacting French taste; but then, when it seemed as if the beaten Army had ceased to exist, its remnants were apt, after a few days' flight, to rejoin their colours in the most unaccountable fashion, while, as for sieges, the merest handful of men would hold the rottenest of stone walls against impossible odds, and would go on holding

them till the entire town was in ruins. Over and above the Armies there were *guerrilla* leaders organizing, from the very first, huge bands of roving brigands, who acted as faithful spies for the Spanish and British Generals, and who murdered, with the most atrocious tortures, every stray Frenchman they caught; and before very long Napoleon could not safely send a letter from France with an escort of anything less than two hundred men.[1] Not unnaturally French soldiers, who were obliged to commit dreadful cruelties in return, got to hate and dread this service beyond measure. Finally Napoleon committed in the Peninsula two capital mistakes: he tried to direct the campaigns from Paris, and he never trusted any one of his Marshals enough to make him Commander-in-Chief in Spain.

Canning and Castlereagh instantly determined to utilize upon a really large scale the magnificent outburst of irregular energy in Spain; but the great bulk of the available British force was watching in the Baltic, and, before it could get to work, one French Army of 20,000 men had been compelled to lay down its arms at Baylen in the South, another had been repelled from Valencia on the East, and a third from Saragossa in the North, and so 'King' Joseph, who had entered sulky and silent Madrid on July 20th, had to cut and run from it ten days later. On that day Sir Arthur Wellesley began to land his troops at Mondego Bay in Portugal. He had only 13,000 with him, but he expected the instant reinforcements which he soon

[1] *e.g.*, an English officer writes, July 14th, 1812, "Longa has just sent us an intercepted letter; he killed the 400 men who escorted it, all but about a dozen; it tells of Russia's preparations to fight Napoleon"

received, and so began his march Southwards in touch with the coast.

The Generals whom Castlereagh had selected were Sir John Moore, a Scot, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, an Irishman; but the Duke of York insisted on putting over their heads Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had never yet seen service on a big scale. Wellesley and Moore were both in the Baltic when the Spanish trouble began, and the former only started first because his Division happened to be ready first. Moore was eight years older than Wellesley, and so had just been old enough to serve in the American War. Since 1793 he had been wherever hard knocks were going; had been wounded with Nelson at Calvi, with Abercromby in Holland, and in Egypt; indeed he seldom came out of action unhurt. He had been the soul of the defence in the Invasion Scare, and had held the command in Sicily in 1806–7. He was adored by his soldiers, and was yet the firmest of disciplinarians. Perhaps, if he had a fault, it was that he was inclined occasionally to be too captious and hypercritical as well as too desponding; and, in the coming campaign, he seems to have underrated both the chances of defending Portugal and the hope of ultimately making some good material out of the Portuguese and Spanish Armies. But he was admitted to be our greatest living General.

Wellesley, on the other hand, was totally misunderstood at this time. His greatest work had been done far away in India. He was hated in the Army, where his stern, unlovable private character, and his want of confidence in his subordinates, whom he so rarely praised or encouraged, told seriously against him. He was regarded at home as a cold, ambitious aristocrat,

who had risen by family favour; the Radical press yelped at him. "Never," says Colonel Henderson, "was a successful general vilified, mistrusted and disliked like the greatest of English soldiers." The hatred was not without justification: to the last the Duke was the 'Iron Duke,' without much 'bowels of compassion'; he would take care that his men were well fed and not overworked, that the sick and wounded were well cared for, but it was only because he needed them as instruments; *qua* men he cared for them very little, and was thus in marked contrast to our other great soldier Duke, 'Corporal John' of Marlborough. But Wellesley was the man for the hour, and for any hour of peril. Intellectually he was a giant; and he had devoted all his life to the hardest study of his profession both in theory and in practice. Even more remarkable than his unbroken success were his foresight of success and his amazing confidence in himself. In the first year of this war he sketched out, in a letter to Castlereagh, exactly what would happen in the next four or five years; and he proved to be utterly right, even in the details of his forecast. In many small points he resembled Moore, especially in his Spartan habits of life and his contempt for show;[1] he was perhaps

[1] Not the least of the Duke's services to the British Army was his contempt for 'dress-regulations.' We all remember how Rawdon Crawley carefully put on his oldest and shabbiest uniform to fight in at Waterloo. The common 'top hat' in which Picton was killed at that battle may still be seen in the United Service Museum. The pedantries of buttons and gold lace, so dear to the German Sovereigns of England, were wholly discarded in these, the greatest, days of the Service; but, alas! they soon came back, to throttle and stifle us, when the Duke's career was over. One even wonders that pigtails, abolished in 1808, have not returned too.

inferior to him in one point, for he never showed to such advantage as Moore in his handling of cavalry. Perhaps he never had till 1815 such a cavalry leader as Moore had in Henry Paget (the Lord Uxbridge of Waterloo). But he was immeasurably superior in the great points of administration, commissariat and transport, and it was just these things in which the British Army of 1808 was fatally weak, until he took them in hand. Few Ministers would have stood as patiently as Castlereagh the scoldings which Wellesley administered on these heads; and it is not the least of Castlereagh's glories that he stood so firmly by the man of his choice against all opposition in the Cabinet and elsewhere.

The main accusation that was hurled against Wellesley was that he was a Fabius, and a Fabius for nothing; that he threw away his victories by unnecessary retreats; that he was totally wanting in aggressive power; and this kind of grumble went on well into 1812. The truth is that, while Wellesley knew when to stand on the defensive and used the defensive always with perfect success, his own natural bent was for the offensive, for swift and daring strokes where his enemy least expected him; 'he was not an Irishman for nothing.' His perennial study was how to deceive, how to paralyse and frighten that enemy; to strike at a flank or a line of retreat rather than in front; to conceal his troops behind little rises of ground; to fight on his own ground at his own time; never to throw away troops except for a very great object. The French never knew where he was nor how strong he was. His greatest limitation was, that he made too little attempt either to train or to utilize his Cavalry. Though devoted

to hunting he was an exceedingly bad rider,[1] and he seems to have acquiesced in the fact that his Cavalry were, in comparison with the French, not only ill disciplined on the field, but bad horse-masters as well. His light, or field Artillery was excellent; but he was always deficient in heavy guns, and was more than once obliged to prefer the most daring and costly escalade of a town to a siege in form. Thus his main reliance was upon what Napier calls 'that astonishing Infantry,' which 'nothing could stop'; he started with the firm conviction that British Line, when well fed and well led, always had beaten and always could beat French Column, and he proved to be right.

In three weeks from his landing Sir Arthur had driven back Junot's advanced guard at Roliça, and beaten Junot himself to pieces at Vimeiro, August 21st; had we then pushed on, as he wished at once to do, the whole French Army must have surrendered, but Burrard and Dalrymple, who landed on the two succeeding days, forbade all pursuit; like Hotham in the Mediterranean in '95, they 'thought we had done very well,' and they obliged Wellesley to sign with them the pitiful Convention of Cintra, allowing the French Army to evacuate Portugal unharmed and be carried on British ships back to France. Junot confessed to Captain Perry, who took him home, that his men would have surrendered if we had pursued them but two miles, and that the Lisbon populace would have butchered them if we had not protected them. In England the outcry against the Convention was great; all three Generals demanded

[1] At least this was the case in his later life. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his 'Life of Wellington,' quotes an eye-witness writing in the *New Sporting Magazine* to this effect.

and obtained a Court-Martial; and even Castlereagh's influence might not have sufficed to protect Wellesley, but for the support given to the latter by his brother, the Marquis. The Whigs, on the other hand, merely to worry the Government, proposed to thank Burrard and Dalrymple for their 'judicious conduct,' and Mr. Whitbread the brewer, type of many a Whig and prig of the future, in whom burned the spirit of Political Nonconformity of the coming century, actually proposed to impeach Wellesley for wishing to follow up the victory. All were acquitted, but Wellesley, who had spoken his mind freely and bitterly before the Court, was instantly employed again, the others never:—

> Sir Arthur and Sir Harry, Sir Harry and Sir Hew,
> Doodle, doodle, doodle, cock a doodle doo!
> Sir Arthur was a gallant knight, but for the other two,
> Doodle, doodle, doodle, cock a doodle doo!

Meanwhile Moore had arrived in Lisbon to find everything in a state of confusion; Admiral Berkeley thought he would have to evacuate the station; our Portuguese Allies were furious. Joseph on his flight from Madrid had been met by a new French Army of 100,000 men, under Ney and Jourdan, while the Spanish Provisional Government[1] in Madrid did nothing but issue bombastic proclamations. Napoleon was coming in person, and early in November he came. Even before he came the two best Spanish Armies had been badly beaten. He had an easy procession to Madrid, and, preparatory to driving the 'infamous leopards' into the sea at Lisbon, he began conferring, in his brother's name, 'liberal

[1] Called the 'Junta'—perhaps because its members were *not* joined together but always squabbling.

institutions' upon a people that did not want them, and confiscating Church property everywhere. The Junta fled to Seville, and ultimately took refuge at Cadiz, which became, so far as insurrectionary Spain needed a Capital, the Capital for the next four years.

But the Sea-Leopard had an awkward spring left in him. Moore, in command of the victors of Vimeiro, had already advanced to Salamanca when the news of the fall of Madrid reached him; at first he thought of, and even ordered a retreat; for, hampered as he was by want of transport animals, he was still more hampered by his own idea that Lisbon alone, and not the Portuguese frontier, was capable of defence. Then on December 11th he changed his mind, and made his famous stroke at Napoleon's line of communications. Great strategist that he was, he knew that this must instantly draw the whole of the French forces after him, and that so he could give Spain breathing space to recover from the disasters of the autumn. No attack on Seville and Cadiz, still less any attack on Lisbon, could be contemplated by the enemy until the English (who, as Napoleon said, 'alone mattered') had been beaten into the sea. Where they would reach the sea was of little consequence; and the true glory of Moore is that he knew that he was courting retreat, defeat and even disaster, but courting them for a great object. So it proved to be; Napoleon, with 80,000 men, hurried out after Moore's 30,000, and Moore, the instant he knew he was out, began his retreat in the direction of Corunna. After reaching Astorga, too late to catch the British, the Emperor left the pursuit to Marshal Soult, and went back to France. Soult did his best, but was always a day and a half behind Moore, who in fact re-

treated too fast for his men and used them up fearfully on the march. Thomas Atkins is the worst of retreaters; on this journey he was furious, miserable and insubordinate; but it was from rage, not from panic. And, if he starved a good deal, the pursuing French starved far more, for we burned whatever food we could not consume. Outside Corunna Moore allowed his men to turn and fight, January 16th; he defeated Soult, but was himself killed in the action. His object had been thoroughly attained; the French Army was in no condition to begin the conquest of Portugal for two months to come; for, except from the Eastern provinces of Aragon and Catalonia, all available French troops had been hurried after Moore, and so not till March, 1809, could Joseph advance against Seville and Cadiz.

And meanwhile Portugal was arming itself. Militia, 'Ordinance-men' and *levée-en-masse* of the peasantry were called out and even partially armed. That true sportsman Sir Robert Wilson came to Oporto and organized a band of adventurers which he called the 'Loyal Lusitanian Legion.' In February arrived a wild Irishman called Beresford (who had been with Baird in his wonderful Desert march in Egypt in 1801), to become Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese regular Army. He gradually made this into a very fair body of fighting men, and had a good many British officers under him. In Lisbon at this time were about 10,000 British troops under the rather unenterprising Sir John Cradock.

The year 1809 was to be one of great importance in history. In Central Europe it was the year of the ἀριστεῖα of Austria, who, once more and alone, flung down the gauntlet to Napoleon, actually beat him in

May, and held him for six critical weeks chained to a little Island in the Danube, but was then beaten at Wagram and obliged to make with him the last Peace which he signed as a conqueror. It was the year of the first rising of the people of Germany, of which rising, Prussia, though stealthily setting her Government and Army in a new order, was yet not ready to take the lead, and which consequently collapsed.[1] It was the year of the excellently planned but hopelessly mismanaged attempt of the English Army to strike at Antwerp, which we know as the Expedition to Walcheren. And it was the year in which it first dawned upon the French Emperor that in Spain he had got a tougher job than he cared for.

In Spain, the French idea was for Soult to advance from the North upon Lisbon, for Marshal Victor to join hands with him from Madrid, and for Marshal Ney to be left behind to subdue the North; Joseph meanwhile should, if possible, penetrate to Seville or even to Cadiz. With the Eastern Provinces we shall have no concern, except to remember that Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia generally kept busy down to 1813 at least two large French Armies, and that British ships helped to keep things alive on the Eastern coast. In the West, then, Soult, considering what his men had suffered on the advance to Corunna, did wonderfully well to get into action as early as March. Harassed by Portuguese

[1] Since Tilsit, at which Treaty Prussia had been shorn both of her Polish and her West German provinces, Napoleon had been systematically inflicting fresh and fresh humiliations upon the unhappy country. Her main fortresses were occupied by French troops, her Army had been reduced to 42,000 men, vast sums had been squeezed, and vaster demanded from her, and the reforms mentioned above had to be carried out in secrecy.

'Ordinance-men'[1] at every step, he pushed on and stormed Oporto at the end of the month. But, once there, he met the fate that awaited every successful French General for the next four years: the peasantry closed in behind him and cut off all his communications with Ney; they closed in in front of him and cut off all his communications with Victor. So he dallied in Oporto, waiting in vain for news, and tried to conciliate the few inhabitants whom he hadn't killed in the storm. And, on April 22nd, Wellesley landed at Lisbon, left a small force to check any advance of Victor, sent Beresford off North-East to harass the retreat of Soult in case the latter could be made to retreat, and then with 19,000 men marched straight upon Oporto.

Soult fell back to the North bank of the Douro, which washes the city of Oporto, broke the bridges and destroyed or towed over all the boats. Up came Wellesley and looked at the deep and rocky gorge. Soult kept bad watch; a Portuguese barber and an English Colonel found a concealed skiff, slipped across, and towed back certain barges a mile above the town. An hour passed before the French got the alarm, and by that time a whole regiment of ours was over on Soult's side of the river and was busy barricading itself in a large school-house; Wellesley's guns were in position to cover the passage of the rest. The instant Soult marched out to the attack every citizen of Oporto swarmed over in boats to our side and the town broke into wild insurrection against the French. First the Guards poured across and then the Twenty-ninth, and Soult, caught between two fires, had to run for it. In the fighting the

[1] The Portuguese 'Ordenanza' is something half-way between a Militia service and a *levée en masse* of the male population.

casualties on either side were few, but in his disastrous retreat Soult lost 5,000 men and all his guns and baggage, for Beresford had cut off the one decent road and the French had to take to goat-paths. This wonderful 'Passage of the Douro' was one of the greatest feats in the life of the great English General. Soult would now, thought Wellesley, be 'out of it' for a long time to come, and so now he could turn his attention to Victor. As a matter of fact Soult rallied much earlier than Wellesley expected and began to threaten our flank just after we had beaten Victor, thereby forcing us to retreat on Portugal instead of sweeping on to Madrid.

Victor, until he learned of Soult's retreat, had been in full march for the Portuguese frontier, but was then obliged to fall back to cover Madrid, and took post opposite the town of Talavera; there he was reinforced till he reached 46,000 men. Watching him sat the old Spaniard, General Cuesta, with 32,000. To them, in July, enter Wellesley with 20,000 British; his long delay had been caused by the difficulty of getting transport and provisions out of the troublesome Spanish authorities, of whom he now formed an opinion even worse than their laziness justified. Our own 'authorities' were none too quick—Admiral Berkeley says he saw supplies of oats, flour and medicines rotting on board ship in the Tagus, 'while the Medical Staff was enjoying itself at Lisbon and the Commissary-General at Cintra.' There was another Spanish Army on Wellesley's right flank, which ought to have been threatening Madrid and so delaying Joseph, but which did simply nothing. And Cuesta was a most impracticable old gentleman who would do nothing that Wellesley told him to do.

However, Wellesley was the best 'chooser of ground'

in history; and he took post on the hills to the left of Talavera, in a position which enabled him to repel for three days double his own numbers. The Spaniards did simply nothing except hold the town of Talavera, which was not attacked, on our right; the only Division of them in the fighting line ran away before the battle began. On July 27–28th, Victor made the fiercest efforts to carry the hill, and lost over 7,000 men in the process. But our own losses were over 5,000, and it was one of the bloodiest battles in the whole war. The day after the battle, weary with forced marches, arrived Robert Craufurd with the famous 'Light Division,' which was hereafter to be Wellesley's great mainstay in the war. But on the same day came the news that Soult had rallied and was threatening our left flank, and Wellesley, who never could afford to risk 'the only British Army' too much, was obliged to fall hastily back to the Portuguese frontier. He fixed his head-quarters at the great fortress of Badajoz, and for the remainder of the year steadily prepared for the defence of Portugal. The great impression left upon his mind at this time seems to have been the impossibility of trusting to operations in combination with Spanish Armies. Therefore with iron coldness he looked on while Joseph overran Andalusia up to the gates of Cadiz, and he turned a deaf ear to the piteous squeals of the Junta. Luckily Cadiz is impregnable unless it can be attacked at once from sea and land, as it had been by Essex in 1596.

There we must leave Viscount Wellington, as Wellesley was now called, maturing his grim plan for the defence of Portugal; and we must carry our eyes from the brown sands and mountains of Spain to the green Islands in the mouth of the Scheldt, and our ears to the noisy

warfare of tongues in London. For several years old General Dumouriez, the clever French exile, had been consulted by our Government on military matters; he had given much good advice during the Invasion Scare, for had he not himself been entrusted, as far back as 1779, with schemes for invading Great Britain? He had further projected the defence of Portugal much in the way in which Wellington afterwards carried it out, and it is quite possible that Castlereagh and Wellington had seen his plans. And for several years he had been pointing out the possibilities of a stroke at one of the Islands lying in the mouth of the Scheldt or the Meuse, preferably the Island of Walcheren, which covers the entrance of the former river. Antwerp would be the objective of such a stroke, with the chance not merely of destroying the French Fleet which was being built there, but of dealing an effective blow at the heart of an Empire whose practical frontiers were already on the Vistula and the Danube. Moreover, Antwerp was believed to be, and in fact at this time was very ill fortified and defended. Castlereagh had now in 1809 an Army at his disposal; for it was not more men but more transport and more food that Wellington was wanting in Spain. The time was favourable, for Austria was still (in June) holding out, and North Germany was rising in Napoleon's rear. To occupy Antwerp and Flushing, even if they had to be subsequently evacuated, would surely be a great stroke at Napoleon's flank, and would call him back as inevitably as Moore the year before had called him back in Spain.

But the expedition started too late (July 28th); Napoleon had already defeated the Austrians at Wagram. And the choice of a commander, no less a person than

Pitt's sleepy elder brother John, second Earl of Chatham —not Castlereagh's choice but the King's—was an even worse blunder. Thirty-eight sail of the line under Sir Richard Strachan were to accompany the 40,000 men of the Army; and Castlereagh gave instructions to attack both Flushing and Antwerp at once. Flushing was in fact taken, but a fortnight was wasted in the task, and this gave time for a hasty refortification of Antwerp. Then came irresolution and mismanagement; Sir Richard's ships could not, for some unexplained reason, get up the Scheldt, and fell back to Walcheren, where, as an officer on Chatham's staff said, "We should not have known there was a Commander-in-Chief had we not seen in his garden, twelve miles away from our front, two turtles sprawling on their backs for his dinner. He never came down until two o'clock in the day!" Castlereagh must bear the blame of one thing: he ought to have known that these Islands were notoriously unhealthy, and that at Walcheren every drop of drinking water had to be brought from England. And, as we know,

> Great Chatham with his sabre drawn
> Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
> Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Chatham returned home in September, and the relics of his Army, wasted with fever, at the end of December. It was a thorough *fiasco* from beginning to end; but the mistake was wholly in the execution, not in the conception, for the Ministry had demanded a swift advance and had provided enough force to carry it out.

The brunt of it all, and of more besides, was borne by Castlereagh, who was used to bearing brunts. Whigs,

Radicals, populace yelped as high as his knee, and to this daily torment was now added the treachery of his colleagues.

Here we come to one of the saddest episodes in the life of George Canning—an episode which no one as yet has been quite able to explain. It seems that, as early as March, Canning had been complaining to Portland that he 'couldn't get on with' Castlereagh, that there 'must be a change.' Canning adduced no specific ground of complaint; perhaps his swift glance, directed at once to Spain, to the Baltic and to Central Europe, made too little allowance for the War Minister's difficulties in forwarding supplies to the Peninsula. Certainly Canning afterwards accused his colleague of having 'starved' the Peninsula in favour of the Walcheren Expedition; but, as certainly, Canning had raised no opposition to that Expedition until it had failed. Certainly, also, Canning seems to have been too eager to attribute the successes in the Peninsula, such as they were, to his own foresight, and to look upon Wellesley as 'his' rather than Castlereagh's General, which was not true. Perhaps he, the fine orator, merely felt what a shocking figure his colleague made when he had to explain anything in the Commons; in which there was some truth. Perhaps, and this one fears was also true, it was just the jealousy of a high-strung impetuous man towards a placid and serene one, whom he felt to be too much his equal. Anyhow, the shame of the thing lies in the fact that this talk of Canning's went the round of the Cabinet, and went also to the King, and that no one told Castlereagh of it until after the failure of the Walcheren Expedition. Canning seems to have believed that Castlereagh had been told; and historians generally agree to divide the

blame of concealment between the King and the poor old Duke of Portland; these were both quite ready to sacrifice Castlereagh, whose abilities were as yet imperfectly realized. But a plain thinker will readily see that it was Canning's duty to ascertain that Castlereagh was told, and told at once, that his colleagues meant to get rid of him. No one has ever held Castlereagh in the least to blame; but to all contemporary thinkers Canning's conduct appeared in very doubtful light. A squib on Walcheren represents him as listening to the plans of his colleagues for the Expedition, and then saying:

> Most of this plan is gibberish to me,
> But I shall quietly lie by and see
> How it goes on; and then if it succeeds
> I share the praise; but, if it ill proceeds
> I'll try what, leaving this ungoverned crew,
> Setting up Statesman for myself will do.

When Castlereagh learned of this treachery of—some one—he at once challenged Canning to a duel; the latter was slightly wounded, and both resigned their offices. Thus the two best men in the Government were lost to the country at the most critical time. The shock of it killed the Duke of Portland at the end of October.

And the War Office had suffered in the spring a real loss from the enforced retirement of the Duke of York. This industrious administrator seems to have allowed an improper female, Mrs. Clarke, to suggest to him names for promotion in the Army; and the female seems to have sold her influence with him to certain disreputable suitors. Such an opportunity was too good to be let slip either by the Whigs or the Radicals; and Whitbread felt that for once he had, and rightly had, the country at his back. The Duke, against whom it

was found impossible to prove any pecuniary corruption, was nevertheless severely damaged in his private character, resigned his office in March and was succeeded by old Sir David Dundas. In the autumn the Ministry had to be reconstructed. Perceval became First Lord of the Treasury, the Marquis Wellesley Foreign Secretary, Liverpool took the War Office; the change was a serious one for our Generals in the field, for Perceval was weak and 'nervous' about the Peninsula. Wellesley, however, though a difficult colleague, was an ardent champion of his brother, and this compensated for much. Castlereagh most honourably gave his whole support to the very men who had sacrificed him; but Canning, it is to be regretted, showed from time to time too much readiness to combine with the Whigs, of whom Grey at least always continued to denounce the war. Perceval had indeed warmly pressed Canning to resume office, but the latter refused to serve except as Chief.

So things hung at home through the year 1810; a gloomy year, with little to relieve it save a frolic with that extremely Radical aristocrat, Sir Francis Burdett, who, being 'wanted' by the Speaker of the House of Commons for some breach of privilege, refused to obey the warrant, and barricaded his house, to the enormous joy of the London mob, which pelted and hooted the Life Guards when these had to be called out. Burdett yielded in the end, and enjoyed the distinction of being the last person in history to be sent to the Tower. In July another famous Radical, Cobbett, was sentenced to imprisonment for a libel on the Army. The same year saw the commencement of the 'frame-breaking riots' in Lancashire and elsewhere, against the introduction of machinery in the cotton trade; these continued

throughout 1811–12. And trade was undoubtedly getting worse and worse, and the Americans more and more inclined to war because of our treatment of Neutral ships.

Finally in October poor old George III. showed symptoms of becoming permanently insane. In itself one might be tempted to say that this would be no great evil; but just consider what was the alternative. The alternative to King George was the Regency of George, Prince of Wales, the worst man—and it is saying a good deal—of his whole Royal family; the man who complained that the officers of his glorious Navy 'never looked and never could look like gentlemen,' and yet had the impertinence to call himself the First Gentleman in Europe; the man who lived by and for clothes, hair oil, scent-bottles and brandy; whose old clothes at his death were sold to the Jews for fifteen thousand pounds; the man who, when he once sprained a tendon in his ankle, lay for ten days on his stomach on his bed moaning and roaring and soaking himself with laudanum; the Prince of senseless and tasteless extravagance, who built the Pavilion at Brighton, who cast off mistress after mistress, friend after friend, and who couldn't tell the truth even for his own interest. He was married to a wife called Caroline of Brunswick, from whom he had long separated; if she became really as wicked as himself, as many people believed, it was probably his vile habits that had goaded her to it.[1] Such was the man under

[1] The Princess of Wales was, it must be admitted, as great a 'horror' as her husband, though in a different kind of way. When she was married in 1794 she had to be continually lectured on the advantages of clean linen and soap and water; she could neither write nor spell properly; she sinned against all the laws of propriety, insulted her own mother in company, and was vul-

whose Regency the most glorious war ever waged by Great Britain was to be brought to a conclusion.

But at the end of 1810 the question in every one's mouth was not 'What is Prince George's character?' but 'What will he do with the Ministry if he becomes Regent?' And to every patriot it was a most serious question. The Whigs were on the alert at once:—'Of course, he will bring us in';—and Lord Grenville now bitterly regretted that in 1788 he had supported Pitt's 'Bill of Restrictions.' For Lord Liverpool at once brought in, at the beginning of 1811, what was practically the old Bill of 1788, with the difference that the restrictions on the Regent's power were only to last for one year; if at the end of that time King George had not recovered his senses, these restrictions should be removed. Always remember that they did not prevent the Prince changing the Ministry; and it was generally supposed that he would do so, either at once or on the removal of the restrictions, when he would be able to change other things as well. It is humorous to notice that the Prince and all his six brothers at once signed a protest against the restrictions; they had seldom agreed so well! However, the Bill passed, and in the middle of the worst frost in living memory (Thames choked solid with ice at London Bridge), the Regent on February 6th kept waiting for an hour and a half the first Privy Council over which he presided; Gren-

garly familiar with strangers. As to actual adultery, of which she was freely accused, the case is not clear either way, but looks bad; she certainly deceived the old King, who always tried to be kind to her and to believe her innocent, but she couldn't deceive Queen Charlotte. But we must remember that what her apologist, Mr. Huish, calls 'the band-dogs of detraction' were always after her.

ville was wondering 'whether any one could persuade him to behave like a gentleman'; no one could. But Sheridan at least persuaded him not to behave like an ass, and not to change the Ministry at once. Perceval was of course freely accused of toadyism with a view to keeping his place. Tom Moore, the poet, thought that the new Regent's Park and Regent's Canal, with a fine new street (Regent Street) leading to them from Carlton House, were 'a profligate Tory job.' The Regent was 'to have a villa on Primrose Hill.' One good thing the Regent did in 1811, when he restored, now that the scandal above mentioned had somewhat blown over, his brother of York to the Command-in-Chief.

All the spring of that year there seemed occasional chances that the King would, as on several previous occasions, recover his senses. But in July the curtain dropped finally; the old man was still able to solace himself with music, and it was said that, while Carlton House was revelling its loudest, George III. was choosing, for anthems in his chapel, all passages from the score of Handel connected with blindness and madness. When at the opening of 1812 the period of restrictions on the Regency came to an end, Whig hearts again beat their highest. In January the Marquis Wellesley, disgusted with Perceval's mediocrity, resigned the Foreign Office, and Perceval vainly offered it to Canning. Canning would have all or none; how bitterly he afterwards regretted this decision his letters show. But Castlereagh was ready to serve in any position which would enable him to bring strength to his country; and he now entered finally upon his great career.

In May the assassination of Perceval by a lunatic, though received with shouts of joy by the rioting mobs

in Lancashire, very nearly led to the break up of the Ministry. Perceval, with all his mediocrity, had been a very able debater and a good 'Leader of the House.' The Regent negotiated with Grey and Grenville, with his old Whig friend Lord Moira, with Marquis Wellesley, with Canning. But 'each had associates to provide for or questions to bring forward to which the others would not be reconciled'; it was the old story of 'F-riends.' So on June 10th Lord Liverpool took the Premiership, which he held for fifteen years. Castlereagh, who had no friends except in the true sense of the word, remained at the Foreign Office till his death ten years later; he made in the autumn of 1812 one despairing effort to conciliate Canning, and even offered to resign his own important post in favour of the latter, but in vain. Lord Bathurst, an industrious mediocrity, took the War Office, and, except Lord Harrowby, President of the Council, the other Ministers don't really matter.

For the rest of the period before us, home politics will trouble us little. The successes in the Peninsula in 1812, the beginning, in 1813, of the collapse of Napoleon and its accomplishment in the spring of 1814, would have shed lustre on a worse set of Ministers than these. No Foreign Secretary was ever better served than Castlereagh by his Ambassadors; by his own brother Charles Stewart at Berlin, by Lord Aberdeen at Vienna, by Cathcart at St. Petersburg, and by Thornton at Stockholm. Besides, the Opposition was scattered and discredited by its failure to form a government in 1812. Grenville and Grey; Wellesley and Canning; Cochrane, Whitbread, Burdett, Horner and Brougham[1] criticized the

[1] Brougham had begun his long and variegated career as an advanced Radical in 1810; he was out of Parliament from '12

Government from several very different standpoints; and, while the old Whigs almost rallied to the support of the war, the extreme Radicals found their game practically hopeless, and confined themselves to espousing the cause of the 'injured' Princess of Wales, who was giving a lot of trouble at this time. One of the most interesting scenes in Parliament in 1813 must have been when Warren Hastings, *ætat.* 81, and tottering with gout, gave for three hours some very clear and interesting evidence to a Committee of the House on Indian affairs, and was heard with great reverence. 1813 was a far more prosperous year for trade than we had for long enjoyed, because, as the Continent was liberated bit by bit, successive markets were reopened for our goods. The Russian market had been reopened in 1810.

Before we resume the main thread of the war in Spain we ought to look for a moment at what had been happening for some years past in Sicily. My readers will remember that the Bourbon King of Naples and his Queen—a lady 'whose nerves were stronger than her principles'—had since 1806 been living in Sicily, while first Joseph Bonaparte and then, after 1808, Joachim Murat reigned in Naples. In 1805 the British garrison at Malta, strongly reinforced, was, as it were, 'looking round for something to do'; there were designs on Minorca, on Alexandria; or why should we not succour the Bourbons, who were then still holding Naples? The Russians were in Corfu, and might co-operate. A

to '15, but his pen continued active. Cochrane, the most gallant of sailors and a genuine champion of the British tar, was yet utterly reckless in the way in which he embarrassed the Government at critical moments.

considerable Anglo-Russian force did in fact land in Southern Italy in November, but then came the news of Austerlitz, and we had to run back. We ran to Sicily, and in 1806 the King and Queen of Naples followed us there.

We at once began, under a series of commanders, Sir John Stuart the first, to organize that large Island for its own defence, and for offence also; we built a little flotilla, and in July sent to the Mainland 5,000 men, who won the excellent little battle of Maida over 6,300 Frenchmen. It was on that occasion that, an alarm being suddenly given, the Grenadiers and the Inniskillings, who were bathing from the beach, rushed from the water, seized their muskets, and fell in stark naked. Henry Fox and Moore successively took over Stuart's command, and garrisoned several little ports in the 'toe' of Italy, but these were retaken when Murat became King of Naples. Moore had gone off to the Baltic, and thence to Spain. Stuart again took command, and was sluggish. Murat even gave us several awkward frights in Sicily; but then came the Austrian War of 1809, and his troops were wanted for that, and the Spanish War got worse, and his troops were wanted for that; so we resumed the offensive and destroyed his gunboats. If Stuart had been more adventurous we might have landed, say at Leghorn, in July, 1809; this might have raised all Italy against the French, and Austria would not have made peace after Wagram.

At the end of 1810 Lord William Bentinck arrived in Sicily. He remained for three years, virtually as Governor, and used the Island, not without effect, as a basis for attack on the French Armies in the Eastern provinces of Spain. He seems to have got on exceedingly

well with the Sicilians, though not with their Queen, for he 'went a-crusading with the British Constitution,' which is (as is well known) a remedy for *all* evils of government. He introduced two regular Houses of Parliament, honourable members of which shook their fists at each other in true parliamentary style, while perhaps feeling in their bosoms for their more native knives. Be this as it may have been, our hold on Sicily enabled us to establish a steady 'raw' on the French in two most important places, Eastern Spain and Southern Italy.

And so we may turn with relief to Lord Wellington. And we must remember, in considering the sequence of his fortunes, that these fortunes always had a powerful effect upon the resistance of other Powers to Napoleon, heartening or disheartening them according to their measure of success; *e.g.*, his retreat after Talavera in 1809 had inclined Austria to make peace; his great success at Vittoria in 1813 finally brought that Power into line with the Allies.

The pleasant little country of Portugal is, inside, by no means what Northern imagination paints it, all vineyards and black-eyed maidens; for its Eastern frontier and much of its centre is an arid mountainous desert, defended by two fortresses, Elvas and Almeida, which respectively face the great Spanish strongholds of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo; these command the only two roads at that time practicable for a French Army coming from Spain (there is a road from the North, but in 1809–10 the French had evacuated North-Western Spain, which was in full insurrection behind them). The Badajoz-Elvas road was also comparatively useless for an attack on Lisbon, for its line is South of the great estuary

of the Tagus, and that estuary defends the city for twenty miles inland; Wellington always had to watch this Southern road, but his watch needed not to be in great force. The main attack was certain to come from Rodrigo, and it was to resist this that our General now bent all his efforts. He had visited Lisbon in the autumn after Talavera, and had thought out what he would do there a whole year before he needed to utilize his conception. For the rest his plan simply was to devastate Portugal from the frontier to the sea; to remove the population *en masse* to the coast towns; to fortify, with the exception of Lisbon, only three places, Almeida, Elvas and the lowest bridge over the Tagus, that of Abrantes; finally, outside Lisbon, to entrench himself to the teeth. Let the French come; he would fall back before them and entice them on, and they must then simply starve. Had the devastation really been carried out as Wellington ordered it, the French would have starved in a week instead of in three months. All the winter of 1809–10 Wellington expected Napoleon, now free from the Austrian War, to come in person; but, in April 1810, there appeared instead of him the ablest of his lieutenants, Marshal Masséna, 138,000 strong. If Masséna had had command of all the French Armies in Spain, say another 200,000 men, he might have given Wellington much more trouble than he actually did.

The greatest number of regulars whom Wellington could command during 1810 hardly exceeded 70,000, of whom about 30,000 were Portuguese, now in process of training by Beresford. Our Army included two gallant bands of North German exiles, the first known as the King's German Legion ('K.G.L.'), representing the Hanoverian Army, which was disbanded after the French

had occupied Hanover in 1803; these fought under our flag at almost every battle down to Waterloo; and the second, known as the 'Black Brunswickers,' who had risen in Central Germany in 1809, cut their way through to the coast and entered the English service in that year; these were not present as a Corps at Waterloo, but in the Duke of Brunswick's contingent on that day there were probably many veterans of the Peninsula. The Portuguese Ordinance-men were forty thousand strong, and swarmed all over the country.

In the spring Craufurd, with his Light Division, lay by Rodrigo, as our advanced guard, and rendered inestimable service in the matter of scouting; he could have his whole Division under arms within a quarter of an hour of any alarm; he never let the French scouts through, and he always sent Wellington the earliest intelligence of their movements. Masséna of course had to begin by taking Rodrigo, and what he prayed for was that Wellington would advance to relieve it and so give himself away. He little knew his man, whereas half Wellington's success arose from the uncanny insight which his genius gave him into the minds and tempers of his successive adversaries. Rodrigo made for ten weeks a most valiant defence, and only fell on July 9th. Almeida would have probably done equally well had not an early shell exploded the powder magazine; it fell after twelve days (August 27th). Wellington grimly fell back and back until he found a really good position, from which to give his enemy a taste of British powder, at Busaco near Coimbra. There on September 27th he stood at bay with a force thoroughly inferior both in numbers and quality to the French veterans. But that force was so carefully concealed that

Masséna thought that storming this hill would be an easy job; and when, as his men reached the summit, first the 88th, then the 45th, 43rd, 52nd and Pack's Portuguese successively sprang from the earth, no one was more astonished than Masséna. Our losses, over a thousand, were just about a quarter of theirs.

But the brave Marshal pushed on, and, as the British kept on retreating towards Lisbon, he concluded that they meant to take to the sea and give up the game. Nothing in Wellington's campaign was finer than this strategy, while the fighting honours of the retreat rested with Anson, who commanded our rear-guard. Some twenty miles North of Lisbon a surprise awaited the Frenchmen, for they suddenly found themselves face to face with a great double line of earthworks and redoubts carved on the mountain-side. They had heard nothing of this before. But these were the famous 'Lines of Torres Vedras.' Their construction had been going on for many months under the direction of a skilled engineer, Colonel Fletcher, and, though as yet by no means perfect, they were becoming more 'horrid,' in the Latin sense of the word, every day. The first or exterior line was twenty-nine miles long from the sea to the estuary of the Tagus; the second was twenty-two miles, and there was, as well, a very small third line about two miles long, right on the coast—enough, in case of accident, to cover an embarkation. The principle of the Lines was in each case a series of redoubts, differing in size and shape according to the nature of the ground, but always so placed as to bring the slope in front under a cross or 'enfilading' fire. All were fully furnished with guns, and to each was allotted its special detachment of men. Every scrap of roadway or cover outside

had been ruthlessly destroyed. The garrison of the first line of redoubts would amount to something under 20,000 men, which would leave another 60,000—for reinforcements were daily arriving from England—inside the Lines, ready to move on excellent roads to any threatened point.

This pleasing surprise was revealed to the Marshal on October 14th; to storm such a position, after his experience at Busaco, was too great a risk, and so he sat down to wait for reinforcements. He might as well have waited for the Tagus to flow backwards; every garrison he had left behind had long ago been besieged by the Portuguese Ordinance-men, every road broken up, every convoy cut off. And meanwhile he was starving. Bravely he starved in front of the Lines for one month; fell back to Santarem and starved for two more, Wellington cautiously following him; and finally he retreated on Rodrigo on March 1st, 1811, having lost 10,000 men since he saw the Lines, and 25,000 in the whole campaign. Quite apart from the difficulty of getting through, no one in Spain had any reinforcements to spare. Soult, with 80,000, was trying to hold down Andalusia, and had indeed managed to take Badajoz, but that was all he could do. Victor was besieging Cadiz, and, in February, General Graham, who had been sent with a few thousand British to aid that city, made a splendid sortie and defeated Victor with heavy loss at Barossa. Our main Army, creeping after Masséna, began to besiege the ruins of Almeida, and the old Marshal most gallantly turned to relieve it. He found Wellington lying across his path at Fuentes d'Onoro, but failed, in two bloody attacks, May 3rd and 5th, to shake our position. He then gave up the job and

retired to France; his command was taken over by Marshal Marmont. The retreat of Masséna from before the Lines of Torres Vedras was the turning point in the History of Europe. We still have to follow, perhaps to the tedium of our readers, the outlines of the campaigns in the Peninsula; but the proverb 'what's well begun is half done' was never truer than of the case before us:—

> ἐκ τοῦδ' ἄν τοι ἔπειτα παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
> αἰὲν ἐγὼ τεύχοιμι διαμπερές, εἰσόκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
> Ἴλιον αἰπὺ ἕλοιεν Ἀθηναίης διὰ βουλάς.[1]

After the retreat of Masséna's Army Lord Wellington, having taken Almeida and left outside Rodrigo a sufficient force to check Marmont, marched southwards to join Beresford, whom he had sent to try to recapture Badajoz from Soult. Beresford, meanwhile, had only 8,000 British and some 20,000 Spaniards and Portuguese. Though an excellent administrator and a bonny fighter, he was neither a strategist nor a tactician and he allowed Soult to manœuvre him into a fight in the very worst possible situation. On May 16th was fought the terrible battle of Albuera. By all the laws of war Beresford was utterly beaten, one of his wings being entirely cut to pieces, and he was indeed preparing to draw off his remnants when Colonel Hardinge begged to be allowed one more try. Whereupon those remnants turned and drove Soult from the field. In no other action of which one has read did an Army win a battle after losing over half its strength—our casualties were 4,100 out of 8,000 men. Then Wellington arrived, and the two of them might have pressed the siege of Badajoz had not Marmont with

[1] Il. xv. 69–71.

surprising activity appeared in great force to its relief. Wellington at once doubled back towards Rodrigo with Marmont after him. Soult fell back to Andalusia. All the rest of 1811 the struggle between Marmont and Wellington was a drawn one; the latter dared not yet invade Spain, and the former dared not risk being starved in Portugal.

Suddenly, on January 19th, Wellington drove forward and pounced on Rodrigo by a storm, which lasted only twenty minutes; the leaders of it were Picton's and Craufurd's Divisions and Sir Denis Pack's Portuguese; it cost us the noble life of Craufurd, and two other heroes, Vandeleur and Colborne, were wounded in the assault. In March came another swift rush at the much greater fortress of Badajoz; this cost more time and great entrenching work, neither of which Wellington could really afford, and he finally decided on another storm, much to the joy of the Connaught Regiment (88th), who said, 'Sure, if we can get but a cavity in the wall, we'll be in, every bit of us.' On the night of April 6th, two Divisions were beaten back from the walls, but finally Picton's men escaladed the old Moorish castle, and by daybreak the town was won. After both these sieges, but especially after the latter, our men got completely out of hand and sacked the conquered cities in the most cruel manner; it was what the French were accustomed to do, but not the British, and it made a very bad impression in the Army. Wellington, who most unaccountably thought all common soldiers 'natural blackguards,' punished them severely but did not seem surprised. Then came a month's apparent hesitation on the frontier while Wellington was in deep secrecy preparing for a dash upon Sala-

manca, the great French depot of stores in Western Spain.

The advance, when it came, was through a desert which Marmont had swept bare, but the entry of the British into the city, which the French evacuated the day before, was received with transports of joy by the inhabitants; "one old woman," says a British officer present, "hugged and kissed Lord Wellington to his great annoyance; they kissed my horse's nose as I rode in." For a fortnight we were held up in Salamanca, occupied with reducing its fortresses; Marmont fell back, and we followed him early in July. We are told how British and French soldiers met constantly at horse-watering, on opposite sides of the river, and were vastly polite to each other with dumb show, "although," says the officer above quoted, "we are forbid to speak to them for fear of spoiling our French." During that time letters reached our camp speaking of the preparation of the Russians for fighting Napoleon, which put us in good fettle. Marmont resumed the offensive on July 16th and by masterly manœuvres compelled us in turn to fall back; but, when the Armies finally met on the field of battle (July 22nd), he left, at a critical moment, a gap in his line. "Now, by G—, I shall hit him," said Wellington, and he hit him to the extent of a loss of 15,000 men, half of them prisoners, out of 42,000. The Armies had been just about equal. Marmont himself was badly wounded, and Wellington, for almost the only time in his life,[1] actually hit; he had been charging in the front rank of his cavalry, which he had no business to do. Marshal Beresford also was badly wounded. No victory

[1] He was hit on the hip by a spent bullet at Orthez in 1814, and he had once been slightly wounded in India.

had yet been so complete as Salamanca, and it confirmed our men's belief in their General's good leadership and good luck. It shook the French, too, as nothing had yet shaken them. Joseph again fled Northwards from Madrid, which the English entered in triumph, and Soult, whom Sir Rowland Hill had skilfully prevented from coming to help Marmont, fell back from Andalusia towards the Eastern Provinces. The siege of Cadiz collapsed.

All 1811 Napoleon had been preparing for the last and greatest of his enterprises; he was going to hurl over half a million of men upon Russia, and he started to do so in June. His alliance with Alexander had never been a really close one, and the latter felt that he had been duped all along the line, for he had not got hold of Sweden or of Turkey, and yet had been obliged to watch his ally getting hold apparently of all Western Europe. Sweden, nominally at war with Great Britain, was really on the best of terms with that Power, for our clever Admiral, Sir James Saumarez, sat outside the Swedish ports and entered into a secret understanding with the Swedish commanders (1810–12); soon Castlereagh's admirable diplomacy reconciled both Sweden and Turkey to their old enemy Russia. Napoleon had in 1810 added to his Empire the whole of Holland and the whole North Sea coast, and had thereby expropriated Alexander's cousin, the Duke of Oldenburg. Finally Alexander knew that the Continental System was ruining the Russian people, and hints were not wanting among his courtiers that Czars had been murdered before and might be murdered again. If Old France had been a 'despotism tempered by epigrams,' Russian despotism is always tempered by possible assassination. So in 1810 the Czar threw off the 'System' and threw open his ports to British trade.

He knew the cost—war with France; but he also knew, which Napoleon did not, Russia and her two excellent generals, January and February. All 1811 we hear of the Czar (who was an irresolute man) pacing his palace with haggard eyes and muttering to himself, "*L'année prochaine*"—"What will next year bring?" Next year brought Napoleon and six hundred thousand men, nominally with an Austria and a Prussia at his back, really with these two Powers waiting for the chance of a slip to reassert their independence.

To meet the needs of this Army Spain had to be much drained of the best French troops; but even so, Wellington's success in the summer of 1812 produced the natural result of a concentration of his opponents' forces to meet him in North-Eastern Spain. So when, after occupying Madrid, he advanced by the great highroad to Burgos, 60,000 strong, he found that he might in a very few weeks have to face at least 150,000. He stayed too long at a fruitless siege of Burgos (his one failure in the Peninsula), and in October was compelled to retreat again to Portugal with considerable loss from sickness and straggling. Hardly was he back on the Portuguese frontier when news began to filter through of some terrible disaster to French arms in Russia. General January had not been called upon; Major November, although not in that year a precocious month, had begun, and Colonel December had, with the aid of the brave Russian soldiers, finished the task. Of the 400,000 men who had crossed the Niemen in June not a tenth returned alive at the end of the year,[1] and those that returned were in a terrible

[1] Probably far less than a tenth; for, of the 40,000 who recrossed, probably many were from the reinforcements taken to Russia in later months by Loison and Augereau.

plight. Again, as in Egypt, the Emperor abandoned his beaten troops to their fate and hurried to Paris. The end could not now be very far off.

Still, at the dawn of 1813, there were 200,000 Frenchmen in Spain ; but to our 75,000 Anglo-Portuguese were now added 60,000 Spaniards, for Wellington had at last in 1812 been made Commander-in-Chief of all Spanish Armies. Soult was gone to Germany and Joseph had got Marshal Jourdan, a poor substitute, instead of him. The French lay on the Ebro, but, though they had managed to reoccupy Madrid, they knew that their cue was now the defensive. Accordingly they expected Wellington to advance by the main road from Ciudad Rodrigo, and were prepared to fight it out like gentlemen on that road. By that road in fact their dreaded enemy came, but, every time that the French began a concentration in order to oppose him, they became aware of an uneasy sensation on their extreme right and almost behind their extreme right. The cunning Englishman had sent his transports round to the little Biscayan ports of Santander and Bilbao, and had sent Graham with a large force to threaten Jourdan's right flank from the rugged mountains of the Asturias ; Graham might even get to the Pyrenees before Jourdan if the latter were not careful. So back and back fell the French, from Madrid, from Burgos, from the line of the Ebro ; and finally made their last great stand on June 21st at Vittoria, some 65,000 strong to Wellington's 80,000. There they were swept from the field ; their mere loss in men, 7,000 to our 5,000, was not so great a blow as that of their entire baggage train, laden with the spoils of six years' plunder, and their whole artillery. In a week they were over the Pyrenees—in their shirts.

Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
And England bursting on her foes;

and not even on the main seaside road, for Wellington had cut them off from that, and the retreat was by the far worse pass of Roncesvalles. They ran till they got to Bayonne, and Wellington, leaving troops to take the frontier fortresses, was after them. At the same time Marshal Suchet, whose career in subduing Eastern Spain had been hitherto fairly successful, was obliged to evacuate Valencia in the face of a considerable Army from Sicily which Bentinck was just throwing on the coast.

Meanwhile in 1813 Napoleon had managed to scrape together another great Army, and to make head in Germany against a fourth and last Coalition of European Powers. This coalition was all Castlereagh's work. When at the end of 1812 the shattered remains of the French recrossed the Niemen, Alexander, who had sent his Fleet to England for safety, hesitated a moment whether he would rest satisfied with the deliverance of 'Holy Mother Russia' or pursue the Man of Blood to the finish. The joyful yet alarmed Prussian Government hesitated still more. But the Prussian Army and Nation uprose and carried their stiff and anxious King off his legs. Prussia had to avenge since 1806 more frightful insults and humiliations than any other European nation; hence the coming war was called the War of Liberation, hence the fury with which Prussian soldiers fought against Frenchmen in 1813–15, and hence the position of Prussia to-day at the head of Modern Germany. Austria hesitated much longer; she had perhaps as much to gain by offering to France her alliance as her hostility, and she

could put into the field a bigger Army than Russia and Prussia united. But, one by one, by Castlereagh's adroit diplomacy, backed as it was with plenty of solid English subsidies, these Powers were induced to fall into line, Austria the last; and, though one more great victory was granted him by the Fates at the battle of Dresden, Napoleon's overthrow was completed in October in the awful slaughter of Leipsic, and he had to fall back on to his own side of the Rhine.

On the Pyrenees it is all really one campaign from July 1813, when Soult arrived to rescue the soil of France, till April, 1814, when he fought his last battle, for honour's sake alone, under the walls of Toulouse. During that time Soult indeed did wondrous well. He rallied the fugitives from Bayonne and advanced to the Pyrenees again. First he fell upon Picton, who, on the Spanish side of the mountains, was still blockading Pampeluna, and, though Picton beat him off, he was able all the late summer to make the siege difficult for us, and the place only fell in October. San Sebastian, the other great frontier fortress, had been taken by storm at the end of August. Then Soult fought us again at the passage of the Bidassoa (October), at the passage of the Nivelle (November), at that of the Nive (December), and on the last occasion caused us heavy losses. Wellington was, so to speak, 'unloosed,' and hurled his men hither and thither somewhat more expensively than was his wont, but always with success. By December we were outside Bayonne, and Soult thereon skilfully drew us away Eastwards towards Toulouse. At the end of February we beat him severely at Orthez, and on April 10th, eleven days after Napoleon had abdicated, he stood up to us again under the walls of Toulouse, and

though beaten again, actually hit us harder than he was hit himself. Nearly a month before that battle Marshal Beresford had pushed on to Bordeaux, the greatest city of Southern France—was there any memory of the Black Prince there when he arrived?—and there Louis XVIII. had been proclaimed King on March 12th.

A leaf from the Journal of the Speaker of the House of Commons in November, 1813, reminds one of the saying of Horace Walpole, that in 1759 'one had to wake up early each morning and ask what new victories there were.' Thus:—"21st November comes News of the deliverance of Holland; deputies arrive with News of the retreat of the French, of the establishment of a Provisional Government and of an invitation to the Prince of Orange" (who, like most other exiled sovereigns, was in England). "24th: News of the liberation of Hanover and advance of the Allies to the Rhine; the Guards embarked for Holland to-day. 25th: News of Lord Wellington having forced the French lines between the Pyrenees and Bayonne" (viz. at the Nivelle); "the Tower guns fired. Later in the day, News of the surrender of Dresden; the guns fired again," and so on. On the last day of the year Castlereagh went in person to the Camp of the Allies, in order to keep them firm and to compose their only too probable quarrels. Three great questions presented themselves in that Camp: (i) Shall we pursue Napoleon to the death and put some one else upon the throne of France? (ii) Shall France, under whatever form of government, be left with the limits of 1792 or with what she calls her 'natural' frontier of the Rhine? (iii) How shall the rest of the Map of Europe be rearranged? Castlereagh from the first was against dictating any form

of government to France; he would leave that question to Frenchmen. But it must be the France of 1792 and not a rood beyond.

To enter into the various schemes of the other Allies is beside our purpose. Austria, who, in 1810, had given a daughter to Napoleon as wife, was inclined to recognize his dynasty if not himself. Prussia merely longed for French blood and revenge. Alexander of Russia wished to pose as the benevolent gentleman who wanted to make Frenchmen happy by choosing a nice new Sovereign for them. There might have been very pretty squabbles over these various plans had not Napoleon happily united the Allies once more by sticking out for the whole line of the Rhine and a good slice of Italy. These no one would grant, so, by the Treaty of Chaumont of the 1st of March, the Allies resolved to pursue him to his fall. Castlereagh promised a British[1] Army of 150,000 men and five millions of subsidies. He was already making up his mind that a restoration of the Bourbons, who alone in France represented a principle, was the best way out of the scrape. The Bourbons had not during their exile endeared themselves to Frenchmen; but Frenchmen were rising sporadically for them in various parts of the country. When they did come back they proved only too well that 'they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing.'

One very unpleasant shadow hung over Great Britain in these last years of victory—no less than a war with America. We need not go into the long story of protocols, negotiations and ultimata which passed between the countries between 1807 and 1812; suffice it to say that

[1] We must still, by 'British,' understand British-Hanoverian with the addition of auxiliaries like the Brunswickers.

there were two main causes of trouble. One we have already partially understood, namely the pressure which we were obliged, for our own safety, to bring to bear against Neutrals trading to France, of whom America was the chief; this was at first fought out in a paper war of 'Non-Importation Acts,' 'Embargoes,' and 'Orders-in-Council.' The other, of which we have not yet heard, was the search which our King's ships used to make for British seamen who had taken service on American vessels, being attracted thereto by the high wages paid by American owners.[1] The pressgang had to be kept going in Britain throughout the war, and we thought, rightly or wrongly, that we could not afford to lose several thousands of possible 'hands' in this way. But it was often difficult to distinguish between a British sailor and a citizen of the United States, and in more than one instance British captains actually kidnapped Americans and refused to restore them; the first proved instance of this was in 1807. It is obvious that the British Government did all in its power to avoid a war, and to soothe the very natural susceptibilities of the young Republic. It is also obvious that the real sympathies of our so-called 'kindred beyond the Atlantic' were really with France rather than with ourselves. And thirdly it is obvious that our whole energies were so

[1] The writer's grandfather gives an interesting account of his voyage to America in 1799 on an English-built ship in the American merchant service, commanded by a Scot, with a mixed American and English crew. They were well armed, and beat off in a sharp action, and with great loss to the Frenchman, the French privateer *Bellone*. "Captain Williamson seemed to consider one Englishman as a match for four Frenchmen, and with Englishmen he, no doubt, classed Americans as well as Scotchmen."—'Autobiographical Recollections,' by C. R. Leslie, R.A., i. 3 *sqq.*

much absorbed in the greater conflict with France that we paid too little heed to the possibilities of the lesser one with America. Anyhow, war was declared on us by the United States in June, 1812, and neither we nor they were in the least ready for the conflict. The American Navy consisted of six or seven very powerful frigates, excellently manned and gunned, with a few small craft; their Army of some 6,000 men. They called out their Militia; but, as this force was at the disposal of the several States and not of the Federal Government, the answer to the call differed according to the predilections of each State. And, curiously enough, the very States which had been most red-hot against us in the war of 1776, namely those of New England, were now almost ready to break the Union rather than fight in support of their Central Government. It was the South which was really keen against Great Britain, and which had the greatest means of injuring her, for from the South were derived those supplies of raw cotton which fed the looms of Lancashire; and it was the famine of American cotton which in 1810–12 was causing such frightful distress and riots in that county.

The war would naturally have to be fought on two main theatres, the Sea and the Canadian border. On the latter stage the British called in the Red Indians, who certainly, on one proved occasion, massacred American prisoners; but then it must be remembered that Americans killed *all* Indians wherever found. We had at one time over 10,000 men in Canada, who, on the whole, did little more than hold their own against distinctly superior numbers; the respective frontiers were raided and re-raided several times, and the most interesting aspect of the war was seen when each side actually

built flotillas of gunboats both on the Great Lakes and on the Little Lakes. The Americans had rather the best of this; they mastered Lake Erie, and on Lake Ontario they took Toronto (then called York), but they failed to capture Montreal, and before the end of the war British superiority was gradually asserting itself in the North.

At sea the main business was a series of frigate actions between single ships—we had only three sail of the line on the American coast when the war began—and at first the enemy won in nearly every case, mainly owing to superior gunnery and greater weight of broadside, for since Trafalgar our gunnery had been decidedly on the decline. And in privateering they were immeasurably ahead of us; even our home waters were infested by their cruisers, who could now of course find refuge and sell their prizes in French harbours. In 1814 the Peace with France at once altered these conditions, although the British Navy, even before the Peace, was reasserting its superiority. One expedition of ours swept over Eastern Maine; another took and burned Washington—or rather the public buildings of that city; but a third was beaten off with great slaughter from an attempt on the city of New Orleans in the mouth of the Mississippi. This last was the bloodiest set of actions in the war, and, sad to say, it was fought when terms of Peace had already been signed at Ghent. Negotiations had been opened there in August, but dragged on till December 24th, when the *status quo ante bellum* was re-established and the questions in dispute were referred to a joint Commission. If the Americans had inflicted great losses on our Navy and our commerce their own commerce had suffered to a far greater extent, indeed to such an extent

as very nearly led to a secession of several States from the Union; and, as we have seen, they had practically no Navy to suffer.

Meanwhile time was given to Napoleon to fight that which was, in the opinion of many soldiers, his most brilliant campaign of February–March, 1814. With never above 90,000 men—nay, boys—he kept at bay the Allies, who had five times his force, for nine long weeks. More than once it needed all Castlereagh's firmness to keep the Allies from falling back, or at least from treating with him again. Here our great Minister was backed by most of the public opinion in England, where there was 'an almost universal dread of any pretended peace with Bonaparte.' At last, when the Allies were already under the walls of Paris, the Emperor abdicated at Fontainebleau, March 30th. There were a few days of provisional government, and then old Louis XVIII., brother of the murdered Louis XVI., was proclaimed King. On April 20th he made his entry into London [1] on his way to Paris. Strongly against Castlereagh's advice the Allies allowed Napoleon to retain the title of Emperor, and gave him the little island of Elba to rule. It was not to be supposed that he, who had reigned over a Continent, and was, after all, but forty-five years old, would be content to reign over a molehill.

Then came the fêtes and the fireworks. The Allied Sovereigns visited Paris, where they might be seen

[1] Madame d'Arblay (Miss Frances Burney) was taken to Grillon's Hotel in Albemarle Street to be presented to him; he could only move very slowly 'dragging his large and weak limbs,' but he spoke to her kindly 'in very pretty English' and said he had 'long known her books.' He was a shrewd old creature who had made himself very comfortable for the last seven years at Hartwell in Buckinghamshire.

walking arm-in-arm in the Bois de Boulogne. One day Alexander and Frederick William lost their way there, and asked an English officer to direct them, and when he, who did not know them by sight, asked 'whom he had been able to oblige,' and was told 'the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia,' he thought those military-looking gentlemen were making fun of him, and answered pleasantly, 'Oh, if you come to that, I'm the Great Mogul.' Then they visited the Prince Regent in England, and were taken to Ascot Races, and to get honorary degrees at Oxford. And the King of Prussia was good enough to say to the Speaker, "You Englishmen have made a brave struggle." In that year the Speaker 'read a novel called Waverley; people ascribe it to Walter Scott.'

But for Castlereagh the harder task of rearranging the Map of Europe was now to come. In September a Congress met at Vienna for this purpose, and the jealousies of the various Powers for long baffled all his conciliatory proposals. England, however great the part she had borne in the victories, was yet not able to speak as a first-class military Power, for, the instant peace with France had been signed, every one was clamouring against the load of debt and demanding instant reductions in Army and Navy. In January, 1815, it looked for a moment as if Europe were to be divided into two hostile camps of England, France and Austria against Russia and Prussia; what might have happened we cannot tell, but that Napoleon saved Europe by bursting from Elba and landing, on March 1st, in the South of France with 800 men. The restored Bourbons had already made themselves profoundly unpopular; and the Army, if not the French people,

was ready for another change. Then followed the famous 'Hundred Days of 1815.' This time Great Britain was to bear the part of principal in the strife.

The 'Emperor of Elba' having pressed on to Paris, and every one who had been sent against him having gone over to his side, became again the Emperor of the French, and Louis XVIII. went again on his travels. Napoleon had to pose this time as a moderate, a true Liberal, who desired only peace; and he did actually lose time, as well as consideration with his thorough-going friends, by this attitude. No one in France believed in that; 'Liberty, Equality, War all over the World,' was the only possible cry for the true Napoleon. But British Radicals believed, or at least pretended to believe him; Grey, Romilly, Horner, Burdett and Tierney denounced the coming war far more fiercely than they had denounced the war in Spain. All they cried out was, 'Why has not Lord Castlereagh already made the Congress of Vienna promise to abolish the Slave Trade?'[1] 'No more war! no more taxes! Peace with this noble regenerator of France, this true child of the French Revolution, this real Whig, whom you wicked Tories have so long prevented, by your infamous wars, from showing himself in his true colours!'

Meanwhile, the Allied leaders at Vienna issued a proclamation declaring Napoleon to be a public enemy and declining all negotiation with him. The terms of their Treaty of a year before were restated, and each

[1] Castlereagh had been using his best endeavours for this object, and continued to use them both before and after the Hundred Days, but he found that Continental Powers considered it to be merely one of perfidious Albion's usual tricks: "Your Colonies," they said, "are stocked with slaves; ours, which you are so kindly going to give back to us, are not."

of the four—England, Austria, Russia and Prussia—bound themselves to contribute 150,000 soldiers, although England was obliged to pay some of her contribution in cash rather than in men. This looked like an Army of near 600,000—on paper; but for the present on paper only, for the Russians of 1814 were even now toiling painfully back to their own distant country, and the Austrians, though geographically not so far off, were quite as unready. The nearest and readiest of the four was Prussia, but that was mainly because her troops were still occupying those 'Rhenish Provinces' which were to fall to her, as we shall presently see, at the final Peace. The next nearest in point of time was probably Great Britain, and an additional incentive was given to her preparations by the fact that the Allied Sovereigns unanimously chose Wellington, now the Duke, to be Commander-in-Chief of all their forces. He was at Vienna at the time and started on March 29th for Brussels, which he reached on April 5th.

At that time no one knew (i) whether Napoleon would attack or wait to be attacked; (ii) or, if the former, whither he would direct his blow. But the general idea was that the Allies might be ready to invade France at the beginning of June if they were not attacked earlier. This would mean that an Anglo-Hanoverian Army would invade from Belgium, keeping touch with a Prussian Army in the Meuse valley; these, again, in touch with Russians, who would come through Lorraine, and, finally, the largest column of all, the Austrian, would come from the Middle and Upper Rhine; the whole to converge on Paris. Threats might be made by Sardinians and by more Austrians from Italy, and by Spaniards from Spain, where King Ferdinand had now been restored.

Possibly Napoleon's best plan, from a military point of view, would be to await the attack of the Allies, but from a political point of view this was impossible; his throne was not secure enough for him to risk exposing France again to the horrors of an invasion. He therefore decided to attack, and to attack swiftly, such of the Allies as alone were ready.

These were the Prussians and the English. The English Army was by no means the only one which had been reduced at the Peace; something over one-third of the Prussian Army, which in April began to gather on the Southern frontier of Belgium, was composed of recruits, many of them raised in provinces which had quite recently belonged to the French, some of them actually soldiers who had served in French Armies. They mustered 124,000 strong, and were under command of old Marshal Blucher, seventy-one years of age but the darling of the soldiers, who called him 'Father Blucher,' or 'Marshal Forwards.' The composition of the English Army was, in principle, the same as it had been in the Peninsula—that is to say, it was fed by drafts from the Militia. Tradition rather than positive evidence leads us to believe that the twenty thousand Infantry, at least, consisted largely of recruits; but these were enrolled in regiments two-thirds of which had been represented in Spain. The eight thousand British Cavalry were certainly more seasoned men, for only about one-fifth belonged to non-Peninsular regiments, and it may well be supposed that the proportion of veterans in the others was considerable; and it was the same with the gunners of our ninety British guns. The King's German Legion, three thousand odd Infantry and twenty-five hundred Cavalry, was also full of veterans;

there had been little or no recruiting therein. The Hanoverians contributed thirteen thousand odd Infantry, mostly recruits, and fifteen hundred Cavalry; the Duke of Brunswick, five thousand and a thousand respectively of the two arms; the Nassauers, seven thousand Infantry. Incomparably the worst troops ever seen on any battlefield were the nineteen thousand Infantry and three thousand Cavalry raised in the now 'United Kingdom of Belgium and Holland,' and hence usually called the 'Dutch-Belgians.' So far as these were not recruits they were men who had served France and were at heart largely French; they were now incorporated in our Army, in which that incompetent young man, their Prince of Orange, also commanded a Corps. Their main contribution to our service was to run to the rear as soon as they came under fire. This, said the Duke, was the worst Army he ever commanded, and he had a very inefficient Staff; had he had his men of 1813 he would never have waited to be attacked on June 18th. His total strength was just below 69,000 muskets and 14,500 sabres, with 192 guns.

Against this Alliance Napoleon could have brought into the field many more men than he brought; early in June he had quite three hundred thousand men under arms, about half of them veterans. But he thought it necessary to watch all his frontiers at the same time, which was a great mistake; against Wellington and Blucher, therefore, he sent only 124,000 men. Of these nearly all were veterans, 23,000 were superb Cavalry, and he had 370 guns.

His plan was a simple, if a daring one—so simple, in fact, that the Duke thought there must be something behind it, and made a mistake in consequence.

This plan, in brief, was to drive straight at the point of contact between the English and the Prussian troops, and to hurl each back on to its base, the former to the sea at Ostend or Antwerp, and the latter to Liège, and ultimately over the Rhine at Cologne; the Allies, who all May were expecting soon to invade France, were, in fact, spread far too wide for safety, for their total front covered some ninety miles, and it is only fifty from the French frontier to Brussels. Brussels, therefore, was the Emperor's objective. All turned for him on the question of separating the two Allies; he thought that each, if beaten, must fall back to his own base. Here he made a grave error; he did what he always told others not to do, he 'made himself a picture,' and he stuck to his error till late on the afternoon of Waterloo. Blucher and Wellington had met at Tirlemont on May 3rd, and had passed the 28th, 29th, 30th of that month at Brussels together; and, either then or in later communications, they had promised to stick together or to rejoin each other, even if beaten in detail, directly it should be possible to do so.

Wellington, however, also made a grave error. As the long June days ran on, and as it became obvious that neither Russians nor Austrians were yet prepared for an advance, although he massed his main body facing the Sambre and the road from Charleroi to Brussels, he felt continuously uneasy about his right, where two other roads came in. He consequently kept over 18,000 men guarding those roads, and though, just before the fighting, he ordered an inward movement upon Hal, he made no complete concentration; oddly enough, while there is good evidence that the cannon of Waterloo was heard on the coast of Kent, these men, not twenty

THE LOW COUNTRIES
Miles
10 0 10 20 30 40
The Hague
Utrecht
Ryswick
Arnheim
R. Yssel
R. Waal
R. Rhine
Nimeguen
R. Meuse
Gertruydenberg
Boxtel
Breda
Walcheren I.
Flushing
Cadsand
Sluys
Ostend
Bruges
Antwerp
BRABANT
Venloo
Roermonde
Stevenswaert
Maeseyk
Dunkirk
Ghent
R. Scheldt
Mechlin
Hondschoote
Dendermond
R. Dyle
R. Demer
Arschott
FLANDERS
Alost
Louvain
Brussels
Maestricht
Ypres
Oudenarde
R. Senne
R. Dender
Tirlemont
Geete
Lauffeldt
St. Omer
Menin
Neerwinden
Landen
Aix-la-Chapelle
Hal
Waterloo
Wavre
Aire
R. Lys
Tubize
Mt. St. Jean
Rocoux
St. Venant
Lille
Tournai
Ath
Steinkirk
Genappe
Ramillies
Liége
R. Mehaigne
Nivelles
Fontenoy
La Bassée
Quatre Bras
Seneffe

St. Joseph's College
House Library

miles away, knew nothing of the battle. So also the Prussians, on their far left, had a whole Army Corps out of touch with their main battle. In excuse for Wellington it may be pointed out that he was really in the awkward position of having the line of communications with his best base (Ostend) parallel, instead of at right angles to his front; in such circumstances he hardly dared to leave his right uncovered. From about June 6th it began to appear probable that the French would take the offensive, but not till the 15th was it known for certain, and then it was felt; first by the Prussians.

The two Allied Armies lay on that day about nine miles apart, some eighteen miles South of Brussels, the English left being at the crossroads called 'Quatre-Bras' and the Prussians to the Eastward at Ligny. Napoleon's idea was that neither was in very great strength, and this was so far true of the right wing that, at the commencement of the action at Quatre-Bras, we were decidedly outnumbered. He therefore gave Marshal Ney six Divisions with which to force against the British the main highroad to Brussels, while he himself would fall on the Prussians at the same time. Neither battle began until the afternoon of Friday the 16th; Wellington, who had left Brussels at 7 a.m., had time to ride to Quatre-Bras and post his men, and then to ride over to see Blucher (nine miles farther) at one o'clock, and he got back to his own position by 2.30 just as the battle began.

At Ligny they began half an hour later; all the afternoon messages kept passing between Napoleon and Ney of which the gist was 'Send me more troops,' and 'I can't spare any'; although by a blunder one whole

Corps of twenty thousand men under d'Erlon did in fact go to and fro between the French Armies and never got into action at all. Up till 5 p.m. the Emperor had made little progress against the Prussians, and the slaughter had been fearful; only at the last, by piling up every man he could, did he manage to pierce Blucher's centre; and by eight o'clock the Prussians, defeated and with their right, indeed, almost broken, drew sullenly and slowly away; the French casualties exceeded theirs by two thousand men.

As for Ney, Picton's Division, which included the famous British brigades of Kempt and Pack and Best's Hanoverians, held him off, in spite of the defeat of some Dutch-Belgians, until the arrival of the Brunswickers from Brussels put us in slightly superior force; their gallant Duke fell in leading a charge soon after he reached the field. For a while the situation was very critical, although reinforcements kept coming in, including Colin Halkett's Brigade with our Duke's first regiment, the 33rd; this and the 69th suffered fearfully from the splendid charges of the French Cavalry. By sunset, however, numbers began to tell, and at last the Duke ordered a general advance and drove Ney from his ground. But that was all; with numbers which had become at last distinctly inferior, Ney had almost held his own; the losses were about equal—something less than five thousand a side.

Why did not Napoleon, who thought he had quite put the Prussians out of action, instantly send, early on the 17th, every man he had got to fall on Wellington's flank, and order Ney to renew the combat in front? We cannot tell; he did not appear at Quatre-Bras till nearly two o'clock of that day, and the British Infantry had long

ago begun a steady retreat to the position, in front of Waterloo, upon which their commander had fixed for the defence of Brussels; our Cavalry and Artillery now skirmished with the French as we retired. The advantage was all to us, as a fierce thunderstorm broke about 2 p.m. and the fields soon became a trampled morass; the rain continued till early morning of Sunday.

In another way, also, Saturday the 17th was fatally wasted by the Emperor. While the English were beginning to fall back from Quatre-Bras to Mont-Saint-Jean, nine miles south of Brussels, Marshal Grouchy with thirty thousand men had been despatched to observe, and if necessary contain the beaten Prussian Army. But (i) no patrols had been sent after the victory of Ligny to observe the direction of the retiring Prussians, and so Grouchy was despatched in the wrong direction; (ii) he was despatched too late—at about 11 a.m. on Saturday. The Emperor firmly believed that Blucher was retreating on Namur and Liège; as a matter of fact the latter was going, at right angles to that road, and towards Wavre in order to join Wellington on the Sunday. Grouchy found out Blucher's real line much too late, and even then he acted feebly and hesitatingly.

On Saturday night, then, June 17th, the two Armies, that were to decide on the next day the fate of Europe for half a century to come, lay facing each other on a comparatively small space of ground; it was about a mile and a half from the centre of Napoleon's position at the little inn of Belle Alliance to that of Wellington's, which was in advance of the windmill at Mont-Saint-Jean. They were also comparatively small Armies: we may reckon 50,000 Infantry, 12,000 Cavalry and 156 guns to the Duke; 52,000 Infantry, 15,000

Cavalry and 266 guns to the Emperor. But, as regards any sort of usefulness, we must deduct from the Duke the 16,500 Dutch-Belgian foot and horse, although their artillery of thirty-two guns did some real service. Would the defensive tactics, of which the Duke was such an acknowledged master, enable him to hold off an Army superior in every respect to his own, and immeasurably so in Artillery, until the arrival of the Prussians ?

The course of the great fight may perhaps best be told in three letters from two persons (belonging to families which my readers have met before) who, if they had ever existed, would certainly have been present at it :—

Letter I. From Captain Roger . . . . , 52nd Regt., Aide-de-camp to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, to Captain Roger . . . . , retired R.N., at Tubney Manor House, Sussex, England.

BODENGHIEN'S INN, WATERLOO,
18th June, 3 *a.m.*

DEAR FATHER,—

H.G.[1] is making up his mail for Brussels, and I take the opportunity. There was a big fight with Ney on Friday beyond Genappe, and Blucher had a bigger about ten miles to our left with Boney himself ; but I was away at Hal and Tubize all day, and only met the Staff on their way back yesterday, and have been too busy to learn particulars. And the real fun is still to come—in a few hours. The weather is atrocious ; yesterday was stifling hot, till a thunderstorm broke on us at about 2.30, and it has rain'd in torrents ever since ; our poor fellows are bivouacking in it, quite without shelter. I send you a rough sketch of our position, in front of

[1] His Grace (the Duke).

the Soignies wood ;[1] if we are beaten, we can fall back thro' this and stand again outside Brussels. Our line is concave and about two and a half miles long. This village is in the wood, over a mile to the rear of our centre, which is in front of a hamlet called Mont-Saint-Jean, right on the road from Brussels to Charleroi ; across this runs a rough country road, along, and partly behind a slight ridge ; it gives cover here and there, and this is really our *line*, tho' both our right and left are lying out in front of it. Advanc'd posts as on my sketch :— Hougoumont—a big country house, wall'd garden and plantation, on the right ; Haye Sainte, a fair-siz'd farm, in centre ; and a little group of farms and cottages in the woods on our left ;[2] detachments lie on our right as far as Braine, and Colville with a whole Division [3] is on the Senne about ten miles to our right, in case Boney shou'd take a fancy to strike the Mons road.[4] Boney, as far as I cou'd see at sunset, lies much same as us—wings bent inwards : centre on our same road, about a mile and a half South of us ; his columns were then beginning to look big ; no doubt more have come in since. All open rye-fields in the valley between us—rye breast high, green and in ear ; filthy stuff for horses, and you can't prevent them ;[5] capital cavalry country, but the soil is now mere mud from the rain. I hope we shan't need

[1] The wood has now disappeared, but the Duke always said he could hold it ; there were two roads practicable for Artillery through it.

[2] Obviously Papelotte, La Haye, Smohain and Frischermont.

[3] Really, part of two divisions ; he refers to the men at Hal and Tubize.

[4] *i.e.* the road Mons-Hal-Brussels, or (the writer might have added) the road Tournai-Ath-Hal-Brussels.

[5] *i.e.*, can't prevent them from grazing it.

to move our artillery much ; but he will, if he is to pound us, as he must. The worst is that these Belgian hounds, of whom we have over 15,000, are quite rotten—they wou'dn't stand up on Friday, and no reason why they shou'd to-day. But we expect Blucher by noon ;[1] he was hard hit on Friday, but fell back in good order, and wrote yesterday from Wavre, which is only 4 hours away. I can see H.G. is quite confident, though he is graver than usual ; he told me he shou'd write to Lady Fanny[2] to bid her prepare to quit Brussels at a moment's notice, but this is only an extra precaution for his nervous friends. Our men have done no spade work, tho' they might easily have made our front stronger ; he must have had reasons for this ; he always knows best. Give my love to Mother and all. Tell good Mrs. H. that her brother was quite well when I saw him on Wednesday ; Ours[3] were not engag'd—no need to tell her they will be to-day.

Your affectionate Son,
ROGER.

Letter II. From Corporal William Hazelgrove, 52nd Regiment, to Mrs. Mary Ann Hazelgrove, Housekeeper at Tubney Manor House.

BRUSSILS
Munday June 26th

DERE SISTER

i hope yew are qite well as this leave me at presint and plees giv my dewty to Master and Mrs and

[1] The bad roads, the bad arrangements and the unwillingness of his Chief of the Staff, Gneisenau, kept him back till 4.45.

[2] Perhaps Lady Frances Webster.

[3] 'Ours,' the 52nd, was in Adam's Brigade, of Peninsular fame, and was commanded by Colborne.

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A PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

the yung ladies an i have to report that Our Glorius General gaind a Glorius Victry was Sundy week and gave the Mounseers such a thrashing wot they wont want no mor of for som time to cum an i greeve to say that my Master was greevusly wounded but it is now doin well it was rite at the end of the fite but i did not No it at the time or for many days We fought the frenshmen an there pretence Empirore at Waterlew was Sundy week an we beet him like he desservd the old redgmint was terrible cutt up but Thank God i escap unurt only for avin Will Saunders brains druv into my mouth bein opun he bein my frunt rank man which was onplesint it wasint there cavvulry chargs we minded soe much as there dredful gunns the bloody villians rode all round our sqars and the Gards as was on our left we formd sqar 3 tims but they never get in an we allways shot at the pore orses eds an yew cant ardly miss at 30 yard the worst was Evning wen the frensh Gards fellers with Bareskins wot ad never been beet before cam On 2-wice but the old fifty 2nd as yew No adnt never been beet nither an soe it was Us as reelly wonn the day we never see them gards in Spane an soe at last we was chasin of em pell Mell an the last i see of Master was allmost dark an e rode like mad acrost our frunt a callin out forward forward fifty 2nd an the Duke e was close to and i herd im shout forward Colborn forward not as our Colborn wanted no Duke not even im to say forward to im and Master e was close beind im an e cacht site of me perhaps becos of my hite and he pulls up and says hooray Will says he wev giv em a towelin this time an we'll be ome for the partrig shootin all rite an we wos swep on an i saw im no mor We was all 6s and 7s that evenin and wot sum of us may av been doin that nite i dont ardly

like to say only i didnt nuthing rong leestways it issnt rong to take wot yew can git from the Henemy and i av got a beyutifull Gold Wacht for yew dere Sister an 8 ginnies ard cash for me as i found in a ded frensh orfcrs pockit wich they issnt qite like our ginnies Well we fell in all rite next mornin an we marchd full 5 days after em only slow like not like them Prooshuns wot was crool mad and bloody for vengunce its a good country an not like that dirty Spane much like ome only no edges such funny tall ouses and all the Rodes qite strate i dont think i shud like to bee a frenshman Well it was fridy last as we was alted outside of a villiage an suddinly a haidycong e ride up to Captn Smith from the Duke like and speeks to im an my Captn e looks down our frunt and i eers im say yes theres my ordrly corpril Hazelgrove and i says ere am i an the haidycong e says can yew ride says e and i says i can seein i was 3 wip to the Old Master 3 seesins that'll doo says e take this orse an ride back to Brussils like ell becos i cant spare a sum furrin word e used and find Captn . . . . wot was wounded at Bellalince [1] and o e name my dere young Master an it was the 1st i ere of is bein wounded an my art sank in my mouth and give im this noat says e an tell him to send a shure man back with them mapps to is Graice ded or alive an qick qick says e Soe i says to Captn Smith Sir its my oan master wot I'm to find and im wounded an plees may i stay with him has e is wounded an i'll be sure to find im if all the devvils in ell was a barrin the Rode An the Captn e look at me plesint like an says i No yew will my good felow an yew cant miss the Rode its qite strate an about 80 mile an the countasine is Bloocher an with that i got on an rode al i new they wos our oan pickets all the way

[1] Belle Alliance.

an i keeps on a ollerin out Bloocher an Brussils an they cheerin like mad an that orse was the best orse ever i ad atween my nees but the Rodes is pavd an crool for orses an i coudn abear to kill im Soe about 3 qaters of way i shoe the noat with the Dukes oan dubleyew on it to a orfcr at a picket an say Sir my orse is a founderin an its the Dukes oan orse can yew mount me on an e says i can and e give me a woefull old scriew an i gets to Brussils sataurdy noone nither bite nor supp for 16teen howers an i ask hevry on wot speeks English as mostly they do not wot they dun with the glorius wounded orfcrs but it was sevin oclock afore i found were Master was loggd an I giv im the letter e was in Bedd an qite cumferable with a broaken legg qite a simpel fraction they say an a good kind English lady a nussin of im she is call Mrs Crauly er usbin is on Staff same as Master[1] i dont like er servints they speek Evil of er an er usbin pheraps becos she speek in frensh Soe ere i stay with leev from my cumpny orfcr til e is well an hafter that no mor soldjerin if e can elp it for Your luvin an afekshunt brother

WILLM HAZILGROVE

P.SS. it was not a wound it was is orse shott in the sholder not is oan orse an fell on him an e was stund an broak is legg oanly by a simpel fraction is sufrins was hawful cumin bak from the frunt in a strawcart e is very pale from feaver an will rite isself soon as ever

P.SSS. yew av probibly erd of Brussils were them little cabbiges cum from it is a noable sity they aint in seesin now

[1] Mrs. Crawley, we fear, deceived W. H. Readers of 'Vanity Fair' will remember that Rawdon Crawley was on General Tufto's staff, a very different thing.

Letter III. From Captain Roger. . . . to his father at Tubney.

BRUSSELS,
Sunday, July 2nd.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

I am getting on famously as Will H. will have told you. . . . he is a good fellow, and the most devoted of nurses. A certain Mrs. Crawley, wife of a Guardsman, took possession of me, and was certainly very kind, but I'm glad she's gone off to join the advance at Cambray; she did nothing but make eyes at me. Crawley has the worst reputation in the Service, though I own to a sneaking liking for him. Well, I've been trying to make out an account of the battle for you, and have been playing at it with little blocks of wood on a map, and as during the last three days I've been allow'd to see people, I have heard a good many stories, very likely half of them lies. First then it seems certain that Boney is done for; we are outside Paris, if not actually in, while I write.[1] Secondly the returns give 7,000 prisoners and over half their guns, taken on 18th alone, how many since I don't know. Our own losses were very heavy, over 15,000 men; theirs must have been infinitely more.[2]

No one knows why Boney waited so long to open the ball; it was the same story in both the battles of Friday 16th. Some say he waited for the ground to dry; that seems to me ridiculous, for it was cloudy till long after he began, and the ground never dry'd at all. We had our skirmishers thrown right forward in front of the farm[3] (look at the little plan I sent you on 18th) early

[1] Paris surrendered on July 3rd.

[2] 30,000; he omits the Prussian loss of 6,700.

[3] viz., La Haye Sainte.

in the morning; but, tho' we cou'd see dark masses of the enemy moving to and fro, it was 11.30 before a shot was fir'd. Of course I was constantly riding up and down the line with messages, so I don't think there was any part of the fight of which I didn't see something, altho' after 6 o'clock I was always on our right. The only troops that came on to the field after our position was taken up were Lambert's Brigade, which join'd Picton's Division just as we began, and some Belgians who came in from Braine on our right towards the end of the day. For the first two hours the fiercest fighting was at Hougoumont, where Byng's whole Brigade of Guards was soon busy. They [1] must have had a whole Division [2] in front of that house for the entire day; driv'n out of the orchard, our fellows held the kitchen garden, and tho' some of theirs got into the courtyard of the house (for they swarm'd all round it and often cut it off from support for a few minutes), they were all kill'd. Soon after 3 o'clock the house caught fire and burn'd till about 6; even after that volumes of smoke pour'd up as long as we cou'd see it. It was to replace Byng that Adam came into line with Ours [3] and also Duplat's Brigade of K.G.L.[4]

Meanwhile his Imp. Maj. turn'd his attention to our centre; one cou'd see plainly what a fearful business it was for him to get his guns in position, the wheels sinking to the axles; but before one o'clock they were

[1] *i.e.*, the enemy.

[2] At one time or another they actually had three Divisions; *i.e.*, the whole of Reille's Corps, though in the late afternoon Foy and Bachelu were drawn off from this towards the centre.

[3] Adam's Brigade with a battalion each of 52nd and 71st, and two of 95th.

[4] King's German Legion.

up within 4 or 5 hundred yards of us; then his infantry came on; two whole brigades tackl'd Baring, who was holding the little farm at Haye Sainte,[1] one on each side; and all our efforts to relieve B. were in vain. A brigade of Cuirassiers supporting their heavy column of infantry charg'd right up to our plateau,[2] and then Lord Uxbridge [3] sent Ponsonby and Somerset [4] down on them and drove them back, but not before Major-General Count Bylandt and his entire brigade of Belgian devils had turn'd tail and bolted to our rear; the 28th, who were next them, were furious, and slash'd at them as they ran by. This left a frightful hole in us, as Picton's Division, which lay just there, had been fearfully cut up on the Friday, and Kempt and Pack [5] between them barely made up 3,000 men; but Picton never stopp'd to count odds of four to one and he fell on the leading French infantry brigades with the bayonet, and swept them back again. I don't think I ever saw more splendid work than those charges of the Greys and Inniskillings; only of course, as usual, they charg'd too far and were cut up in returning, and Ponsonby was

[1] Major Baring at first held La Haye Sainte with 400 men of the King's German Legion; it is a doubtful point whether he was ever reinforced.

[2] *i.e.*, to the point of intersection of the roads in front of our centre.

[3] Lord Uxbridge had an independent command of all the Cavalry.

[4] Sir W. Ponsonby with the Heavy or 'Union' Brigade, *i.e.* Scots Greys, Royal Dragoons and Inniskillings; Lord Edward Somerset with the Household Brigade, *i.e.* 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Blues and 1st Dragoon Guards.

[5] Sir James Kempt had a battalion each of 28th, 32nd, 79th and 95th. Sir Denis Pack had one each of 1st, 42nd, 44th and 92nd. Picton's Division also included Vincke's Hanoverian Brigade.

kill'd. Sir Thomas[1] too, alas! met his death in his own bayonet charge. I noted that their columns were much deeper than they used to be in Spain.[2]

Far on our left another French Division was engag'd all day round the little farms of Papelot, Smohain, etc., but the Prince of Weimar held his own all day, and I don't think what happen'd there had much influence on our main battle. In the centre, in returning these compliments, we had got right up to their guns and smash'd up about two dozen of them. Soon after two there was a distinct pause, and you cou'd see riderless horses galloping about the field or grazing quietly between our lines and theirs. Still no Prussians. Not till about 3.30 did it begin to get hot again; this time on our right; the worst artillery fire I ever heard or saw, and, cover'd by that, the French Cuirassiers and Cavalry of the Guard charg'd at least a dozen times up the slope between Hougoumont and our centre—they say Marshal Ney led them in person. Maitland, Colin Halkett, Adam, Hew Halkett and the 23rd met them in squares, four men deep, two front ranks on knee, rear ranks loading and changing muskets with front; it was like waves beating against a rock; they must have sent forward 40 squadrons altogether, but our fire at 20 and 30 paces was so deadly that few ever reach'd the bayonets; they wheel'd and rode right and left along our front, and all the time our batteries were being strengthen'd and were giving a good account of

[1] Sir Thomas Picton.

[2] The French seem to have been inclined during the middle period of the Great War to learn from the English and to advance in a shallower but longer formation; but in 1815 they charged in columns of twenty-four ranks deep with a front of only seventy men.

them, while K.G.L. cavalry from the rear charg'd them wherever they cou'd; so did two Hussar regiments. But when Lord Uxbridge call'd on Trip's Belgian cavalry to follow him, he found himself riding alone, and Master Trip tripping it to the rear. I was coming back from our extreme right at the moment, and nearly charg'd into the Duke, who came galloping along from our centre in a shower of bullets calling out to Adam's, "Drive those fellows off our guns," pointing to an infantry column which had got among our gunners, God knows how—which the 71st promptly did. Of course the gunners ought to have taken cover inside the squares, as in General Orders, but you can never teach these fellows the rules of the game. These charges may have lasted nearly two hours, and meanwhile their infantry were swarming round the farm. I hear that Baring would never have been driv'n out, only that his cartridges ran short; he got a few reinforcements from Ompteda's Brigade, but no ammunition. Once the French set his barn door on fire, and his men put it out by filling their camp kettles at the horse pond! And at about six o'clock all that was left of him had to run for it, and the French at once seiz'd the farm. Ompteda was kill'd and his battalion of K.G.L. cut to pieces about same time.

Then at last the Blue boys[1] hove in sight; it was like the stories you us'd to tell us of your frigate work in the West Indies, when you had been fighting twice your weight of broadside all day and had most of your

[1] *sc.*, Bulow's column of Prussians. The writer evidently means that he did not *sight* them till about six; what follows shows that they had begun to attack Planchenoit an hour and a half before that.

spars shot away, and a fellow from the cross-trees spy'd another British frigate coming up all sail. But poor old Blucher's all sail was vastly slow. His first columns didn't get into action at Plancenoit, far on the French right, till about half-past four, and we on our right didn't feel the effect till after six, and then we had no eyes for anything but these devils in front of us. But I hear Plancenoit was twice taken and retaken, and that Bulow lost very heavily there; and it was not till near seven that one of their columns (Ziethen's it was) got into actual touch with our left. Directly it did the Duke stripp'd our left of his two best cavalry brigades, Vandeleur's and Vivian's, which had hardly been engag'd as yet, and they came thundering down behind our line, follow'd by Vincke's Hanoverians, to take post on our centre. It was indeed high time, for Haye Sainte, now in French hands, had given Boney a dangerous base, and only the Household Brigade and Alten's Division still held our line in front of it, and they both fearfully hard hit.

It was even money now that Boney, as he began to feel the attack of the Blue boys worse and worse, might retire in good order on Charleroi; our Duke wou'd, I think, certainly have done so, and it wou'd have been the right thing to do.[1] But he seems to have thought it a point of honour to crush us instead, and he wilfully neglected the Prussians till it was too late. Between seven and eight o'clock he pour'd on us all the army he had left, push'd his guns up to within 100 yards in

[1] He means, 'the Duke in Bonaparte's place would have done so'; but it would hardly have been the 'right thing to do' unless the Emperor had meant to retire into France fighting rear-guard actions or hoping to divide the Allies.

some places, hurl'd more and more of his left against Hougoumont, and finally sent his crack battalions of the Guard half across the valley full on the right of our line. Maitland's Guards were lying down behind the bank; we were all gather'd behind the Duke, and so we can alone have been seen by them as they came on. "Up Guards and ready," called out H.G.; "volley at 40 yards and then the bayonet." This happen'd twice, the Guards falling back in time to stand the second shock; and, at the second shock, Adam wheel'd his whole brigade and caught 'em in flank, the 52nd charging with the bayonet, and Hew Halkett in support of Adam. "More cavalry, please, Uxbridge," says the Duke, and then Uxbridge led on Vandeleur's and Vivian's. This prov'd the beginning of the general advance of our whole line; the Duke riding at the head of the Guards and lifting his hat to wave them on; the wind blew the smoke of Hougoumont badly across us. This was after eight o'clock; I don't know how our centre and left came on, but between the smoke we cou'd see masses of their infantry running southwards, and we appear'd to be driving them all south-east across the road, and so right on to the Prussians. Little squares of French, mostly of the Guards, stood their ground in our front, especially as we got up to the plateau of Belle Alliance, but they were all swept away. I heard Colin Campbell call out to the Duke, "Don't expose yourself, Sir"; "Nonsense, Campbell," says he, "I'll turn back when I see those fellows" (who were still holding the plateau) "turn back." But they didn't wait for the bayonet, and were soon on the run like the rest. It was just as we breasted it that I got knock'd over, and I knew no more till the pursuit had roll'd away. But I hear it was

Halkett who took the last of the Guard prisoners, and that the moon rose about 8.45, just as the Duke and Blucher met at the Inn.[1] They say the last fighting was in the churchyard at Plancenoit. Blucher undertook pursuit, and the Duke rode back to Waterloo to dinner. Algy Greville din'd alone with him, and the only words he said were, "Thank God I've met him; thank God I've met him."[2] It was vastly unpleasant lying there till three the next morning with a broken leg, but a Guardsman put a greatcoat under my head, and I had my own flask of brandy which I shar'd with two poor devils of Frenchmen who were lying near me. And I think the ten miles home in a rickety farm cart was the worst part of the whole job. . . .

(Here the letter ends abruptly.)

It is obvious that Napoleon's whole plan of battle was wrecked upon his having sent such a large detachment to observe the Prussians and sent it in the wrong direction. Even if Grouchy had 'marched to the cannon' as soon as he heard it, instead of continuing to pursue imaginary Prussians, he would have arrived too late. From the first it seems, then, that the Emperor's position was really a hopeless one; for political reasons he had not dared to fight over again on the defensive lines of 1814; and, with the troops at his disposal, an offensive campaign could not long have endured, although doubtless it would have produced a great effect among

[1] *sc.*, the Inn of Belle Alliance. Tradition differs as to the exact place of the meeting; the latest German authority (Lettow-Vorbeck) says that the Duke got as far forward as Rossomme, and met Blucher at Belle Alliance as he returned.

[2] 'Him,' *sc.* Napoleon; the Duke had never met him in the field before.

the half French populations on the left bank of the Rhine. Even if he had broken Wellington's line at Waterloo the other Allies would either have pinned him down in Belgium or advanced into France. But it must be admitted also that he fought the battle badly, not only in detail by throwing away too many troops on Hougoumont, but by his general plan of storming a frontal position, and by his continuing to do so in spite of the growing danger on his right. The Duke, on the other hand, kept his head cool and showed superb tactical genius. While he proved himself here as superior to his adversary as that adversary had hitherto proved himself in comparison with all other commanders, we must always remember the immense inferiority in many respects of the Army which he led to victory at Waterloo.[1]

The advance to Paris was a triumphal procession, and Napoleon's second abdication was immediately followed by the second restoration of the Bourbon King. The ex-Emperor was sent to St. Helena. The Congress of Vienna continued its sittings, and the final signature of Peace left the Duke of Wellington in command of an Allied Army which, as a measure of precaution, was to occupy French territory for five years to come, a term which the Duke's admirable management of his gallant foes was speedily able to reduce. France also paid a

[1] My account of the Waterloo Campaign, which I could never have worked up without the invaluable help of Mr. C. T. Atkinson of Exeter College, is based partly upon the standard works and especially Colonel James' 'Campaign of 1815,' but partly also upon the 'Account' of the eye-witness Heinrich Bergmann, a Hanoverian officer in the K.G.L., translated by his son Hugo Bergmann and published at Frankfort a/M in 1902. This pamphlet confirms nearly all Colonel James' ideas, and adds many touches which he omits.

heavy sum as a war indemnity. Since that time French and English troops have in one great war displayed their gallantry side by side, but they have never again fought against each other, and we all pray that they never may.

Much as the Eastern Powers at the Congress of Vienna, which continued to sit and do business through Napoleon's last Hundred Days, desired the diminution of French territory, Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington stoutly stuck out against anything of the kind; it was highly important for the cause of future peace that the Bourbons should not come back to a shorn kingdom; accordingly there was merely a very slight 'rectification' of the old French frontier of 1792. Of French Colonies we restored all that we had taken except Tobago and Mauritius. Of those taken from the Dutch we retained the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon and Demerara. Malta was recognized as British, and the Ionian Islands (Corfu, etc.) put under British protection. Belgium and Holland became one Kingdom of the 'United Netherlands,' and remained so for fifteen years. Sweden gave up Finland to Russia and received Norway instead. The old conditions of Italy were restored, with the exception that Venetia went to the Austrians and Genoa to the Sardinians. No attempt was made to restore the ridiculous old 'Holy Roman Empire' in Germany, but most of the old Germanic States West of the Rhine were given to Prussia, who thus took up the 'Watch on the Rhine' of which she made such fearful use in 1870. The rest of Western Germany became a Federation from which it was fondly supposed that both Prussian and Austrian influences would be excluded. The final 'Treaty of Paris' was signed on November 20th, 1815.

On the story of the Century that separates the present time from the battle of Waterloo I do not propose to embark. Chroniclers may indeed faithfully record the events of their own and of their fathers' age, but such records can hardly be accounted History, for fair judgment on such events will be impossible. We need a distance and a perspective before we can form anything approaching a fair judgment on the men and events of the Past. I have, besides, little heart to follow my hero, Castlereagh, as he fights his gallant and losing battle against the forces of Democracy, to his tragic death in 1822. With the exceptions of the Emancipation of the Catholics and the Dissenters and of the introduction of Free Trade, I have little sympathy with any of the 'Reforms' and 'Movements' of the Nineteenth Century. These Reforms and Movements have had two mainsprings, first a desire to increase the material welfare of the mass of the people, and secondly an echo from across the Channel about 'Natural Rights' and 'Government in accordance with Principles.' Without undervaluing the first of these Causes, which is indeed a noble ideal, one may be allowed to question whether, in every case, the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' makes for the efficiency of the Nation as a whole, whether the Ideal of 'Power' has not in some cases been sacrificed to the Ideal of 'Plenty.' In my view at least, National Efficiency is likely to be best secured when a Nation is governed by its fittest, strongest and best educated classes.

National Efficiency has, however, suffered far more from the second of the causes mentioned above, the attempts made to base Government upon some fancied 'Natural Right' of every man to have a share in it.

Now *Diva Britannia*, in the days when she was mistress of the bodies if not of the hearts of all her children, knew a great deal of their Natural Duties towards her; she knew also of certain 'Common Law Rights' and 'Prescriptive Rights' which all her children enjoyed. But of 'Natural Rights' she had never heard at all, and least of all of any 'Right' of all her children to an equal share in Government. The fact is that to lay down this or any other Principle as a basis of a Polity is ridiculous and most dangerous. That is best, nay that only is good, which is expedient. And I hope I may be allowed, without offence, to consider Democracy to be a most inexpedient form of Government. As it means the supremacy of the uneducated or the ill-educated over the educated, it is not likely to satisfy any of the canons of good Government. But this, although it was the view of Aristotle, is, I fear, an unfashionable view at the present day.

My readers may have laughed with me at many instances of the absurdity of the old laws and customs of Englishmen, at the Common-Field system of Agriculture, at Benefit of Clergy, at the Borough of Old Sarum, and no doubt these anomalies had their ludicrous side. But there are anomalies and symptoms of danger in our modern life, such as the depopulation of our villages, the stunted growth and heated precocity of our town-dwellers, the juggling of our political parties with all the serious interests of the State, at which we dare not laugh. For my younger readers the amendment of these things should form the study of their whole lives; and, as for me, if I may run two quotations from Shakespeare into one,

for my poor part, I'll go pray—for the King.

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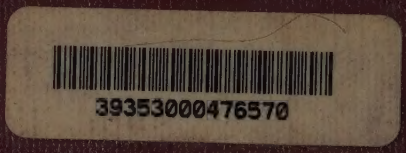
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